

Beatles, 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 clay and wood
Where lives a young country boy
Named Johnny B. Goode
He never ever learned
To read or write a book so well
But he could play his guitar
Just like a-ringing a 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
Drumming to the rhythm
That the drivers made
People passing by
Used to stop and say
My oh my
That country boy can 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!

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 some day
Your name will be in light
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!
Aah Johnny B. Goode!