Johnny B. Goode  
Written by Chuck Berry

1. 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 too well,  
But he could play a guitar just like a ringing a bell.

chorus:  Go, go,  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go,  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go,  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go,  
Go, Johnny B. Goode.

2. He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,  
And sit beneath the tree by the railroad track,  
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,  
"But oh, how that country boy could play!"

chorus:

3. 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'.'"

chorus: