

# Folsom Prison Blues

Words and Music by JOHN R. CASH

Count 1 2 3 4 / 1 2 3

Train Whistle

G C D7

Moderately (not too slowly)

1. I hear the train a - com - in'; it's roll - in' 'round the bend, and I ain't seen the  
I was just a ba - by, my ma - ma told me, "Son, al - ways be a

sun - shine since I don't know when. I'm stuck at Fol - som Pris - on  
good boy; don't ever play with guns." But I shot a man in Re - no

and time keeps drag - gin' on. But that train keeps  
just to watch him die. When I hear that whis - tle

TACET

roll - in' on down to San An - tone. 2. When  
blow - in,' I hang my head and cry. 3. I  
4. Well,

### Additional Lyrics

- 3. I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.  
They're prob'ly drinkin' 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 this prison, if that railroad train was mine,  
I bet I'd move on 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.

5X C7G

