

# Brooks & Dunn, Folsom Prison Blues

Well, I hear the train a comin'  
It's a rolling round the bend  
Well, I ain't seen the sunshine  
Since I don't know when,

And I'm stuck in Folsom prison,  
Time keeps draggin' on  
But that train keeps a rollin'  
On down to San Antone.

I was just a baby  
My mama told me, son,  
Said, always be a good boy,  
Don't ever play with guns.

But I shot a man in Reno  
Just to watch him die  
When I hear that whistle blowin'  
I hang my head and cry.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, I bet there's rich folks eating  
In a fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' coffee  
And smoking big cigars.

Well, I know I had it coming,  
I know I can't be free  
Now, those people keep a-movin'  
That's what tortures me.

If they'd free me from this prison,  
If that railroad train was mine  
I bet I'd move just a little  
Further down the line

Yeah, Far from Folsom prison,  
That's where I want to stay  
Lord I here that whistle blowing  
Blow my blues away.

(Spoken)

It's been thirty years now  
And I know I'll never leave  
This God forsaken place alive  
Honest to God, When I hear those words  
Ringin' through my head  
As loud as that old train whistle  
Crying out to me night after continuous night  
Sending a cold steal quiver through my voice  
I close my eyes and pray  
That that iron horse is bound for the promise land  
And I'll get to ride it home to glory...