

Folsom Prison Blues

Ferlin Husky

I hear the train a comin' it's comin' round the bend
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on
And a 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 I cry
I bet there's rich folks eatin' in some fancy dining car
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' that's what tortures me
If they freed me from this prison if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it over a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I wanna stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away