

Bob Dylan

"Folsom Prison Blues"

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I hear that train a-rolling, it's a-rolling round the bend
I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
I'm stucked in Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging
on
And I hear that whistle blowing all down to San Antone

When I was just a baby my mamma 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 train a-pulling I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eating in their fancy dining cars
They're probably drinking coffee and smoking big
cigars
But I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free

But the people keep a-moving, and that's what tortures
me

If they'd free me from this prison, if that railroad train
was mine
You bet I moved it on a little further 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

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