I hear the train a comin' it's rollin 'round the bend

G7

and I a'int seen the sunshine since I don't know when C

I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.

But that train keeps a movin' on down to-San-an-tone

G

When I was just a baby my mama told me, "Son

G7

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.

Solo

G

I'll bet there's rich folks eatin' in some fancy dining car

G7

Probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars

Well I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free

But those people keep a movin' 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

Far from Fulsom Prison, that's where I want to stay

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

Intro:	G	Outro	:	G			
A	2-			2-			
E2-2	3-	2	2-2	3-			
C -2-2-22	2-	-2-2	2	2-			
G3p2	2-0-0-		3	p2-0-0-			
Solo:							
A5-8-5-8-5-	5-8	8-5-8- -	5-	8-5-8-5-	5-8-!	5-8-5	
E -6-7	-6-7	-	6-7		-6-7	7	
C		-				;	7-
G		-					
C	G		D	C E	3b G		
A -74 Bars	-54 E	Bars	- -53	Bars -3-	-1- -2		
E -8			•		•		
C -7=	-7		-6	4	-2- -2		
G9	-7		· -7	5	-3- -0		

1953

First note=G