

# Johnny B. Goode

## Grateful Dead

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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