

Johnny B. Goode (w/ The Beach Boys)

Grateful Dead

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back in the pines among the evergreens
There in an old cabin made of earth and wood
There lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
He never learned to read or write so well,
But he could play a guitar like ringin' a bellGo go, go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go; go Johnny B. GoodeHe used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit up in the trees by the railroad track
The engineers seen him sittin' in the shade
Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made
People passin' by would stop and say
"My my, but that little country boy can play!"Go go, go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go; go Johnny B. GoodeHis mamma told him "someday you will be a man"
You will be the leader of a big old band
Many people comin' from miles around
To hear you play your music when the sun goes down
Maybe someday your name will be in lights
And Johnny B. Goode tonightGo, go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go; go Johnny B. GoodeGo, go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go; go Johnny go, go; go Johnny B. Goode

Songwriters

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