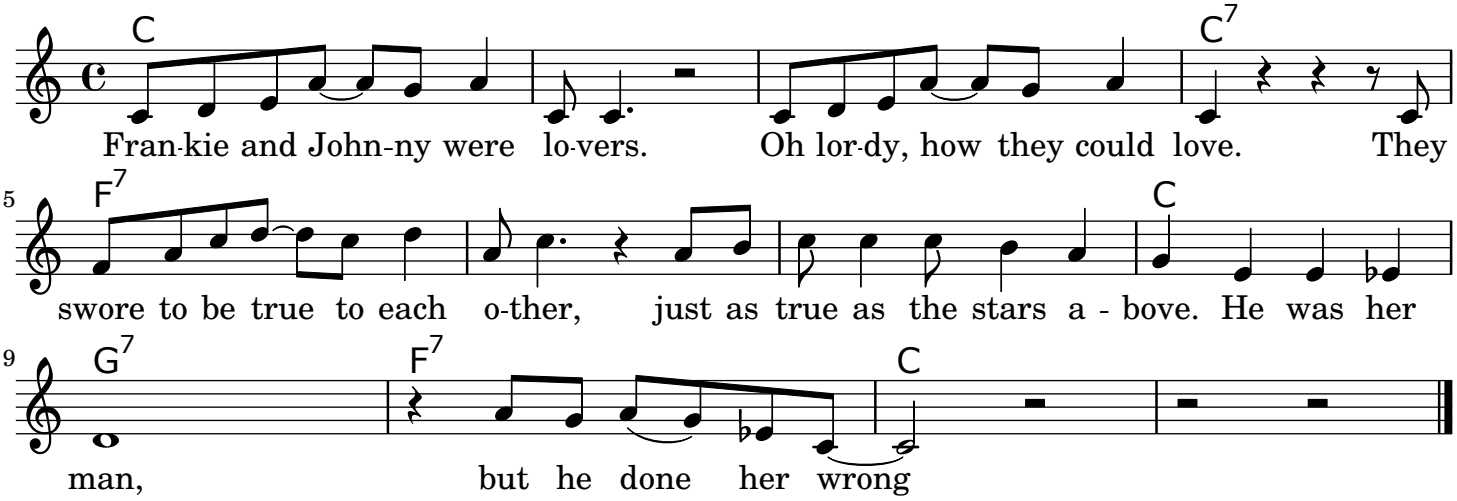
Frankie and Johnny US trad.



Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
Oh lordy, how they could love.
They swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Well, I don't want
to cause you no trouble
And I don't want to tell you no lies
But I seen your man about an hour ago
With that high-browed Nellie Bly
He was your man,
I think he's doing you wrong"

Then Frankie went home in a hurry
She didn't go there for fun
Frankie went home to get a-hold
Of Johnny's shooting gun
He was her man,
but he done her wrong

Then Frankie pulled back her kimono
And she pulled out a small 44
And root-e-toot-toot
three times she shot
Right through that hardwood door
He was her man,
but he done her wrong

Now, bring round your ruber-tired buggy
And bring round your rubber-tired hack
I'm taking my man to the graveyward
I ain't gonna bring him back
He was my man, but he done me wrong

Well, Frankie went down to the corner
To get a bucket of beer
She said to the fat bartender
"Has my lovin' Johnny been here?
He was my man,
I think he's doing me wrong"

She took a cab at the corner
And said "Driver step on this can
For you're looking at a desperate gal
Been two-timed by her man
He was my man, but he done me wrong"

Frankie peeked over the transom
And there to her surprise
She saw her lovin-man Johnny
With that high-browed Nellie Bly
He was her man,
and he was doing her wrong

"Well roll me over on my left side
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me over on my left hand side,
Frankie,
Them bullets hurt me so,
I was your man, but I done you wrong"

Well this story has no moral
And this story has got no end
Well the story just
goes to show you women
That there aint no good in men
He was her man, but he done her wrong.