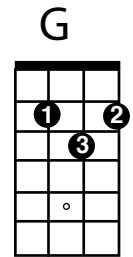
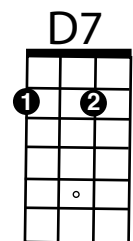


Folsom Prison Blues

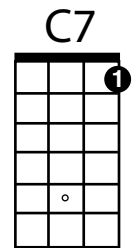
G
I hear the train a-comin'; it's rollin' 'round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,
C7 G
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on.
D7 G
But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San An-tone.



G
When I was just a baby, my momma told me, "Son,
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 dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars,
C7 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,
I bet I'd move it all a little farther down the line,

C7 G
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I'd want to stay,

D7 G
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.



RD

Outro - 6 extra G chords followed by a down and up strum using the "G" configuration with the first stroke down one semitone (to the top of the fretboard) and the second back on the normal G

