

# Johnny B. Goode

## Dr. Feelgood

Deep down in 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...  
Who 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 Go  
Go... Go Johnny Go Go... Go Johnny Go  
Go... Johnny B. GoodeHe use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
[Well] sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.  
Oh, the engineers used to see him sitting in the shade,  
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made.  
People passing by they would stop and say  
Oh my but 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. Goode[ SOLO ]His mother told him someday 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 when the sun go down  
Maybe someday your name will be in lights  
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight.Go Go... Go Johnny Go...[ END ]

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