

JOHNNY B GOODE

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
 Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
 There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
 Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
 Who never ever learned to read or write so well
 But he could play a guitar just like a ringing a bell

Go go Go Johnny go!
 Go - Go Johnny go!
 Go - Go Johnny go!
 Go - Go Johnny go!
 Go - Johnny B. Goode!

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
 Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
 Oh, the engineer would see him sitting in the shade
 Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
 The people passing by, they would stop and say
 Oh my, but that little country boy could play

Go go Go Johnny go!
 Go - Go Johnny go!
 Go - Go Johnny go!
 Go - Go Johnny go!
 Go - Johnny B. Goode!

His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
 And you will be the leader of a big ol' band
 Many people coming from miles around
 To hear you play your music when the sun go down
 Maybe someday your name'll be in lights
 Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight"