

## Folsom Prison Blues to the tune of Dirty Ol' Town

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. I bet there`s rich folk eatin` in a fancy dining car,  
They`re prob`ly drinking coffee, and smokin` big cigars.  
But 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.

4. Well, if they freed me from that prison, if that railroad train was mine,  
I bet I`d move it all, farther down the line.  
Far from Folsom Prison, that`s were I want to stay,  
and I`d let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.

### Repeat V1

But that train keeps a rollin`, on down to San Antone.