

# 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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