

Johnny B. Goode

Dion

Yeah, deep down in Louisiana
Close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods
Among the Evergreens

Oh, there stood an old 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 can play a guitar
Just like ringing a bell

Tell em go
Yeah, let Johnny go
Go, yeah, Johnny, go
Go, yeah, Johnny, go
Go, yeah, Johnny, go
Go, yeah, Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his
Guitar in a gunny sack
Sit beneath the trees
By the railroad track

And all the engineers would
See him sitting in the shade
Strumming with the rhythm
That the drivers made

And all the people passing by
Would stop and say
Oh my, but that little
Country boy can play

Go, go
Yeah, Johnny, go
Go, Johnny, go, yeah
Go, yeah, Johnny, go
Go, go, Johnny, go
Go, yeah, Johnny B. Goode

Lemme hear you play it

Yes, his mother told him
Someday you will be a man
And you will be the leader
Of a big old band

And many people come
From miles around
To hear you play your music
Til the sun go down

Yeah, maybe someday

Your name would be in lights
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight

Go, yeah, Johnny, go
Go, oh, go, Johnny, go
Yeah, go, play that thing
Yeah, say it again
Go, go, Johnny, go
Go, yeah, Johnny B. Goode