

# Johnny B. Goode

Conway Twitty

Well down in Lousiana close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods neath the evergreens  
There stands a log cabin made of earth and wood  
Where lived a little country boy named Johnny B Goode  
He never ever learned to read or write so well  
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  
The engineer would see him sittin' in the shade  
Strummin' through the rhythm that the drivers made  
The people passin' by they would stop and say  
My how that little country boy can play  
Go go go Johnny go go...

Well his mama told him someday you will be a man  
You will be the leader of a country band  
The people gonna come from miles around  
To hear you play your music when the sun goes down  
Maybe someday your name will be at lights sayin' Johnny B Goode  
tonight  
Yeah go go go Johnny go go...