

## Nat Stuckey "Folsom Prison Blues"

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I hear that train a comin' it's rollin' round the bend  
But I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
Cause I'm stuck in Folsom Prison time keeps draggin'  
on

But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone  
Well 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  
And when I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head  
and I cry

[ harmonica ]

I'll bet there's rich folks eatin' in some fancy dining car  
They're probably drinkin' coffeese and smokin' big  
cigars

Well I know I had it comin' and 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'll bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line  
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I want to stay  
Then I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

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