

Johnny Be Good

[Chuck Berry](#)

[Originally by Chuck Berry]Way 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 be good

He 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 play

Go Go

Go Johnny Go

Go Go

Johnny be good

His 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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