

## Johnny Cash "At Folsom Prison-"

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I hear the 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 at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on  
But that train keeps 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

I bet there's rich folk eatin' from a fancy dining car  
They're prob'ly 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

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