

# Paul McCartney, Johnny B. Goode

Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,  
way back up in the woods, among the evergreens.  
There stand a country cabin, made of tar and wood,  
where lives a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.  
He never learned to read or write a book so well.  
He could play his guitar just like a-ringing the bell.

Go, go, go, Johnny, go, go, go  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go  
aah - Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack.  
Sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.  
Oh, sitting and a-playing in the shade,  
strumming to the rhythm that the drivers made  
People passing by used to stop and say:  
&quot;My, but how that country boy could play&quot;

Go, go, go, Johnny, go, go, go  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go  
Go, Johnny, go, go, go  
aah - Johnny B. Goode

Ooh

Well, his mama told him, &quot;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 till the sun goes down.  
Maybe someday, your name will be in lights  
saying: 'Johnny B. Goode tonight' &quot;

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