

Johnny B. Goode

Chuck Berry

A
Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
D
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
A
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
E **D**
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
A
But he could play the guitar just like a ringin' a bell

Chorus

A
Go, go! Go, Johnny, go! Go, go, Johnny, go!
D **A**
Go, go! Go Johnny, go! Go, go, Johnny, go!
E **D** **A** **E**
Go! Johnny B. Goode

A
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
D
Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade
A
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made
E **D**
When people passed him by they would stop and say,
A
'Oh, my, but that little country boy could play' (CHORUS)

A
His mother told him, "someday you will be a man
And you will be the leader of a big ol' band
D
Many people comin' from miles around
A
Will hear you play your music when the sun go down
E **D**
Maybe someday your name'll be in lights
A
Sayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'" (CHORUS)