

Bobby Bare, Folsom Prison Blues

I hear that train a comin' rollin' around the bend
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on
And that train keeps a movin' on down to San Antone
When I was a baby my mama told me son
Always be a good boy don't ever play with guns
But I shot a cat in Reno just to watch him die
Yeah I know I had it comin' I hang my head and cry
[dobro - harmonica]
I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
Prob'ly drinkin' coffeese and smokin' big cigars
Well I'm stuck in Folsom Prison that's where I'll always be
And them people keep a movin' and that's what tortures me
Yeah if they freed me from this prison and that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I long to stay
Yeah I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away