

Hank Williams Jr. "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 dragging on
But that freight train keeps a rolling on down to San
Antone
Well when I was just a baby my mama told me son
Bocephus be a good boy don't ever play with guns
But I killed a man in Shreveport just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowing I hang my head and I
cry
I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
They're prob'ly drinking coffee and smoking big cigars
But I know I had it coming I know I can't be free
But those people keep a moving and that's what
tortures me
[guitar]
Well 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 wanna stay
Then Lord I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues
away
Oh Lord I'd let that lonesome whistle blow all my blues
away

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