

Chuck Berry, Go Go Go

Down goes the sun, sitting, ducking on guitar
Up comes the moon, twinkle, twinkle little star
One and one is two HITCHIN' two, to make it four
Johnny get your guitar, let's go, go, go

Johnny plays the guitar at the weekly record hop
He starts starts to twist and turn and then they wouldn't let him stop
Girls so shook up, seein' him shakin' on the show
Everybody starts to holler go, go, go

Duckwalkin' on his knees, peckin' like a hen
Lookin' like a locomotive, here he comes again
Meow said the kitty PUPPY bow-wow-wow
Go and pick your guitar, Johnny don't stop now, oh baby

Backed up by a jazz band, layin' on the wood,
Mixin' Ahmad Jamal in my Johnny B Goode.
Sneakin' Errol Garner in my Sweet Sixteen,
Now they tell me Stan Kenton's cutting Maybelline, oh baby

Papa said to Mama, this I never understood,
How he picks his guitar, make it sound so good.
Use to sound goofy, but I guess it's alright,
Cause Papa's takin' Mama to the gig tomorrow night, oh baby