

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

(E), (B7), (E)7

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

I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know (E7) when.

I'm (A7) stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging (E) on, (E)3

But (B7) that train keeps rollin' on down to San An (E) tone. (E)3

When (E) I was just a baby my Mama told me son,

Always be a good boy, don't ever play with (E7) guns.

But (A7) I shot a man in Reno just to watch him (E) die, (E)3

When (B7) I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and (E) cry. (E)3

I (E) bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dinin' car,

They're prob'ly drinking coffee and smokin' big (E7) cigars,

But (A7) I know I had it comin', I know I can't be (E) free, (E)

But (B7) those people keep a movin' and that's what tortures (E) me. (E)3

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

I bet I'd move a little farther on down the (E7) line.

Far (A7) from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to (E) stay, (E)3

And (B7) I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues (E) away. (B7), (E)V