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 yellSaid 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 goodSaid go, go Johnny!
Johnny be good tonight!
Go, go Johnny!
Johnny B. Goode...

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