

JOHNNY B. GOODE

V. 1

DEEP DOWN IN 'LOUISIANA NEXT TO NEW ORLEANS
WAY BACK UP IN THE WOODS BY THE EVERGREENS
SITS A LOG CABIN MADE OF EARTH AND WOOD
WHERE LIVES A COUNTRY BOY NAMED JOHNNY B. GOODE
WHO NEVER EVER LEARNED TO READ OR WRITE SO WELL
BUT HE CAN PLAY THE GUITAR JUST LIKE A-RINGIN' A BELL

CHORUS:

GO, GO, GO JOHNNY GO, GO
GO JOHNNY GO, GO
GO JOHNNY GO, GO
GO JOHNNY GO, GO
JOHNNY B. GOODE

V. 2

HE USED TO CARRY HIS GUITAR IN A GUNNY SACK
AND SIT BENEATH THE TREES BY THE RAILROAD TRACK
THE ENGINEER WOULD SEE HIM SITTING IN THE SHADE
STRUMMIN' TO THE RHYTHM THAT THE DRIVER MADE
PEOPLE PASSIN' BY, WELL THEY'D STOP AND SAY
OH, MY, BUT THAT LITTLE COUNTRY BOY COULD PLAY

– CHORUS –

– SOLO –

V. 3

HIS MOMMA TOLD HIM SOME DAY HE WOULD BE A MAN
AND HE WOULD BE THE LEADER OF A BIG OL' BAND
MANY PEOPLE COMIN' FROM MILES AROUND
TO HEAR HIM PLAY HIS MUSIC 'TILL THE SUN WENT DOWN
SON, I SAID SOMEDAY YOUR NAME WILL BE IN LIGHTS
SAYIN', JOHNNY B. GOODE TONIGHT

– CHORUS –

