

## Johnny B. Goode

Olympic

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens  
There stood an log cabin made of earth and wood  
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
Who never learned to read or write so well  
But he could play a guitar just like ringing a bell

Go go  
Go Johnny go go go  
Go Johnny go go go  
Go Johnny go go go  
Go Johnny go go go  
Go go Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
Sat beneath the tree by the railroad track  
An engineer could see him sitting in the shade  
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made  
The People passing by, they would stop and say  
Oh my, how that little country boy could play

His mother told him, someday you will be a man  
You will be the leader of a big old band  
Many people coming from miles around  
To hear you play your music when the sun goes down  
And maybe someday your name will be in lights  
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight