

# Elvis Presley, Frankie And Johnny

Frankie and me we were lovers  
Oh Lordy how we could love  
Swore we'd be true to each other  
Just as true as stars above  
I was her man, she caught me doing her wrong.  
My luck in poker was fading  
When a new gal caught my eye  
I gambled, I tried to change my luck  
With a chick named Nellie Bly  
I was Frankie's man but I was doing her wrong.  
Yeah! Frankie came looking to find me  
Yes, she wasn't looking for fun  
For in her sweet loving hand  
She was totin' a 44 gun  
To shoot her man if he was doin' her wrong  
Well Frankie walked into the bar room  
And right there in front of her eyes  
There was her loving Johnny

Making love to that Nellie Bly  
I was her man, she caught me doing her wrong.  
Frankie, I beg, Please don't shoot me  
Well they'll put you away in a cell  
You know they'll put you where the cold wind blows  
From the hottest corner in hell  
I'm your man, I know I done you wrong.  
Easy on the roll, real easy  
Easy on the roll, real slow  
Roll me over real gently  
'Cause my wound hurts me so  
Well I was her man  
Well I done her wrong  
Well Frankie told Johnny  
Well this is the end of my song  
I was her man, well I done her wrong  
Well , hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Done her wrong