

# Johnny Cash, Frankie's Man Johnny

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 wanderin' eye  
But he was her man nearly all of the time  
Well Johnny he packed up to leave her but he promised he'd be back  
He said he had a little pickin' to do a little farther 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 the couples were dancing to the music of his band  
He was Frankie's man he wadn'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 every 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 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