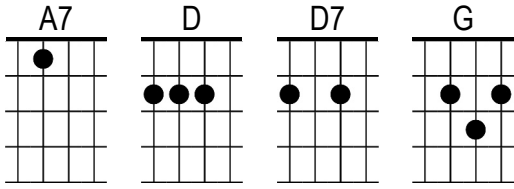


Folsom Prison Blues

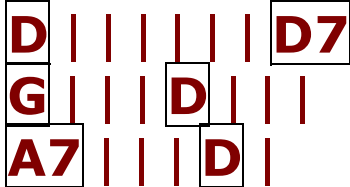
Johnny Cash



I **D** hear the train a | comin', it's | rollin' 'round the | bend and |
I ain't seen the | sunshine since | I don't know **D7** when
I'm **G** stuck at Folsom | Prison | and time keeps | draggin' **D** on | | |
But that **A7** train keeps | rollin' | on down to | San An**D**tone |

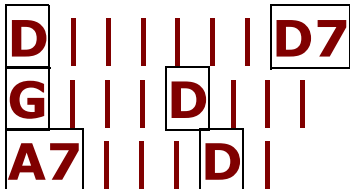
When **D** I was just a | baby my | mama told me | "Son, |
Always be a | good boy, don't | ever play with **D7** guns"
But I **G** shot a man in | Reno | just to | watch him **D** die | | |
When I **A7** hear that whistle | blowin', | I hang my | head and **D** cry |

Instrumental Verse



I **D** bet there's rich folks | eatin' in a | fancy dinin' | car
They're | prob'ly drinkin' | coffee and **D7** smokin' big ci | gars
But I **G** know I had it | comin', | I know | I can't be **D** free | | |
But those **A7** people keep a | movin', | and that's what | tortures **D** me |

Instrumental Verse



Well, if they **D** freed me from this | prison, if that | railroad train was | mine
I | bet I'd move it | on a little | farther down **D7** the line
G Far from Folsom | Prison, | that's where I | want to **D** stay | | |
And I'd **A7** let that lonesome | whistle | blow my | blues a **D** way | | | **D**↓
A7↓ **D**↓

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