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

Lyrics submitted by Robert Williams.

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