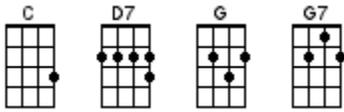


# Frankie and Johnny

Traditional, circa 1900



**INTRO:** / 1 2 3 4 / [G] / [G] /

[G] Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts, oh Lord how they did [G7] love  
[C] Swore to be true to each other, true as the stars a-[G]bove  
He was her [D7] man, he wouldn't do her [G] wrong [G]

[G] Frankie went down to the corner, just for a bucket of [G7] beer  
[C] She said "Mister Bartender, has my lovin' Johnny been [G] here?  
He's my [D7] man, he wouldn't do me [G] wrong"[G]

"I [G] don't want to cause you no trouble, I ain't gonna tell you no [G7] lie  
[C] I saw your lover 'bout an hour ago with a girl named Nelly [G] Bly  
He was your [D7] man, but he's doin' you [G] wrong" [G]

[G] Frankie looked over the transom, she saw to her sur-[G7]prise  
[C] There on a cot sat Johnny, makin' love to Nelly [G] Bly  
"He is my [D7] man, and he's doin' me [G] wrong [G]"

[G] Frankie drew back her kimono, she took out her little forty-[G7]four  
[C] Rooty-toot-toot three times she shot, right thru that hardwood [G] door  
She shot her [D7] man, he was doin' her [G] wrong [G]

[G] Bring out the rubber-tired buggy, bring out the rubber-tired [G7] hack  
I'm [C] takin' my man to the graveyard, but I ain't gonna bring him [G] back  
Lord, he was my [D7] man, and he done me [G] wrong [G]

[G] Bring out a thousand policemen, bring 'em around to-[G7]day  
To [C] lock me down in the dungeon cell, and throw that key a-[G]way  
I shot my [D7] man, he was doin' me [G] wrong [G]

[G] Frankie said to the warden, "What are they goin' to [G7] do?"  
The [C] warden he said to Frankie "It's electric chair for [G] you  
'Cause you shot your [D7] man, he was doin' you [G] wrong [G]"

[G] This story has no moral, this story has no [G7] end  
[C] This story just goes to show, that there ain't no good in [G] men  
He was her [D7] man, and he done her [G] wrong [G] ↓

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