

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...