

Gillian Welch

"Folsom Prison Blues"

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Well I hear that train a comin'
It's rollin' around 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
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 you 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 folks eating
In a fancy dinin' car
Theyr'e 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 movin'
And that's what tortures me
If they free me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
You bet I'd move it on
A little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison
That's where I want to stay
Well those people keep movin'
Goddammit, that's what tortures me
If they'd free me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
You bet I'd move it on
A little farther down the line
Yeah, far from Folsom Prison
That's where I want to be
Well those people keep movin'
Goddammit that's what tortures me

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