

# 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