

Table Edited by Jan-Olov Sundqvist

4.

Frankie looked over the transom
To see what she could spy
There sat Johnny on the sofa
Justa' loving up Nellie Blie
He was her man
But he was doin' her wrong

Frankie got down from that high stool
She didn't wanna' see no more
Rutty t-toot three times she shot
Right through that hardwood door
He was her man
But he was doin' her wrong

Now the first time that Frankie shot Johnny
He let out a awful yell
Second time she shot him
There was a new man's space in hell
He was her man
But he was doin' her wrong

Oh roll-ll me over easy
Roll-ll me over slow
Roll me over on my right side
Cause the left side hurts me so
He was her man
But he was doin' her wrong

Sixteen rubber-tired carriages
Sixteen rubber-tired hacks
They take poor Johnny to the graveyard
And they ain't gonna' bring him back
He was her man
But he was doing her wrong

Frankie looked out of the jail house
To see what she could see
All she could hear was a two-stringed bow
Cryin' "Nearer My God to Thee"
He was her man
But he was doin' her wrong

Frankie she said to the sheriff
What do you reckon they'll do
Sheriff said, "Oh Frankie
It's the electric chair for you."
He was her man
But he was doin' 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

He was her man
But he was doing her wrong