

# Frankie's Gun!

## The Felice Brothers

My car goes Chicago  
Every weekend to pick up some cargo  
I think I know the bloody way by now, Frankie  
And turn the god damn radio down, thank you

Pull over, count the money  
But don't count the thirty in the glove box buddy  
That's for to buy Lucille some clothes

Bang, bang, bang, went Frankie's gun  
He shot me down Lucille  
He shot me down Lucille

He shot me down  
He shot me down  
He shot me down

Work zones double fines, don't pass the double lines  
Trailer McDonald's rest stop trailer double wide  
I saw a man hit my mom one time, really  
I hurt him so damn bad I had to hide in Jersey

Called my mama told her in the dresser  
There's ten or twenty dollars but there ain't no lesser  
That's for to take my sister to the picture show

Bang, bang, bang, went Frankie's gun  
He shot me down Lucille  
He shot me down Lucille

He shot me down  
He shot me down  
He shot me down

Sha, nay, na, sha, nay, na, na, na

Slip make a fender shine, Frankie, you're a friend of mine  
Got me off a bender after long legged Brenda died  
I thought we might be on a roll this time Frankie

I could have swore the box said Hollywood blanks but

You see my mama, please tell her  
I left a little rock in a box in the cellar  
That's for to wear till kingdom come

Bang, bang, bang, went Frankie's gun  
He shot me down Lucille  
He shot me down Lucille

He shot me down  
He shot me down  
He shot me down

Sha, nay, na, sha, nay, na, na, na

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Lyrics submitted by Robert Williams.

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