



[Solo] E E E E / A A / E E / B B / E E

[Verse 3]

E

I bet there's rich folks eatin' from a fancy dining car.

E

E

They're probably drinking coffee, and smoking big cigars.

A

A

E

E

Well I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free.

B

B

E

E

But those people keep a moving, and that's what tortures me.

[Solo] E E E E / A A / E E / B B / E E

[Verse 4]

E

Well if they freed me from this prison...

E

if that railroad train was mine,

E

E

I bet I'd move it on a little, farther down the line.

A

A

E

E

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

B

B

E {let fade}

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