

Johnny B. Goode

Twisted Sister

Way down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
Stood an old cabin made of earth and wood
Lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
Never ever learned to read or write so well
Play a guitar like a ringin' a bell

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

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
Sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
Sit beneath the tree and play all day
Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made
People passed him by, used to stop and say
My, how that little country boy could play

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

Well, his mama told him someday you will be a man
You will be the leader of a kick ass band
Many people comin' from miles around
Hear you play your music when the sun goes down
Maybe some day your name will be in lights
Johnny B. Goode tonight, I said

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