

Johnny B. Goode

Judas Priest

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up with the woods among the Evergreens
There Stood a cabin made of earth and wood
There lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode
Who never ever learned to read or write so well, but he could p
lay a guitar just like ringing bell

Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Sitting in the trees by the railroadtrack
All engineers sitting in the shade
stumming with the rhytm that the drivers made
people passing by, they stopped and said, "Oh my, but how that
country boy can play"

Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!
Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!
Johhnny B Goode! Go Johnny!

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 a miles around
To hear you play your music till the sound goes down
Maybe someday you name will be in lights, saying Johnny B Goode
Tnight

Go go! Go Johnny Go Go Go! Go Johnny Go!
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Johnny B Goode!
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