

Conway Twitty "Folsom Prison Blues"

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I hear the train a comin'
It's rolling 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 Anton.

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
Now every time I hear that whistle
I hang my head and cry.

--- Instrumental---

I bet there's rich folks eating
In a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee
And smoking big cigars.

Well, I know I had it coming,
I know I can't be free
But those people keep a movin'
And that's what tortures me.

Well, if they'd free me from this prison,
If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move just a little further
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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