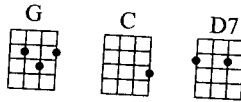


# Folsom Prison Blues

Words and Music by  
JOHN R. CASH

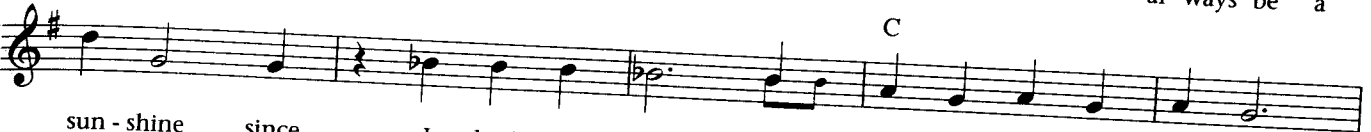
FIRST NOTE



Moderately (not too slowly)  
G



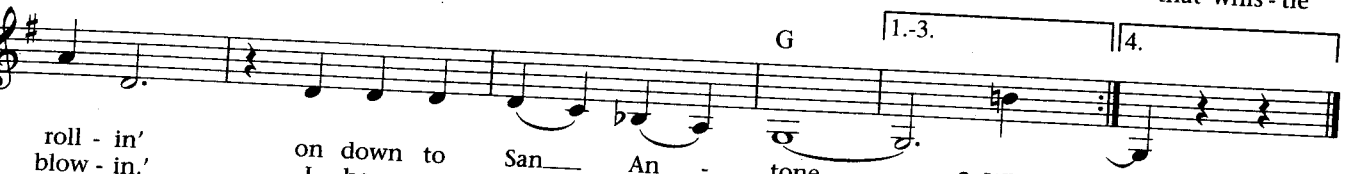
1. I hear the train a - com - in'; it's roll - in' 'round the bend, and I ain't seen the  
I was just a ba - by my ma - ma told me, "Son, al - ways be a



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



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.