

Frankie pulled out her six-shooter and pulled out that old forty-four.
Her gun went rooty-toot-toot-toot and Johnny fell down on the floor.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Oh, roll me over easy, roll me over so slow.
"Oh, roll me over easy, for the bullets, they hurt me so.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie got down on her knees and took Johnny into her lap.
She started to hug and to kiss him, but there was no bringing him back.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Oh, get me a thousand policemen who'll throw me then into their cell.
'Cause I've gone and shot my sweet Johnny. I know I'm going to Hell."
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

So, roll out your rubber-tired carriage. Roll out your old-time hack.
There's twelve men goin' to the graveyard and eleven coming back.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

This story got no moral, this story got no end.
It only goes to show you, that there ain't no good in men.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Chords:

C = x 3 5 5 5 x
Adim7 = x 0 1 2 1 2

Cdim = x 3 4 5 4 x
C#dim = x 4 5 6 5 x

Caug = x 3 2 1 1 x
Gaug = 3 3 3 4 4 3