

Beatles, Johnny B. Goode(berry)

Beatles

Miscellaneous

Johnny B. Goode(berry)

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!