

Bill Miller, Folsom Prison Blues

Well I hear that train a coming, its rollin round the bend
I ain't seen the sunshine since, I don't know when
Yeah I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, time keeps dragging on
But that train just keeps on rollin, on down to San Anton

When I was just a baby, mama told me son
She said always be a good boy, don't you ever play with guns
But I shoot a man in Reno, just to what he die
When I hear that lonesome whistle blow, I hang my head down and cry

Well I bet theres rich folk eating in some fancy dining car
Probably drinking coffee, smoking big cigars
Well I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
But that train just keeps on rollin, thats what tortures me

Keep on rollin...

Well if they freed me from that prison and that railroad train was mine
I bet I move it on just a little farther down that line
Far from Folsom Prison is where I want to stay
Well I let that lonesome whistle blow, blow my blues away

Well I let that lonesome whistle blow, just blow my blues away