

Johnny B. Goode

John Denver

Way down in Lou'siana close to New Orleans,
Way back in the woods among the evergreens
there stood a log cabin made or earth and wood.
Where lived a country boy name of Johnny B. Goode.
He never ever learned to read or write so well,
but he could play a guitar just like a ringin' bell.
Go go go Johnny go, go go Johnny go,
Go go go Johnny go, Go go go Johnny go,
Go go Johnny B. Goode.
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
go sit beneath a tree by the railroad track.
The engineers would see him sittin' in the shade
strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made.
The people passing by they would stop and say
oh my but that little country boy can play.

Go go go Johnny go, go go Johnny go,
Go go go Johnny go, Go go go Johnny go,
Go go Johnny B. Goode.
Well, his momma told him, "Some day you will be a man.
You will be the leader of a big old band,
many people comin' from miles around
just to hear you play your music till the sun goes down.
Maybe someday your name 'll be in lights,
sayin', 'Johnny B. Goode tonight!!'"
Go go go go Johnny go, Go go Johnny go,
Go go go Johnny go, Go go go Johnny go,
Go go Johnny B. Goode.
Go go go Johnny go, Go go go Johnny go,
Go go go Johnny go, Go go go Johnny go,
Go go go Johnny B. Goode.

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