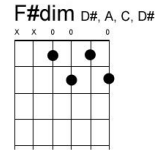


Frankie and Johnny traditional



C G7 C G7
 Frankie and Johnny were lovers
 C G7 C C7
 Oh Lordy, how they could love
 F F F7 F7
 Swore to be true to each other
 F F#dim7
 Just as true as the stars above
 C F#dim7 G7 G7 G7 G7 C F#dim7 G7 G7
 He was her man, but he done her wrong

Well, Frankie went down to the corner
 To get a bucket of beer
 She said to the fat bartender
 "Has my lovin' Johnny been here?
 He was my man; I think he's doing me wrong"

"Well, I don't want to cause you no trouble
 And I don't want to tell you no lies
 But I seen your man about an hour ago
 With that high-browed Nellie Bly
 If he's your man, he's a-doin' you wrong"

Frankie went down to the pawnshop;
 She bought herself a little forty-four.
 She aimed it at the ceiling,
 Shot a big hole in the floor.
 "Where's my man? He's doin' me wrong."

Frankie went down to the hotel;
 She rang the hotel bell.
 "Get outta my way, all you floozies,
 Or I'll blow you straight to hell.
 I want my man, who' is doin' me wrong."

Frankie peeked over the transom
 And there to her surprise
 That there in the room sat Johnny
 A-lovin' up Nellie Bly
 He was her man, and he was doing her wrong

Then Frankie threw her kimono
 And she pulled out a small .44
 And root-e-toot-toot three times she shot
 Right through that hardwood door
 She shot her man, cause he done her wrong

Johnnie he grabbed off his Stetson,
 "Oh good Lawd, Frankie, don't shoot."
 But Frankie put her finger on the trigger
 And the gun went roota-toot-toot.

He was her man, but she shot him down.
 "Well roll me over easy,
 Roll me over so slow,
 Roll me over easy, boys,
 's these holes, they hurt me so.
 I was your man, but I done you wrong"

Now, bring round your rubber-tired buggy
 And bring round your rubber-tired hack
 I'm taking my man to the graveyard
 I ain't gonna bring him back
 He was my man, but he done me wrong

This wasn't murder in the second degree,
 This wasn't murder in the third.
 Frankie simply dropped her man,
 Like a hunter drops a bird.
 He was her man, and she dropped him down.

"Oh bring 'round a thousand policemen,
 Bring 'em round today,
 To lock me in that dungeon
 And throw that key away.
 I shot my man 'cause he done me wrong."

Frankie mounted to the scaffold,
 As calm as a girl could be,
 And turning her eyes to heaven,
 Said; "Nearer my God to Thee."
 He was her man, and she's goin' home now.

Well this story has no moral
 And this story has got no end
 Well the story just goes to show you women
 That there ain't no good in men
 He was her man, but he done her wrong