

Chon Travis, Folsom Prison Blues

Well, I hear the train a comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
Well, I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on
Oh, and that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone
When I was just a baby my mama told me
Son, always be a good boy, don't you ever play with guns
Well, I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry
Let's go
Well, I bet there's rich folks eatin' in that fancy dinin' car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars
Well, I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free
When those people keep a movin' and that's what tortures me
One more time
Oh, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on on a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I want to stay
Oh, and I'd let that lonesome whistle sing my blues away