

Johnny B. Goode

Johnny Rivers

Deep down 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 name Johnny B. Goode
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
But he could play the guitar like ringing a bell.

Go go, go Johnny go
Go, go Johnny go
Go, go Johnny go
Go, go Johnny go
Go, oh, Johnny B. Goode.

He use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track
The engineers used to see him sitting in the shade
Playing to the rhythm that the drivers made
People passing by would stop and say
Oh my, that little country boy could play.

Go go, go Johnny go
Go, go Johnny go
Go, go Johnny go
Go, go Johnny go
Go, oh, Johnny B. Goode.

His mama told him someday he would be a man
And he would be the leader of a big old band
Many people coming from miles around
To hear him play his music when the sun goes down
Maybe someday his name would 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, oh, Johnny B. Goode.