

## Waylon Jennings "Folsom Prison Blues"

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I hear the train a comin?  
It?s rollin? 'round 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  
But I see a train a movin?  
On down to San Antone

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 them people keep on movin?  
And that?s what tortures me

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  
Every time I hear that whistle  
I hang my head and I cry

If they freed me from this prison  
If that railroad train was mine  
Bet I?d move it on a  
Little bit farther down the line

Far from Folsom Prison  
That?s where I long to stay  
And I?d let that lonesome whistle  
Blow my blues away

