

Deep down in 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 named Johnny B. Goode

Who never ever learned to read or write so well,

But he could play a guitar just like a ringing a bell.

Go Go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Or sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.

Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade,

Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made.

The people passing by, they would stop and say,

"Oh, my, but that little country boy could play!"

Go Go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Johnny B. Goode

His mother 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 when the sun go down.

Maybe someday your name will be in lights

Saying 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'."

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Go, Johnny, go, go

Johnny B. Goode