

Gin Blossoms

"Folsom Prison Blues"

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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 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 lonesome whistle
I hang my head and cry

Well, I bet there's rich folks eating
From a fancy dinin' car
I bet they're taking mushrooms
And smokin' big cigars

Well, I know I had it comin'
I know I can't be free
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

Yeah, far from Folsom Prison
That's where I want to be
But those people keep movin'
Goddammit, that's what tortures me

Man, 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
Those people keep movin'
Goddammit that's what tortures me

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