Johnny B. Goode

Judas Priest

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods amongst the evergreens
There stood an old cabin made of earth and wood
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
That never ever learned to read and write so well
But he could play a guitar just like ringing a bell

Go go. Go Johnny go
Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
Old engineer sitting in the shade
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
The people passing by would stop and say
"Oh my but how that little country boy could play"

Go go. Go Johnny go
Johnny B. Goode

His mother told him some day 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 till the sun goes down
Maybe someday your name will be in lights, saying
Johnny B. Goode tonight

Go go. Go Johnny go
Johnny B. Goode

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