

## Hank Snow

# "Folsom Prison Blues"

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I hear that 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 in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on  
But that train keeps a 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.

--- Instrumental ---

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in some fancy dining car  
They're 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 a movin' and that's what tortures  
me.

If they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train  
was mine  
I bet I'd move it on 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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