

Paul McCartney, Johnny B. Goode

Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,
way back up in the woods, among the evergreens.
There stand a country cabin, made of tar and wood,
where lives a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.
He never learned to read or write a book so well.
He could play his guitar just like a-ringing the bell.

Go, go, go, Johnny, go, go, go
Go, Johnny, go, go, go
Go, Johnny, go, go, go
Go, Johnny, go, go, go
aah - Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack.
Sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.
Oh, sitting and a-playing in the shade,
strumming to the rhythm that the drivers made
People passing by used to stop and say:
"My, but how that country boy could play"

Go, go, go, Johnny, go, go, go
Go, Johnny, go, go, go
Go, Johnny, go, go, go
Go, Johnny, go, go, go
aah - Johnny B. Goode

Ooh

Well, his mama told him, "Someday, you will be a man,
and you will be the leader of a big old band.
Many people coming from miles around
to hear you play your music till the sun goes down.
Maybe someday, your name will be in lights
saying: 'Johnny B. Goode tonight' "

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