

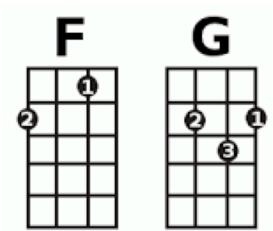
FOLSOM PRISON BLUES (by [Ervin T. Rouse](#))

INTRO: C C

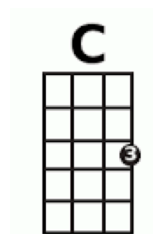
C
I hear the train a comin', It's rollin' 'round the bend
C7
And I ain't seen the sunshine Since, I don't know when
F C
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison And time keeps draggin' on
G C
But that train keeps a-rollin' On down to San Antone

C
When I was just a baby My Mama told me, "Son
C7
Always be a good boy Don't ever play with guns"
F C
But I shot a man in Reno Just to watch him die
G C
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry

C C C C7
F F C C
G G C



C
I bet there's rich folks eatin' In a fancy dining car
C7
They're probably drinkin' coffee And smokin' big cigars
F C
But I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free
G C
But those people keep a-movin' And that's what tortures me



C
Well, if they freed me from this prison If that railroad train was mine
C7
I bet I'd move it on a little Farther down the line
F C
Far from Folsom Prison That's where I want to stay
G C G C
And I'd let that lonesome whistle Blow my blues away

C