

Irina

"Folsom Prison Blues"

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Oh, I hear that train a-coming, coming on 'round the bend
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-rolling on down to San An-tone

Well, when I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Hon,
Always be a good girl, don't ever mess 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

Well, I bet there's rich folk eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinking coffee and smoking fat cigars
But I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
But them people keep a-moving and that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if this railroad car was mine
I know I'd move it on just a little farther down the line
So 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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