

## Reverend Bizarre

### "Folsom Prison Blues"

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Well I hear that train a comin'  
It's rollin' round the bend,  
And I ain't seen the sunshine,  
Since I don't know when.

Because I'm stuck in folsom prison,  
And time keeps draggin on.  
But that train keeps rollin',  
On down to San Antone.

When I was just a baby,  
My momma 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.

Well I bet you all them rich men  
Are in fancy dine-in cars.  
Probably drinking 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,  
And that railrod train was mine,  
You bet I'd move it farther,  
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.

