

Folsom Prison Blues

G

I hear the train a coming, it's rolling round the bend

G7

and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when

C

G

I'm stuck at Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on

D7

G

But that train keeps 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.

C

G

But I shot the man in Reno, just to watch him die

D7

G

when I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry

Instrumental Verse chords

G

I bet there's rich folks eatin', In a fancy dining car,

G7

They're probably drinkin' coffee, And smokin' big cigars,

C

G

But I know I had it comin', I 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 further down the line

C

G

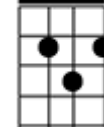
Far from Folsom Prison That's where I want to stay

D7

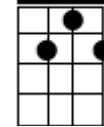
G

And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away

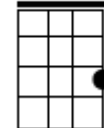
G



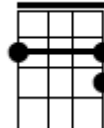
G7



C



D7



D7cheat

