

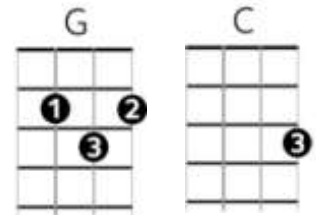
# Folsom Prison Blues

Jonny Cash, 1955.

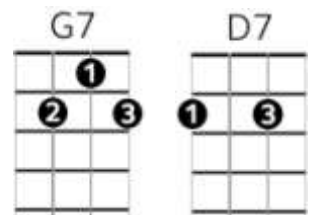
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Intro: [G] ///

I hear that train a coming, it's rollin round the bend  
I ain't seen the sunshine [G7] since, I don't know when  
Coz I'm [C7] stuck in Folsom Prison, time keeps dragging [G] on  
But that [D7] train just keeps on rollin, on down to San An-[G]-tone.



When I was just a baby, mama told me son,  
Always be a good boy, don't [G7] ever play with guns  
But I [C] shot a man in Reno, just to watch him [G] die  
When I [D7] hear that lonesome whistle blowin',  
I hang my head and [G] cry.



[A] Well I bet there's rich folk eating in a fancy dining car  
Probably drinking coffee, [A7] smoking big cigars  
But I [D7] know I had it coming, I know I can't be [A] free  
But those [E7] people keep a movin, that's what tortures [A] me.

[A] If they freed me from this prison,  
If that railroad train was mine  
I bet I'd move it on a little [A7] farther down the line  
[D7] Far from Folsom Prison is where I want to [A] stay  
And I'd [E7] let that lonesome whistle blow my blues a-[A]-way.

