

Nofx

"Johnny B Goode"

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way down 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 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 that little country boy could
play 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 when the sun go down maybe someday his
name would be in lights saying johnny b. goode
tonight.

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