

Frankie And Johnny

C

Frankie and Johnny were lovers

C7

Oh Lordy how they could love.

F

They swore to be true to each other,

C

True as the stars above,

G7

C

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie she was a good woman

As everybody knows,

Spent a hundred dollars

Just to buy her man some clothes.

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner

Just for a bucket of beer,

Said: "Mr. bartender

Has my loving Johnny been here ?

"He was my man, but he's a-doing me wrong."

"Now I don't want to tell you no stories

And I don't want to tell you no lies

I saw your man about an hour ago

With a gal named Nellie Bligh

He was your man, but he's a-doing you wrong."

Frankie she went down to the hotel

Didn't go there for fun,

Underneath her kimona

She carried a forty-four gun.

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie looked over the transom

To see what she could spy,

There sat Johnny on the sofa

Just loving up Nellie Bligh.

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie got down from that high stool

She didn't want to see no more;

Rooty-toot-toot three times she shot

Right through that hardwood door.

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Now the first time that Frankie shot Johnny

He let out an awful yell,

Second time she shot him

There was a new man's face in hell.

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

"Oh roll me over easy

Roll me over slow

Roll me over on the right side

For the left side hurts me so."

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Sixteen rubber-tired carriages

Sixteen rubber-tired hacks

They take poor Johnny to the graveyard

They ain't gonna bring him back.

He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie looked out of the jailhouse
To see what she could see,
All she could hear was a two-string bow
Crying nearer my God to thee.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie she said to the sheriff
"What do you reckon they'll do?"
Sheriff he said "Frankie,
"It's the electric chair for you."
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

This story has no moral
This story has no end
This story only goes to show
That there ain't no good in men!
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.