

Tait

"Frankie & Albert"

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Frankie an' Albert was sweethearts
Lordy how they could love.
Vowed to love one another
Baby 'neath the stars above
It was her man..... an' he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie went down to da' bar room,
Get herself a bucket a beer.
Say hey to da' lone bartender
Say hey has my lovely man been here?
It was my man.....an' he was doin' me wrong.

Bartender say "Miss Frankie, huh,
honey I can't tell ya' no lie.
He lef' here 'bout an' hour ago,
With that hussy named Nelly Blye".
It was yo' man.....an he was doin' you wrong.

Frankie she cried, she cried, she cried,
Lordy what have I done?
I done give my love to dis man
He done took my love an' run.
It was my man.....an he was doin' me wrong.

Albert saw Frankie comin', He say,
Oh Lord baby, don't you shoot
Well you know, out from under that red kimono
The gun went rootie toot toot,
She shot that man.....cause he was doin' her wrong.

Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo!
Frankie say baby what have I done?
You know I shot the only man I loved,
A cold forty - one,
It was my man.....an he was doin' me wrong.

Play it for a while....

High Sheriff come clippety, clippety, clippety, clippety,
clippety, clippety, clippety the trail
I say look here Frankie I'm gon' tell ya'

You done shot yo' man,
I'm gon' hafta' put cha in da' county jail.
Talkin' 'bout that man.....an' he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie she laid in da' jail house,
Now ya' know there ain't no one to go her bail.
But 'cha know big Jim say honey,
"I'm workin' on you, try to get you outta that jail"
Tell about yo' man....'cause he was doin' you wrong.

An' our story go on.....

Frankie an' Albert was sweethearts
Lordy how they could love.
Vowed to love one another
Underneath the stars above
Talkin' 'bout that man..... an' he was doin' her wrong

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