

George Thorogood, Johnny B. Goode

Deep down in Louisiana,
back in New Orleans
Way back up in the woods,
among the evergreens
Stood a log cabin,
made of earth and wood
Where lived a hillbilly boy,
named Johnny B. Goode
Who never ever learned,
to read or write so well
But he could rock n' roll,
like a bat out of hell

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

He used to carry his guitar,
in a gunny sack
He sit down by the tree,
by the railroad track
The engineer could see him,
sitting in the shade
Strumming with the rhythm,
that the drivers made
People passing by,
they would stop and say,
my that St. Louie boy can play

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

His mother told him someday you'll be a man,
you'll be the leader of a really cool band
Many people coming from a-miles around,
to hear you get it on when the sun goes down
Maybe someday your name will be in lights,
saying "Johnny B. Goode tonight"

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