

The Grateful Dead, Johnny B. Goode

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans,
Way back in the woods among the evergreens
There in an old cabin made of earth and wood
There lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.
He never learned to read or write so well,
But he could play a guitar like ringin' a bell.

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

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
Go sit up in the trees by the railroad track.
The engineers seen him sittin' in the shade
Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made.
People passin' by would stop and say
"My my, but that little country boy can play!"

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

His mamma told him "Someday you will be a man."
You will be the leader of a big old band
Many people comin' from miles around
To hear you play your music when the sun goes down.
Maybe someday your name will be in lights.