

# JOHNNY B. GOOD Chuck Berry

[ : A | ' / . | ' / . | ' / . | D | ' / . | A | ' / . | E | <sup>1/2</sup> | A | ' / . : ]

DEEP DOWN IN LOUISANNA CLOSE TO NEW ORLEANS,  
WAY BACK UP IN THE WOODS AMONG THE EVERGREENS,  
THERE STOOD A LOG CABIN MADE OF EARTH AN WOOD.  
WHERE LIVED A COUNTRY BOY NAMED JOHNNY B. GOODE,  
WHO NEVER EVER LEARNED TO READ OR WRITE SO WELL  
BUT HE COULD PLAY THAT 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.

HE USED TO CARRY HIS GUITAR, IN A GUNNY SACK.  
GO SIT BENEATH THE TREES BY THE RAILROAD TRACK.  
THOSE ENGINEERS WOULD SEE HIM, SITTIN' IN THE SHADE,  
STRUMMIN' WITH THE RHYTHM THAT THE DRIVERS MADE.  
WELL PEOPLE PASSIN' BY WOULD STOP AN SAY,  
OH MY BUT THAT LITTLE COUNTRY BOY CAN PLAY

I X intro Claude

His mother told him "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 when the sun go down

Maybe someday your name will be in lights Saying

Johnny B. Goode tonight."