Frankie and Johnny

C Frankie and Johnny were lovers, oh lordy, how they could *C7* love
They *F* swore to be true to each other, as true as the stars *C* above
He was her *G7* man, he wouldn’t do her no *C* wrong.

C Frankie and Johnny went walking, Johnny in his brand-new *C7* suit,
Frankie *F* paid one hundred dollars, just to make her man look *C* cute
He was her *G7* man, but he was doing her *C* wrong.

C Frankie went down to the bar room to buy Johnny a bottle of *C7* beer
She *F* stopped and asked the bar tender, ‘has my loving Johnny been *C* here?’
He is my *G7* man …is he doing me *C* wrong?

C The bar man he said to Frankie, ‘I ain’t going to tell you no *C7* lie
I *F* saw him just about an hour ago, making love to that Nellie *C* Bligh
He is your *G7* man, but he is doing you *C* wrong

C Frankie threw back her kimono, took out her own *C7* .44
Rooty *F* toot toot, she shot Johnny, he was lying dead on the *C* floor
He was her *G7* man, he was doing her *C* wrong.

C The sheriff arrested Frankie, he took her to jail that *C7* day,
He *F* locked her up in a dungeon, then he threw the key *C* away
He was your *G7* man though he was doing you *C* wrong.

C Frankie said to the warden, ‘what are they going to *C7* do?’
The *F* warden he said to Frankie ‘It’s the electric chair for *C* you
You shot your *G7* man though he was doing you *C* wrong.

C This story ain’t got moral. This story never has an *C7* end
This *F* story only goes to show, beware when you trust *C* men
He was her *G7* man. He was doing her *C* wrong.