The COUNTRY Collection

Folsom Prison Blues (Johnny Cash)

I hear the train a comin', it's rollin' round the bend,

And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,

I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin' on;

But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone.

2 When I was just a baby my mama told me, "Son,

Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns."

But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die;

When I hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and cry.

3 I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car,

They're probably drinkin' coffee and smoking big cigars,

Well I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free;

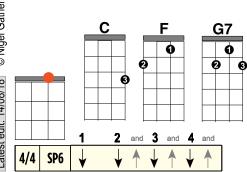
But those people keep a movin, and that's what tortures me.

Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,

I bet I'd moved it all a little further down the line;

Far from Folsom prison, that's where I want to stay.

And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.





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