

Johnny B. Goode

Grateful Dead

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
There in an old cabin made of earth and wood
There lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

He never learned to read or write so well
But he could play a guitar like ringin' a bell

Go, go, go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit up in the trees by the railroad track
The engineer has seen him sittin' in the shade
Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made

People passin' by would stop and say
"Oh, my but that little country boy can play"

Go, go, go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny B. Goode

His mama told him, "Someday you will be a man
You will be the leader of a big old band
Many people comin' from miles around
To hear you play your music when the sun goes down
Maybe someday your name will be in lights

Saying, 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'"

Whoa, go, go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny B. Goode

Go, go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny go, go

Go Johnny B. Goode

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