

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