

Earthlings?, Johnny B. Goode

down in lousiana, close to new orleans
way back in the woods amongst the evergreens
living in a shack made of earth and wood
lived a country boy named johnny b. goode.
He never ever learned to read or write so well
he could play his guitar just like 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
johnny b. goode.

he used to carry his guitar in a gunney sack
sit beneath the trees on the railroad track
strumming his guitar in the pouring rain
playing music that could stop a train
people passing by him would stop and say, "my, that country boy sure can play";

go, go,
go, johnny, go, go, go
go, johnny, go, go, go
go, johnny, go, go, go
go, johnny, go, go, go
johnny b. goode.

his momma told him "someday you will be a man
and you will be the leader of a big grand band.
people will all come from miles around
to hear you play your guitar 'til the sun goes down.
maybe someday your name might be in lights.
saying 'johnny b. goode tonight'";

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go, johnny, go, go, go
go, johnny, go, go, go
johnny b. goode.

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johnny b. goode.
go, go, johnny b. goode.
go, go, johnny b. goode.
go, go.
go, go.
go, go.
go, go.