

Frankie & Albert

Bob Dylan

Frankie was a good girl
Everybody knows
Paid one-hundred dollars for Albert's new suit of clothes
He was her man but he done her wrong Albert said, "I'm leaving you
Won't be gone for long
Don't wait for me
A-worry about me when I'm gone"
He was her man but he done her wrong Frankie went down to the corner saloon
Get a bucket of beer
Said to the bartender
"Has my loving man been here?"
He was her man but he done her wrong "Well, I ain't gonna tell you no stories
I ain't gonna tell you no lies
I saw Albert an hour ago
With a gal named Alice Bly"
He was her man but he done her wrong Frankie went down to 12th Street
Looking up through the window high
She saw her Albert there
Loving up Alice Bly
He was her man but he done her wrong Frankie pulled out a pistol
Pulled out a forty-four
Gun went off a rootie-toot-toot
And Albert fell on the floor
He was her man but he done her wrong Frankie got down upon her knees
Took Albert into her lap
Started to hug and kiss him
But there was no bringing him back
He was her man but he done her wrong "Gimme a thousand policemen
Throw me into a cell
I shot my Albert dead
And now I'm going to hell
He was my man but he done me wrong "Judge said to the jury
"Plain as a thing can be
A woman shot her lover down
Murder in the second degree"
He was her man but he done her wrong Frankie went to the scaffold
Calm as a girl could be
Turned her eyes up towards the heavens
Said, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"

He was her man but he done her wrong

Songwriters

JOHN S HURT

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>