



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-ringin' 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 engineers 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 what 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 old band

Many people coming from miles around

To hear you play your music when the sun go
down

Maybe someday your name will be in lights

Saying "Johnny B. Goode tonight"

Go, go

Go Johnny, go

Go, go, go Johnny, go

Go, go, go Johnny, go

Go, go, go Johnny, go

Go