

Johnny B. Goode

Conway Twitty

Well down in Lousiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods neath the evergreens
There stands a log cabin made of earth and wood
Where lived a little country boy named Johnny B Goode
He never ever learned to read or write so well
He could play a guitar just like a ringin' 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
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
The engineer would see him sittin' in the shade
Strummin' through the rhythm that the drivers made
The people passin' by they would stop and say
My how that little country boy can play
Go go go Johnny go go...

Well his mama told him someday you will be a man
You will be the leader of a country band
The people gonna come from miles around
To hear you play your music when the sun goes down
Maybe someday your name will be at lights sayin' Johnny B Goode
tonight
Yeah go go go Johnny go go...