

# Johnny B. Goode

Dion

Yeah, deep down in Louisiana  
Close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods  
Among the Evergreens

Oh, there stood an old 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 can play a guitar  
Just like ringing a bell

Tell em go  
Yeah, let Johnny go  
Go, yeah, Johnny, go  
Go, yeah, Johnny, go  
Go, yeah, Johnny, go  
Go, yeah, Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his  
Guitar in a gunny sack  
Sit beneath the trees  
By the railroad track

And all the engineers would  
See him sitting in the shade  
Strumming with the rhythm  
That the drivers made

And all the people passing by  
Would stop and say  
Oh my, but that little  
Country boy can play

Go, go  
Yeah, Johnny, go  
Go, Johnny, go, yeah  
Go, yeah, Johnny, go  
Go, go, Johnny, go  
Go, yeah, Johnny B. Goode

Lemme hear you play it

Yes, his mother told him  
Someday you will be a man  
And you will be the leader  
Of a big old band

And many people come  
From miles around  
To hear you play your music  
Til the sun go down

Yeah, maybe someday

Your name would be in lights  
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight

Go, yeah, Johnny, go  
Go, oh, go, Johnny, go  
Yeah, go, play that thing  
Yeah, say it again  
Go, go, Johnny, go  
Go, yeah, Johnny B. Goode