

## Johnny B. Goode

Judas Priest

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans  
Way back up with the woods among the Evergreens  
There Stood a cabin made of earth and wood  
There lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode  
Who never ever learned to read or write so well, but he could p  
lay a guitar just like ringing bell

Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
Sitting in the trees by the railroadtrack  
All engineers sitting in the shade  
stumming with the rhytm that the drivers made  
people passing by, they stopped and said, "Oh my, but how that  
country boy can play"

Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Johhnny B Goode! Go Johnny!

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 a miles around  
To hear you play your music till the sound goes down  
Maybe someday you name will be in lights, saying Johnny B Goode  
Tnight

Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Johnny B Goode!  
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Johnny B Goode  
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!  
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!