

FOLSOM PRISON BLUES (KEB MO) G

Guitar capo 3 E

I hear the train a coming
 rolling round the bend,
 And 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.

When I was just a baby,
 My Mama told me, "Son",
 Always be a good boy,
 Don't ever play with guns,"
 They said I shot a man down in Reno,
 But that was just a lie,
 When I hear that whistle blowin',
 I hang my head and cry.

Solo on verse

I bet there's rich folks eatin',
 In a fancy dining car,
 They're probably drinkin' coffee and
 smokin' big cigars,
 but I didn't hurt nobody
 I should be rolling free,
 But those people keep on moving
 And that's what tortured me

Well, if they free me from this prison,
 If that railroad train was mine,
 I bet I'd move out over
 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

Solo on G