Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts oh Lordy how they could lov

Swore to be true to each other true as the stars above He was her man but he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner just for a bucket of beer She said oh Mr Bartender has my lovin' Johnny been here He is my man he wadn't doin' me wrong.

Hey I don't want cause you no trouble ain't gonna tell you no lies

I saw your lover an hour ago with a gal named Nellie Blie He was your man but he has done you wrong.

Here come now.

Hey Frankie looked over in transom and she saw to her susrprice There on the cab sat Johnny makin' love to Nellie Blie He is my man but he's doin' me wrong.

Frankie drew back to comoda she took out her old 44 And rutty toooo tooo three times throughout that hardwood door She shot her man cause he was doin' her wrong.

Here comes one more time.

Hey bring out the rubber tied hearses and bring out the rubber tied hatch

She'd taken her man through the graveyard and she ain't a gonna bring

him back

Lord he was her man and he was doin' her wrong.

Bring out a thousand policemen bring 'em around today And locked her down in the dungeon and threw that key away She shot her may cause he was doin' her wrong.

Hey Frankie said to the warden what are you going to do And the warden said to Frankie it's a electric chair for you You shot your man cause he was doin' you wrong.

Hey this story has no moral this story has no end The only thing this story goes to show is a $\operatorname{ain't}$ no good in man

He was her man and he was doin' her wong...