Johnny B. goode

Johnny Winter And

way down louisiana close to new orleans, way back up in the woods among the evergreens... there stood a log cabin made of 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 the guitar like ringing a bell. go go go johnny go 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, the engineers used to see him sitting in the shade, playing to the rhythm that the drivers made. people passing by would stop and say oh my that little country boy could play his mama told him someday he would be a man, and he would be the leader of a big old band. many people coming from miles around to hear him play his music when the sun go down maybe someday his name would be in lights saying johnny b. goode tonight.

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