

# Folsom Prison Blues

E  
I hear the train a-coming, it's rolling round the bend  
E7  
and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
A E  
I'm stuck at Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on  
B7 G  
But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone

E  
When I was just a baby, my Mama told me 'Son,  
E7  
always be a good boy; don't ever play with guns.'  
A E  
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die  
B7 E  
when I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry

[Guitar solo/interlude]

E  
I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car  
E7  
They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big cigars  
A E  
But I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free  
B7 E  
But those people keep a moving, and that's what tortures me

[Guitar solo/interlude]

E  
Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine  
E7  
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line  
A E  
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay  
B7 E  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away