

Blues Traveler

"Johnny B. Goode"

Visit "[Johnny B. Goode](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Original Performer: Chuck Berry

Way 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
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 go, go
Go Johnny go, go
Johnny B. Goode

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, but that little country boy can play"

Go go
Go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go
Johnny B. Goode

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 til the sun go down
Maybe someday his name would be in lights
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight

Go go
Go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go
Go Johnny go, go
Johnny B. Goode

