

Frankie And Johnny

Lonnie Donegan

[L.D.]

We'll take it a bit slower

This is, this is the, huh, this is the first song I ever learned, actually

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts

Lordy, how they could loveSware to be true to each other

Yeah, true to the skies above

He was her man, wouldn't do her no wrong

And Frankie and Johnny went walkin'And Johnny had on a new suit

Yeah, Frankie spent one-hundred dollar notes

Just to make her man look cute

He was her man, he wouldn't do her no wrongFrankie went over to the barroom

Stopped for a bottle of beer

Said to the old bartender man

Has my lover Johnny man been here?He was my man, Lord, but he'd been doin' me wrong, so wrong.

Yeah Frankie looked over the transom door

And then to her great surprise

There sat her lover man JohnnyMakin' love to Nellie Bly

He was her man, but he was doin' her wrong

Well Frankie lifted up her kimono dress

And she drew (ladaladalala) out a little .44She shot once, twice, three times (three times) she shot him

And through that hardwood (door) floor

Yeah she shot her man (yeah he was her man)

Well but he been doin' her wrong yeahHe said, roll me over so careful ah

Roll me over so slow,

Oh roll me on to my left hand side,

Because your bullet hurt me so,I was your man, but I been doin' you wrong.

Play it Chris!Well they sent for Frankie's mother

Come down to Huddy's saloon

To see what's the matter with her boy

She come down, Frankie looked up at herHere what she said:

She said, Oh Mrs. Johnson, oh forgive me please

Well I killed your lovin' son, Johnny

But I'm down on my bended kneeI shot your man, 'cause he was doin' me wrong. ah

She said, I'll forgive you Frankie,

She said, I'll forgive you not, not

For killin' my lovin' son Johnny,He's the only support that I've got,

'Cause you shot my man and he was doin' you wrong.

Well the last time I seen Frankie

She was a-sittin' in a dungeon cellShe would be there moanin', herself

With no one there to care
She shot her man, a he'd been doin' her wrong, so wrong
Well bring out the overtime hearse all day longYou gotta bring out the pony and truck hey
They're gonna take Johnny, Johnny to the cemetery (graveyard)
And they ain't never coming back
Oh he was her man, oh but he been doin' her wrong, so wrongWell the story ain't got no moral, Lordy
But the story ain't got no end
Well the story only goes to show
That there ain't no damn good in menHe was her man, but he was doin' her wrong
Yeah, ba-da-ba-ba-da-ba-ba-da-ba-ba-ba

Songwriters

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