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 your 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