

## Johnny B. Goode

Twisted Sister

Way down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens  
Stood an old cabin made of earth and wood  
Lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
Never ever learned to read or write so well  
Play a guitar like a ringin' a bell

Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, yeah Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
Sit beneath the tree by the railroad track  
Sit beneath the tree and play all day  
Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made  
People passed him by, used to stop and say  
My, how that little country boy could play

Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, yeah Johnny B. Goode

Well, his mama told him someday you will be a man  
You will be the leader of a kick ass band  
Many people comin' from miles around  
Hear you play your music when the sun goes down  
Maybe some day your name will be in lights  
Johnny B. Goode tonight, I said

Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, go Johnny  
Go go, yeah Johnny B. Goode