

## Frankie and Johnnie

David Allan Coe

Frankie and Johnny were lovers  
Oh lordy, how they could love  
Swore to be true to each other  
Just as true as the stars above  
He was her man, but he done her 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"

"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"

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"

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

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

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

"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"

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 this story has no moral  
And this story has got no end  
Well the story just goes to show you women

That there ain