

Frankie and John-ny were lo-vers. Oh lor-dy, how they could love. They

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man, but he done her wrong

Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
 Oh lordy, how they could love.
 They swore to be true to each other,
 Just as true as the stars above.
 He was her man, but he done her 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
 He was your man,
 I think he's doing you wrong"

Then Frankie went home in a hurry
 She didn't go there for fun
 Frankie went home to get a-hold
 Of Johnny's shooting gun
 He was her man,
 but he done her wrong

Then Frankie pulled back her kimono
 And she pulled out a small 44
 And root-e-toot-toot
 three times she shot
 Right through that hardwood door
 He was her man,
 but he done her wrong

Now, bring round your ruber-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

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"

She took a cab at the corner
 And said "Driver step on this can
 For you're looking at a desperate gal
 Been two-timed by her man
 He was my man, but he done me wrong"

Frankie peeked over the transom
 And there to her surprise
 She saw her lovin-man Johnny
 With that high-browed Nellie Bly
 He was her man,
 and he was doing her wrong

"Well roll me over on my left side
 Roll me over so slow,
 Roll me over on my left hand side,
 Frankie,
 Them bullets hurt me so,
 I was your man, but I done you wrong"

Well this story has no moral
 And this story has got no end
 Well the story just
 goes to show you women
 That there aint no good in men
 He was her man, but he done her wrong.