

Crescent City Blues – Gordon Jenkins 1953

[C] I hear the train a-comin, it's rolling 'round the bend.
And I ain't been kissed lord since [C7] I don't know when.
The [F] boys in Crescent City, don't seem to know I'm [C] here.
That [G7] lonesome whistle seems to tell me, Sue, disa[C]ppear.

When I was just a baby my mama told me, Sue,
When you're grown up I want that you [C7] should go and see and do.
But I'm [F] stuck in Crescent City, just watching life mosey [C] by
When I [G7] hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and [C] cry

I see the rich folks eating in that fancy dining car.
They're probably having pheasant breast [C7] and eastern caviar.
Now I [F] ain't crying envy, and I ain't crying [C] me.
It's just [G7] that they get to see things that I've never [C] seen.

If I owned that lonesome whistle, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd find a man a little [C7] farther down the line.
Far from [F] Crescent City, is where I'd like to [C] stay.
And I'd [G7] let that lonesome whistle blow my blues [C] away.

Song written by composer Gordon Jenkins and sung by Beverly Mahr, and released on his Seven Dreams album in 1953.

Its melody is borrowed heavily from the 1930s instrumental "Crescent City Blues" by Little Brother Montgomery.

It is most notable for having been adapted by singer Johnny Cash as the "Folsom Prison Blues."

Folsom Prison Blues

Johnny Cash 1955

[C] I hear the train a comin' it's rolling round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since **[C7]** I don't know when
I'm **[F]** stuck in Folsom prison and time keeps draggin' **[C]** on
But that **[G7]** train keeps a rollin' on down to San An**[C]**ton

When I was just a baby my mama told me son
Always be a good boy don't **[C7]** ever play with guns
But I **[F]** shot a man in Reno just to watch him **[C]** die
When I **[G7]** hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and **[C]** cry

I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and **[C7]** smoking big cigars
Well I **[F]** know I had it coming I know I can't be **[C]** free
But those **[G7]** people keep a movin', And that's what tortures **[C]** me

Well if they'd free me from this prison, If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it all a little **[C7]** further down the line
[F] Far from Folsom prison that's where I want to **[C]** stay
And I'd **[G7]** let that lonesome whistle blow my blues a**[C]**way