

Peter Tosh, Johnny B. Goode

Deep down in Jamaica close to Mandeville
Back up in the woods on top of a hill
There stood an old hut made of earth and wood
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode
He never learned to read and a write so well
But he could play his guitar like ringing a bell yell

CHORUS (we all know this)

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Sitting in a tree in the railroad track
Old engineer in the train sitting in the shade
Strummin' with the rhythm that them drivers made
People passing by would stop and say
Oh my oh my what the boy can play

CHORUS

Mama said son you gotta be a man
You gotta be the leader of a reggae band
People coming in from miles around
To hear you play until the sun goes down
Boy someday your name will be in the lights
Saying Johnny B Goode tonight