

# George Thorogood & The Destroyers, Johnny B.

Deep down in Louisiana,  
back in New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods,  
among the evergreens  
Stood a log cabin,  
made of earth and wood  
Where lived a hillbilly boy,  
named Johnny B. Goode  
Who never ever learned,  
to read or write so well  
But he could rock n' roll,  
like a bat out of hell

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

He used to carry his guitar,  
in a gunny sack  
He sit down by the tree,  
by the railroad track  
The engineer could see him,  
sitting in the shade  
Strumming with the rhythm,  
that the drivers made  
People passing by,  
they would stop and say,  
my that St. Louie boy can play

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

His mother told him someday you'll be a man,  
you'll be the leader of a really cool band  
Many people coming from a-miles around,  
to hear you get it on when the sun goes down  
Maybe someday your name will be in lights,  
saying "Johnny B. Goode tonight"

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