

## Leo Sayer "The Last Gig Of Johnny B. Goode"

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He pleads with his manager  
There seems no way out  
Have one last cigarette  
No time to put it out  
He's quitting this time for good  
This is the last gig with Johnny B. Goode

Now the pressure's really on  
Black limousines close in  
His hotel suite is really neat  
But the flight nearly did him in  
A telegram said break a leg  
And the doctor says he's broken his head

Set up the amps and play it loud  
So no one will hear the words  
A good job, they wouldn't wanna hang around  
But set up the lights but keep 'em dim  
So no one will see him in the state that he's in

Ladies and gentlemen  
Very last time will you welcome  
The man who if he could help it  
Would not be here tonight  
The man who has nothing, nothing left to prove  
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode

Now the agent's looking restless  
He says this house is awful bad  
He said we should have booked the audience  
Rather than booked the band  
He's quitting this tour for good  
'Cause they won't turn up for Johnny B. Goode

Yeah, set up the amps and play it loud  
So no one can hear the words  
Good job, they wouldn't wanna hang around  
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode, oh, bye bye Johnny  
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode

Bye bye Johnny B. Goode, oh, bye bye Johnny  
Yeah, bye bye Johnny B. Goode

Oh, bye bye Johnny  
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode, bye bye Johnny  
Bye bye Johnny B. Goode

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