

Johnny B. Goode

John Denver

Way down in Louisiana close to New Orleans, way back in the woods among the evergreens,
there stood a log cabin made of earth and wood,
where lived a country boy name of Johnny B. Goode.
He never ever learned to read or write so well, but he could play a guitar just like a ringing 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 a tree by the railroad track.
The engineers would see him sitting in the shade strumming to the rhythm that the drivers made.
The people passing by they would stop and say, oh my, but that little country boy can play.
Go go go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, Johnny B. Goode.

Well, his momma told him, "Some day you will be a man.
You will be the leader of a big old band.
Many people coming from miles around just to hear you play your music till the sun goes down.
Maybe someday your name'll be in lights, saying, 'Johnny B. Goode tonight."
Go go go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, Johnny B. Goode.
Go go go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go, Johnny B. Goode.