

## **Iris Dement**

### **"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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