

Jimi Hendrix, Johnny B. Goode

Way down Louisiana close to New Orleans,
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
Livin' in a cottage made of earth and wood,
Lived a country boy name of Johnny B. Goode
He never ever learned to read or write so well,
But he could play the guitar just like ringing a bell.

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

He use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.
Oh, strummin' his guitar in the gentle shade,
Playing to the music that the drivers made.
People passing by they'd stop and say
Oh my that little country boy could play

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

His mama told him "someday you will be a man,
"And you will be the leader of a big old band.
"All kinds a people coming from miles around
"To hear ya play ya guitar 'till the sun go down
"Maybe someday your name will be in lights
"Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight."

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