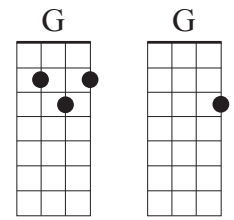


Folsom Prison Blues

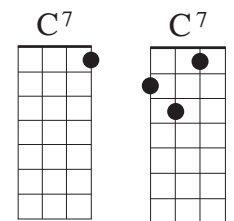
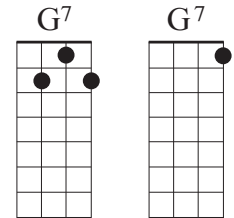
Words & Music by Johnny Cash (and Gordon Jenkins), 1955

Soprano Baritone

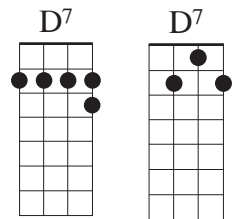
G
I hear the train a-comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,
(G⁷)
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since I don't know when.
C⁷ G
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.
D⁷ G
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone.



G
When I was just a baby, my mama told me, "Son,
(G⁷)
Always be a good boy. Don't ever play with guns."
C⁷ G
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die.
D⁷ G
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.



G
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car.
(G⁷)
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.
C⁷ G
But I know I had it comin', know I can't be free.
D⁷ G
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.



G
Well if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
(G⁷)
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line,
C⁷ G
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay.
D⁷ G
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.