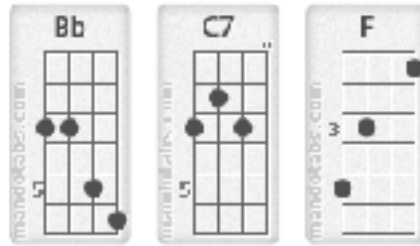


Title	Folsom Prison Blues
Artist	Johnny Cash
Album	With His Hot and Blue Guitar



```

xA|-----7-7-----|
xE|--8-8-8-----8-4--1--|
xD|-----|
xG|-----|

```

Ab = G#
Bb = A#
Db = C#
Eb = D#
Gb = F#

F
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,
Bb
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison,
And time keeps draggin' on, **F**
C7
But that train keeps a-rollin',
F
On down to San Antone.

F
When I was just a baby,
My Mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy,
Don't ever play with guns,"
Bb
But I shot a man in Reno,
Just to watch him die, **F**
C7
When I hear that whistle blowin',
F
I hang my head and cry.

F
I bet there's rich folks eatin',
In a fancy dining car,
They're probably drinkin' coffee,

And smokin' big cigars,

Bb

But I know I had it comin',

F

I know I can't be free,

C7

But those people keep a-movin',

F

And that's what tortures me.

F

Well, if they freed me from this prison,

If that railroad train was mine,

I bet I'd move out over a little,

Farther down the line,

Bb

Far from Folsom Prison,

F

That's where I want to stay,

C7

And I'd let that lonesome whistle,

F

Blow my Blues away.

```
xA|-----7-7-----|
xE|--8-8-8-----8-4--1--|
xD|-----|
xG|-----|
```

This arrangement for the song is the author's own work and represents their interpretation of the song. You may only use this for private study, scholarship, or research.