

## Cash Johnny

### "Folsom Prison Blues"

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By: John R. Cash  
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Number 1 - Country Charts  
Number 32 - Pop Charts

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 at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on.  
But 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 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.

I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dining car.  
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,  
But I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free,  
But those people keep a movin', and that's what  
tortures me.

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad  
train was mine,  
I bet I'd move on over 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.

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