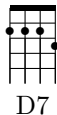


I **hear** the train a comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend  
 And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when  
 I'm **stuck** in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' **on**  
 But that **train** keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone  
 / E - - - / - - - - / A - - - E - - - / B7 - - - E - - - /  
 / G - - - / - - - - / C - - - G - - - / D7 - - - G - - - /



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 cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car  
 They're probably drinkin' 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, 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