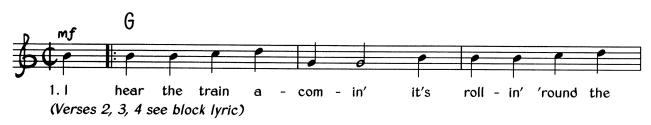
Folsom Prison Blues

Words & Music by Johnny Cash

Medium fast













Verse 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.

Verse 3

I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car; They're prob'ly 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.

Verse 4

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine, I bet I'd move to over 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.