

Flatt And Scruggs, Folsom Prison Blues

(Hello I'm Lester Flatt and I'm Earl Scruggs)

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

[ac.guitar - banjo]

I bet there's rich folks eatin' from a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars
Well I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free
But those people keep on movin' and that's what tortures me

[ac.guitar - dobro]

Well if they freed me from this prison if this 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 want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away