

Buck Owens **"Johnny B. Goode"**

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Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens.
There stood an old cabin made of earth and wood
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B.Goode.
Who'd never, ever learned to read or write, so well
But he could play a guitar just like a ringin' a bell.

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

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.
Oh, the engineer would see him sittin' in the shade
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.
The people passin' by they would stop and say
Oh, my but that little country boy could play.

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

--- Instrumental ---

His mother told him someday you will be a man
And 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 go down.
Maybe someday your name will be in lights
Aayin' Johnny B. Goode tonight.

Go, go, go, Johnny go,
Go, go, go, Johnny go,
Go, go, go, Johnny go,
Go, go, go, Johnny go,

Go, Johnny B Goode...

