

# Johnny B. Goode

Peter Tosh

Deep down in Jamaica, close to Mandeville  
Back up in the woods, on top of a hill  
There stood an old hut made of earth and wood  
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
He never learned to read or write so well  
But he could play his guitar like ringin' a bell yell  
Said go, go Johnny!  
Johnny be good tonight!  
Said go, go Johnny!  
Johnny B. Goode...He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
Sit beneath a tree in the railroad track  
Old engineer in the train sittin' in the shade  
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made  
People passing by would stop and say:  
"Oh my, oh my, what the boy can play"  
Said go, go Johnny!  
Johnny be good tonight!  
Said go, go Johnny!  
Johnny B. Goode...Mama said: "Son, you gotta be a man,  
You got to be the leader of a reggae band  
People comin' in from miles around  
To hear you play until the sun goes down  
Boy, someday your name will be in the lights  
Sayin' JOHNNY - JOHNNY B. GOODE TONITE"  
I said go, go Johnny!  
Johnny be good tonight!  
Said go, go Johnny!  
Johnny you better be good  
Said go, go Johnny!  
Johnny be good tonight!  
Go, go Johnny!  
Johnny B. Goode...

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