Intro: G . . . | . . . 
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 rollin' — on down to San An- tone —

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 —

Instr. with kazoos: G . . . | . . . | . . . | G7 . . . |
C . . . | . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |
D7 . . . | . . . | . . . | G . . . | . . . |

Well, I bet there's rich folks eatin' — in a fancy dining car —
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big ci-gars
But I know I had it comin' — I know I can't be free —
But those people keep a-movin' — and that's what tor-tures me —

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 a-way —