

Frankie And Johnny

Hank Snow

Now Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts; oh Lordy how they could love
Swore to be true to each other, true as the stars above
He was her man, but he was doin' her wrong
Now Frankie went down to the corner, just for a bucket of beer
She said, Mr Bartender, has my lover Johnny been here
He's my man; he wouldn't do me no wrong.
I don't want to cause you no trouble; I ain't gonna tell you no lie;
But I saw your lover an hour ago with a girl named Nellie Bly.
He's your man, but he's doin' you wrong
Now Frankie looked over the transom; she saw to her surprise,
There on the sofa sat Johnny, making love to Nellie Bly.
He's my man, but he's doin' me wrong
Frankie went back to her flat and took out her old 44;
Rooty toot-toot three times she did shoot right through that hardwood door
She shot her man, 'cause he was doin' her wrong

[ac.guitar]

Now bring out the rubber-tired hearses, bring out the rubber-tired hack;
Seven men are goin' to the graveyard, but only six are comin' back.
He was my man but he done me wrong
Bring round a thousand policemen, bring 'em around today
To lock me down in that dungeon cell and throw that key away
I shot my man 'cause he was doin' me wrong.
Now Frankie she said to the warden, what are they goin' to do
The warden he said to Frankie, it's the electric chair for you.
You shot your man 'cause he was doin' you wrong
Now this story has no moral; this story has no end
This story just goes to show that there ain't no good in men
He was her man but he done her wong

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