

## Johnny B. Goode

Edgar Winter

Well, 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-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  
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, what that little country boy could play"

Go go  
Go, Johnny go, go, go  
Johnny B. Goode

Well, 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 go  
Go, Johnny go, go, go  
Johnny B. Goode

Yeah, Johnny B. Goode