

Frankie's Man, Johnny

Johnny Cash

Well, now Frankie
And Johnny were sweethearts
They were true as a blue, blue sky
He was a long-legged guitar picker
With a wicked wandering eye

But he was her man
Nearly all of the time

Well, Johnny
He packed up to leave her
But he promised he'd be back
He said he had a little picking to do
A little farther down the track

He said, I'm your man
I wouldn't do you wrong

Well, Frankie curled up on a sofa
Thinking about her man
Far away the couples were dancing
To the music of his band

He was Frankie's man
He wasn't doing her wrong

Then in the front door
Walked a redhead
Johnny saw her right away
She came down by the bandstand
To watch him while he played

He was Frankie's man
But she was far away

He sang every song to the redhead
She smiled back at him
Then he came and sat at her table
Where the lights were low and dim

What Frankie didn't know
Wouldn't hurt her none

Then the redhead
Jumped up and slapped him
She slapped him a time or two
She said, I'm Frankie's sister
And I was checking up on you

If you're her man
You better treat her right

Well, the moral of this story
Is be good but carry a stick
Sometimes it looks like a guitar picker
Just can't tell what to pick

He was Frankie's man and
He still ain't done her wrong