

Bob Dylan

"Frankie Albert"

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Frankie was a good girl
Everybody knows
Paid one hundred dollars
For Albert's new suit of clothes
He was her man that done her wrong

Albert said, "I'm leaving you"
Won't be gone for long
Don't wait up for me
A-worry about me when I'm gone
He was her man but he done her wrong

Frankie went down to the corner saloon
Get a bucket of beer
Said to the bartender
"Has my lovin' man been here?"
He was her man but he done her wrong

"Well, I ain't gonna tell you no story
I ain't gonna tell you no lie
I saw Albert an hour ago
With a gal named Alice Bly"
If he is her man he done her wrong

Frankie went down to 12th street
Look up through the window high
She saw her Albert there
Lovin' up Alice Bly
He was her man, he would done her wrong

Frankie pulled out a pistol
Pulled out a forty-four
Gun went off a-rootie-toot-toot
And Albert fell on the floor
He was her man but he done her wrong

Frankie got down upon her knees
Took Albert into her lap
Started to hug and kiss him
But there was no bringin' him back
He was her man, he done her wrong

Gimme a thousand policemen
Throw me into a cell
I shot my Albert dead
And now I'm goin' to hell
He was my man but he done me wrong

Judge said to the jury
"Plain as a thing can be
A woman shot her lover down
Murder in the second degree"
He was her man but he done her wrong

Frankie went to the scaffold
Calm as a girl could be
Turned her eyes up toward the heavens
Said "Near my God, to Thee"
He was her man but he done her wrong

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