

# Blues Traveler, Johnny B. Goode

Original Performer: Chuck Berry

Way down in 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 of Johnny B. Goode  
He 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  
Johnny B. Goode

He use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track  
Oh, 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, but that little country boy can play"

Go go  
Go Johnny go, go  
Go Johnny go, go  
Go Johnny go, go  
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 til the sun go 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  
Johnny B. Goode