

Leaving Home

(Charlie Poole) A Charlie Poole rewrite of an older song

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts; they had a quarrel one day,
Johnny vowed he'd leave her; said he was going away,
Never coming home, going away to roam.

Frankie she begged and pleaded, my own Johnny, please stay,
Now, oh, my honey, I've done you wrong, but please don't go away;
Then Johnny sighed while Frankie cried,

chorus:

Oh, I'm going away, I'm a-going to stay, and never coming home
Gonna miss me, honey, in the days to come,
When the winter winds begin to blow, the ground is covered up with snow,
And when you think of me
Gonna wish me back, your loving man,
Gonna miss me honey in the day, day, days to come.

Frankie done said to her Johnny, "Say man your hour has come"
Underneath her silk kimono, she drew a 44 gun
These love affairs, are hard to bear

Johnny he fled down the stairway, my love Frankie, don't shoot,
Frankie aimed the 44, five times with a rooty-toot-toot,
And Johnny fell, and Frankie yelled,
chorus:

Send for your rubber-tired hearses, send for your rubber-tired hacks,
Carry little Johnny to the graveyard, I shot him in the back
With a great big gun, as he went to run

Send for a thousand policemen, take me right away,
Lock me down in the dungeon cell and throw the key away,
For Johnny's dead, because he said...

chorus:

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