

Porter Wagoner

"Folsom Prison Blues"

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(Johnny Cash)

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 in Folsom Prison and time keeps dragging on
But that train keeps a 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 I
cry.

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars
But I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free
But them people keep a movin' that's what tortures me.

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