Johnny B. Goode

Johnny Winter

Deep 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. 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,
Playing to the rhythm that the drivers made.
People passing by would stop and say
Oh my that little country boy could playHis 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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