

Johnny B. Goode

Cliff Richard

Deep down 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'd play the guitar just like a ringing a bell

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

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Go 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
People passing by they would stop and say
Oh my that little country boy could play

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

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."

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