

Beatles, The "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 stand a country cabin
made of clay and wood,
where lives a young country boy
named Johnny B.Goode,
he never ever learned
to read or write a book so well,
but he could play his guitar
just like a-ringing a bell.

Go go, go Johnny go go go!
Go Johnny go go go!
Go Johnny go go go!
Go Johnny go go go!
aah Johnny B.Goode!

He used to carry his guitar
in a gunny sack,
sit beneath the trees
by the railroad track.
Oh sitting and a-playing
in the shade,
drumming to the rhythm
that the drivers made.
People passing by
used to stop and say:
my oh my,
that country boy can play.

Go go, go Johnny go go go!
Go Johnny go go go!
Go Johnny go go go!
Go Johnny go go go!
Aah Johnny B.Goode!

Well his mama told him:
someday you will be a man.
And you will be the leader

of a big old band.
Many people coming
from miles around,
to hear you play your music
till the sun goes down.
Maybe some day
your name will be in light,
saying: 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 go!
aah Johnny B.Goode!

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