

# Gin Blossoms, Folsom Prison Blues

Well I hear that train a comin'  
It's rollin' around the bend  
I ain't seen the sunshine  
Since I don't know when  
Well I'm stuck in Folsom Prison  
And time keeps draggin' on  
That train keeps 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"  
But I shot a man in Reno  
Just to watch him die  
When I hear that lonesome whistle  
I hang my head and cry  
Well I bet there's rich folks eating  
In a fancy dinin' car  
I bet they're taking mushrooms  
And smokin' big cigars  
Well I know I had it comin'  
I know I can't be free  
Those people keep movin'  
And that's what tortures me  
If they free me from this prison  
If that railroad train was mine  
You bet I'd move it on  
A little farther down the line  
Yeah, far from Folsom Prison  
That's where I want to be  
Well those people keep movin'  
Goddammit, that's what tortures me  
If they'd free me from this prison  
If that railroad train was mine  
You bet I'd move it on  
A little farther down the line  
Yeah, far from Folsom Prison  
That's where I want to be  
Well those people keep movin'  
Goddammit that's what tortures me