

medley Johnny/ blues suede shoes

Clé de A

Johnny B good

Chuck Berry

A

Way down 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 name of Johnny B. Goode...
who never ever learned to read or write so well,
But he could play the guitar just like ringing a bell.

Go Go

Go Johnny Go

Go Go

Johnny B. Goode

He use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.
Oh, the engineers used to see him sitting in the shade,
Playing to the rhythm that the drivers made.
People passing by would stop and say
Oh my that little country boy could play

refrain

solo 2x

Johnny B good

Chuck Berry

A#

Way down 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 name of Johnny B. Goode...
who never ever learned to read or write so well,
But he could play the guitar just like ringing a bell.

Go Go
Go Johnny Go
Go Go
Johnny B. Goode

He use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track.
Oh, the engineers used to see him sitting in the shade,
Playing to the rhythm that the drivers made.
People passing by would stop and say
Oh my that little country boy could play

refrain
solo 2x