

Johnny B. Goode

The Romantics

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 sittin' in the shade
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made
People passing by they would stop and say
Oh my but that little country boy can play

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

His mama told him some day you will be a man
And you will be the leader of a big old band
Many people comin' from miles around
To hear you play your music till the sun go down
Maybe some day your name will be in lights
Sayin' Johnny B. Goode tonight

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