

The Last Gig Of Johnny B. Goode

Leo Sayer

He pleads with his manager
There seems no way out
Have one last cigarette
No time to put it out
He's quitting this time for good
This is the last gig with Johnny B. Goode
Now the pressure's really on
Black limousines close in
His hotel suite is really neat
But the flight nearly did him in
A telegram said break a leg
And the doctor says he's broken his head
Set up the amps and play it loud
So no one will hear the words
A good job, they wouldn't wanna hang around
But set up the lights but keep 'em dim
So no one will see him in the state that he's in
Ladies and gentlemen
Very last time will you welcome
The man who if he could help it

Would not be here tonight
The man who has nothing, nothing left to prove
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode
Now the agent's looking restless
He says this house is awful bad
He said we should have booked the audience
Rather than booked the band
He's quitting this tour for good
'Cause they won't turn up for Johnny B. Goode
Yeah, set up the amps and play it loud
So no one can hear the words
Good job, they wouldn't wanna hang around
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode, oh, bye bye Johnny
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode, oh, bye bye Johnny
Yeah, bye bye Johnny B. Goode
Oh, bye bye Johnny
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode, bye bye Johnny

Bye bye Johnny B. Goode

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