

Folsom Prison

Johnny Cash

With his Hot and Blue Guitar (1955)

Capo I

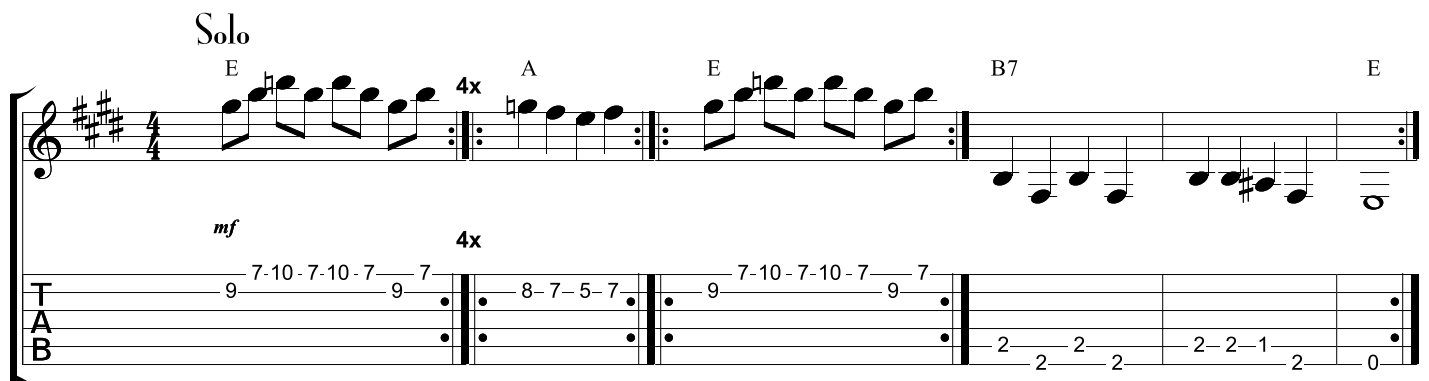
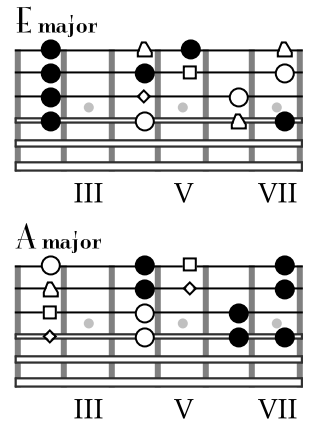
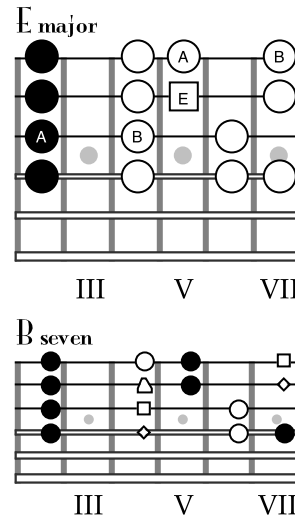
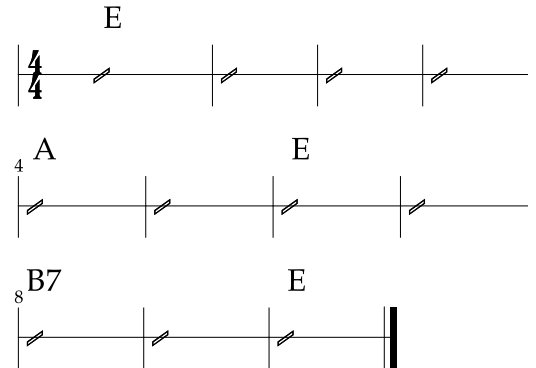
E
I hear the train a comin', it's rolling round the bend
and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when
A
I'm stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' on,
B7
but that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Anton

E
When I was just a baby, my mama told me son,
"Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns.",
A
but I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
B7
When I hear that whistle blowing I hang my head and cry

E
I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smoking big cigars
A
Well, I know I had it coming. I know I can't be free,
B7
but those people keep a movin' and that's what tortures me

E
Well, if they'd free me from this prison, if that railroad
train was mine,
I bet I'd move just a little further down the line
A
Far from Folsom prison, that's where I want to stay
B7
and I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

♩ = 100



Intro

