

# Johnny B Goode

Peter Tosh

Deep down in Jamaica close to Mandeville  
Back up in the woods on top of a hill  
There stood an old hut made of earth and wood  
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode

He never learned to read and a write so well  
But he could play his guitar like ringing a bell yell

CHORUS

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
Sitting in a tree in the railroad track  
Old engineer in the train sitting in the shade  
Strummin' with the rhythm that them drivers made

People passing by would stop and say  
Oh my oh my what the boy can play

CHORUS

Mama said son you gotta be a man  
You gotta be the leader of a reggae band  
People coming in from miles around  
To hear you play until the sun goes down

Boy someday your name will be in the lights  
Saying Johnny B Goode tonight

CHORUS