

Saybia

"The Last Gig Of Johnny B. Goode"

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Leo Sayer & Frank Farrell
He pleads to his manager
There just seems to be 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 for johnny b. goode
And 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
But the doctor says he's broken his head
Set up the amps
Play it loud
So no one can hear the words
Good job
They wouldn't wanna hang around
Set up the ligths
But keep em dim
So no one will see him in
The state that he's in
Ladies and gentlemen
Will you welcome for the last time
A man who if he could help it
Would not be here tonight
The man who has nothing left to prove
Bye bye johnny b. goode
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 time for good
Because they won't turn up for johnny b. goode

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