

Johnny Reid

"Johnny B. Goode"

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Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back in the woods among the evergreens
There in an old cabin made of earth and wood
Lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode
He never learned to read or write so well
But he could play guitar like a ring in a bell

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

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Sit beneath the trees by the railroad track
The engineers seen him sitting in the shade
Strumming to the rhythm that the drivers made
People passing by would stop and say
My my how 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.
Goode

His mamma told him "Someday you will be a man."
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 goes down
Someday your name will be in lights
And Johnny B. Goode tonight

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

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