

# Frankie and Johnny

Mae West

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts,  
Lord knows but how they could love,  
Swore they'd be true to each other,  
True as the stars above,

He was her man and he was doing her wrong, Frankie went around the corner, to get a bucket of beer,  
Said to the man called Bartender, "Have you seen my Johnny here? He's my man, and he's doing me  
wrong." "Ain't gonna tell you no stories, ain't gonna tell you no lies. I saw your man named Johnny 'bout an  
hour ago with that gal named Nellie Blythe. He's your man and he's doing you wrong." Frankie went around to  
that hop joint,

bought along a great big forty-four,  
she went inside and there she spied Johnny on the floor.  
He was her man, and he was doing her wrong. "Turn me over Frankie, turn me over slow,  
Turn me over on my right side Frankie,  
Why did you shoot so low?"

You was my man and you done me wrong. Rubber-tired coaches, rubber-tired hacks,  
Is gonna take my man to the graveyard,  
ain't never gonna bring him back.  
He was my man and he was doing me wrong. Bring on your million policemen, bring on your million jails,  
Hold the keys to that St. Louis River,  
nobody's gonna hold my bail,  
He was my man and he was doing me wrong.

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