

Johnny B. Goode

Chuck Berry

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 named Johnny B. Goode
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bellGo go

Go Johnny go

Go

Go Johnny go

Go

Go Johnny go

Go

Go Johnny go

Go

Johnny B. GoodeHe used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track

Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade

Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made

People passing by they would stop and say

Oh my that little country boy 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 you will be a man

And you will be the leader of a big old band

Many people coming from miles around

To hear you play your music when the sun go down

Maybe someday your name will be in lights

Saying Johnny B. Goode tonightGo go

Go Johnny go

Go go go Johnny go

Go go go Johnny go

Go go go Johnny go

Go

Johnny B. Goode

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