

# Johnny B. Goode (Live)

## Slade

Way down Louisiana close to New Orleans,  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens  
Livin' in a cottage made of earth and wood,  
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 just like ringing a bell.Go, go

Go, Johnny go , go

Go, Johnny go , go

Go, Johnny go , go

Go, Johnny go , go

Johnny B. GoodeHe use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.  
Oh, strummin' his guitar in the gentle shade,  
Playing to the music that the drivers made.

People passing by they'd 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 mama told him someday you will be a man,  
And you will be the leader of a big old band.  
All kinds a people coming from miles around  
To hear ya play ya guitar 'till the sun go down  
Maybe someday your name will be in lights  
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight.Go, go

Go, Johnny go , go

Go, Johnny go , go

Go, Johnny go , go

Go, Johnny go , go

Johnny B. Goode

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