

## Van Morrison "Frankie And Johnny"

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(Traditional)

[L.D.] We'll take it a bit slower

This is, this is the, huh, this is the first song I ever  
learned, actually

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts  
Lordy, how they could love  
Swore to be true to each other  
Yeah, true to the skies above  
He was her man, wouldn't do her no wrong

And Frankie and Johnny went walkin'  
And Johnny had on a new suit  
Yeah, Frankie spent one-hundred dollar notes  
Just to make her man look cute  
He was her man, he wouldn't do her no wrong

Frankie went over to the barroom  
Stopped for a bottle of beer  
Said to the old bartender man  
Has my lover Johnny man been here?  
He was my man, Lord, but he'd been doin' me wrong,  
so wrong.

Yeah Frankie looked over the transom door  
And then to her great surprise  
There sat her lover man Johnny  
Makin' love to Nellie Bly  
He was her man, but he was doin' her wrong

Well Frankie lifted up her kimono dress  
And she drew (ladaladalala) out a little .44  
She shot once, twice, three times (three times) she shot  
him  
And through that hardwood (door) floor  
Yeah she shot her man (yeah he was her man)  
Well but he been doin' her wrong yeah

He said, roll me over so careful ah  
Roll me over so slow,  
Oh roll me on to my left hand side,  
Because your bullet hurt me so,

I was your man, but I been doin' you wrong.

Play it Chris!

(Instrumental)

Well they sent for Frankie's mother  
Come down to Huddy's saloon  
To see what's the matter with her boy  
She come down, Frankie looked up at her  
Here what she said:

She said, Oh Mrs. Johnson, oh forgive me please  
Well I killed your lovin' son, Johnny  
But I'm down on my bended knee  
I shot your man, 'cause he was doin' me wrong. ah

She said, I'll forgive you Frankie,  
She said, I'll forgive you not, not  
For killin' my lovin' son Johnny,  
He's the only support that I've got,  
'Cause you shot my man and he was doin' you wrong.

Well the last time I seen Frankie  
She was a-sittin' in a dungeon cell  
She would be there moanin', herself  
With no one there to care  
She shot her man, a he'd been doin' her wrong, so  
wrong

Well bring out the overtime hearse all day long  
You gotta bring out the pony and truck hey  
They're gonna take Johnny, Johnny to the cemetery  
(graveyard)  
And they ain't never coming back  
Oh he was her man, oh but he been doin' her wrong, so  
wrong

Well the story ain't got no moral, Lordy  
But the story ain't got no end  
Well the story only goes to show  
That there ain't no damn good in men  
He was her man, but he was doin' her wrong  
Yeah, ba-da-ba-ba-da-ba-ba-da-ba-ba-ba-ba

(Transcribed by ear; corrections requested and  
welcomed!)

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