Johnny B Goode

Screaming Lord Sutch

Deep down in 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 Johnny B. Goode
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
But he could play the guitar just like ringing a bellGo go, go Johnny go go
Go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go
Go Johnny go go, Johnny B. GoodeHe 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
Strumming to the rhythm that the drivers made
People passing by would stop and say
Oh my, that little country boy sure could playGo go, go Johnny go go
Go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go
Go Johnny go go, Johnny B. GoodeHis mother 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 your name would be in lights
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonightGo go, go go Johnny go
Go go Johnny go, go go Johnny go
Go go Johnny go, Johnny B. Goode

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