

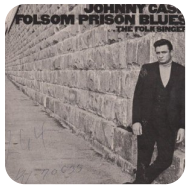
Folsom Prison Blues – Johnny Cash

I hear the train a comin'
It's rolling round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since
I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom prison,
And time keeps draggin' on
But that train keeps a rollin'
On down to San Antone

When I was just a baby
My mama told me Son
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 blowing,
I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eating
In a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee
And smoking big cigars
Well I know I had it coming,
I know I can't be free
But those people keep a movin'
And that's what tortures me

Well if they freed me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on
A little farther down the line
Far from Folsom prison,
That's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle
Blow my blues away



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych