

Deep down Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
There stood an old cabin made of earth and wood
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
Who'd never ever learned to read or write so well
But he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell

(*Refrain)

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
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made
The people passin' by they would stop and say
Oh my, but that little country boy could play

*Refrain

His mother told him "Someday 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 til the sun goes down
Maybe someday your name- 'Il be in lights
A-sayin' Johnny B. Goode tonight."

*Refrain