Verse 1:
C Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts. Oh Lordie how they could love. C7
F They promised to be true to each other, true as the stars above. C
G7 He was her man. He wouldn't do her no wrong.

Verse 2:
C Frankie went down to the corner, to get a pint of beer. C7
F She asked that old bartender, "Has my lovin' Johnny been here?"
G7 "He's my man... He wouldn't do me no wrong."

Verse 3:
C Well, I ain't gonna tell you no story. C7
F Ain't gonna tell you no lie.
G7 "He's here 'bout an hour ago with a gal named Nelly Blie. C
C He may be your man, but he's doin' you wrong."

Verse 4:
C Frankie looked over the transom... saw to her surprise: C7
F There on the couch sat Johnny makin love to Nellie Blie.
G7 "He's my man... but he's doin' me wrong."
Verse 5:
C
Frankie went down to the hotel. Didn't go there for fun.
F   C
Underneath her red kimono, she was packin' a 44 gun...
G7   C   C
to shoot her man, cause he's doin' her wrong.

Verse 6:
C
Johnny took off his Stetson. Said, "Baby, please don't shoot!"
F   C
She put her finger on the trigger...and the gun went Blooty Too!
G7   C   C
She killed her man, 'cause he was doin' her wrong.

Verse 7:
C
Roll out your rubber-tired carriage. Roll out your old-time hack.
F   C
There's twelve men goin' to the graveyard, Only 'leven coming back.
G7   C   C
He was her man...but he done her wrong.

Verse 8:
C
This story's got no moral....This story's got no end.
F   C
It only goes to show you, that there ain't no good in men.
G7   C   C/
He was her man...but he done her wrong.
end