

Folsom Prison Blues by John R. Cash

Brightly

Intro: || B7 | E | E ||

E

Well I hear that train a-com-in', it's roll-in' 'round the bend

And I ain't seen the sun-shine since, I don't know when__

A

E

Yeah I'm stuck in Fol-som Pris-on, an', time keeps, drag-gin' on

B7

E

But that train keeps on roll-in', on down to San An-tone

E

When I was just a bab-y, my Mom-ma told me son

Al-ways be a good boy, don't e-ver play with guns

A

E

But I shot a man in Re-no__, just to, watch him die__

B7

E

When I hear that lone-some whist-le, I hang my head and cry__

<Guitar solo> || E | % | % | % | A | % | E | % | B7 | % | E | % |

Well I bet there's rich folks eat-in' in some fancy din-in' car

They're prob-ly drink-in' coff-ee, an' smok-in' big cig-ars__

Well I know I had it com-ing, I know I can't be free

But those peo-ple keep-a mov-in', an' that's what tor-tures__me__

<Guitar solo> || E | % | % | % | A | % | E | % | B7 | % | E | % |

Well if they freed me from this pris-on, and that rail-road train was mine

I bet I'd move it on a litt-le far-ther down the line

Yeah, far from Fol-som Pris-on, that's where I want to stay

An' I'd let that lone-some whist-le, blow my blues a-way_____