

I [G] hear that train a comin' it's rolling round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I [G7] don't know when
I'm [C] stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' [G] on
But that [D7] train keeps a rollin' on down to San An[G]ton

[G] When I was just a baby my mama told me son
Always be a good boy don't [G7] ever play with guns
But I [C] shot a man in Reno just to watch him [G] die
Now when I [D7] hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and [G] cry

[G] Ever since I was a young boy, I've played the silver ball
From Soho down to Brighton I [G7] must have played them all
But I [C] ain't seen nothing like him in any amusement [G] hall
That deaf [D7] dumb and blind kid sure plays a mean pin-[G]ball

[G] He stands just like a statue, becomes part of the machine
Feeling all the bumpers and [G7] always playing clean
He [C] plays by intuition, the digit counters [G] fall
That deaf [D7] dumb and blind kid sure plays a mean pin-[G]ball

[G] He ain't got no distractions, can't hear those buzzers and bells
Don't see lights a flashin', he [G7] plays by sense of smell
He [C] always gets a replay, he never tilts at [G] all
That deaf [D7] dumb and blind kid sure plays a mean pin-[G]ball

[G] I bet there's rich folk eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and [G7] smokin' big cigars
Well I [C] know I had it coming, I know I can't be [G] free
But those [D7] people keep a movin' and that's what tortures [G] me

[G] If they'd free me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it all a little [G7] further down the line
[C] Far from Folsom prison that's where I want to [G] stay
And I'd [D7] let that onesome whistle blow my blues a-[G]way [Gb] [G]

Bridgnorth Ukulele Band

