

Folsom Prison Blues

intro riff:
E B D# D#
B F# E

E
I hear the train a-comin'; it's rollin' 'round the bend

E7
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when

A E
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on

B7 E
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

E
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car

E7
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars

A E
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free

B7 E
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me

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

E7
I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line

A E
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I'd want to stay

B7 E
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away