

# Folsom Prison Blues

Tempo 186 (NO DRUMS ON KAR)

<sup>E</sup>  
I hear the train a comin, It's rollin round the bend.  
<sup>E7</sup>  
I ain't seen the sunshine since, I don't know when.  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, And time keeps draggin on.  
<sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
But that train keeps a rollin on down to San Antone.

<sup>E</sup>  
When I was just a baby, my mamma told me son.  
<sup>E7</sup>  
Always be a good boy don't ever play with guns.  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
But I shot a man in Reno, Just to watch him die.  
<sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
When I hear that train a rollin, I hang my head and I cry.

I bet there's rich folk eatin in a fancy dinin car.  
<sup>E7</sup>  
Probaly drinkin coffee and smokin big cigars.  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
But I knew I had it comin, I know I can't be free.  
<sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
That train keeps a rollin, and that's what tortures me.

If they freed me from this prison, If that railroad train was mine.  
<sup>E7</sup>  
I think that I would move a little farther down the line.  
<sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Far from folsom prison, thats where I'd want to stay.  
<sup>B7</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.