Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans 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 could play the guitar just like ringin a bell 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 His mother told him some day you will be a man And you will be the leader of a big old band Many people coming from miles around And hear you play your music till the sun goes down Maybe someday your name gonna be in light Sayin' Johnny be Goode tonight