

# Buck Owens, Johnny B. Goode

Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans  
Back up in the woods among the evergreens  
There stood an old cabin made of earth and wood  
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.  
Who'd never, ever learned to read or write, so well  
But he could play a guitar just like a ringin' a bell  
Go, go, go, Johnny go, go,  
Go Johnny go, go, go, Johnny go,  
Go, go, go, go, Johnny go,  
Go, go, Johnny B Goode.

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
Sit beside the tree by the railroad track  
The engineer would see him sittin' in the shade  
Listen to the rhythm that the drivers made  
The people comin' by they would stop and say  
Oh, my but that little country boy could play  
Go, go, go, Johnny go, go,  
go, Johnny go, go, go, Johnny go,  
Go, go, Johnny B Goode.

--- Instrumental ---

His mama told him someday you will be a man  
And you will be the leader of a big old band  
Many people come from miles around  
To hear you play your music till the sun goes down  
Maybe someday your name will be in lights  
A sayin' Johnny B Goode tonight  
Go, go, go, Johnny go, go,  
go, Johnny go, go, go, Johnny go,  
Go, go, Johnny B Goode...