

Johnny Cash - Frankie And Johnny

Tom: G

Well now Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts

They were true as a blue, blue sky

He was a long-legged guitar-picker

With a wicked, wondering eye

But he was her man nearly all of the time

Well Johnny he packed up a leaven'

But he promised he'd be back

He said he had a little picking' to do

A little further down the track

He said, "I'm your man, I wouldn't do you wrong"

Well Frankie curled up on the sofa

Thinkin' about her man

Far away couples were dancin' to the music of his band

He was Frankie's man he wasn't doin' her wrong

Then in the front door walked a redhead

Johnny saw her right away

She came down by the bandstand to watch him while he played

He was Frankie's man but she was far away

He sang another song to the redhead

She smiled back at him

Then he came and sat at her table

Where the lights were low and dim

What Frankie didn't know wouldn't hurt her none

Then the redhead jumped up and slapped him

She slapped him a time or two

She said, "I'm Frankie's sister and I was checking up on you"

"If you're her man you'd better treat her right"

Well the moral of this story

Is be good but carry a stick

Sometimes it looks like a guitar-picker

Just can't tell what to pick

He was Frankie's man and he still ain't done her wrong

Acordes

