

Brooks And Dunn

"Track 03. Folsom Prison Blues"

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Brooks and Dunn & Johnny Cash
Album: Red Hot + Country

Well, I hear the train a comin' 'round the bend
It's a rolling round the bend
Well, I ain't seen the sunshine
Since I don't know when,

And I'm stuck in Folsom prison,
Time keeps draggin' on
But that train keeps a rollin'
On down to San Antone.

I was just a baby
My mama told me, son,
Said, 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.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, I bet there's rich folks eating
In a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee
And smoking big cigars.

Well, I know I had it coming,
I know I can't be free
Now, those people keep a-movin'
That's what tortures me.

If they'd free me from this prison,
If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move just a little
Further down the line

Yeah, Far from Folsom prison,
That's where I want to stay

Lord I here that whistle blowing
Blow my blues away.

(Spoken by Johnny)
It's been thirty years now
And I know I'll never leave
This God forsaken place alive
Honest to God, When I hear those words
Ringin' through my head
As loud as that old train whistle
Crying out to me night after continuous night
Sending a cold steal quiver through my voice
I close my eyes and pray
That that iron horse is bound for the promise land
And I'll get to ride it home to glory...

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