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 so well

But he could play a guitar just like a-ringin' a bell

Go, go

Go Johnny, go, go

Go Johnny, go, go

Go Johnny, go, go

Go Johnny, go, go

Johnny B. Goode