

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (HUGHIE CANNON, 1904)

C **C7**
Frankie and Johnny were lovers. Oh Lordy how they could love.

F **C**
They swore to be true to each other, true as the stars above,

G7 **C** **CMaj7** **C**
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong,

Frankie she was a good woman, as everybody knows,
Spent a hundred dollars just to buy her man some clothes.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner to get a bucket of beer,
Said: "Mr. Bartender has my loving Johnny been here?
"He was my man, but he's a-doing me wrong."

"Now I don't want to tell you no stories and I don't want to tell you no lies
I saw your man about an hour ago with a gal named Nellie Bly
He was your man, but he's a-doing you wrong,"

Frankie she went down to the hotel didn't go there for fun,
Underneath her kimono she carried a forty-four gun.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong,

Frankie looked over the transom to see what she could spy,
There sat Johnny on the sofa just loving up Nellie Bly
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong

Frankie, got down from that high stool she didn't want to see no more;
Rooty-toot-toot three times she shot right through that hardwood door.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

Now the first time that Frankie shot Johnny He let out an awful yell,
Second time she shot him there was a new man's face in hell.
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.

This story has no moral this story has no end
This story only goes to show that there ain't no good in men!
He was her man, but he was doing her wrong.