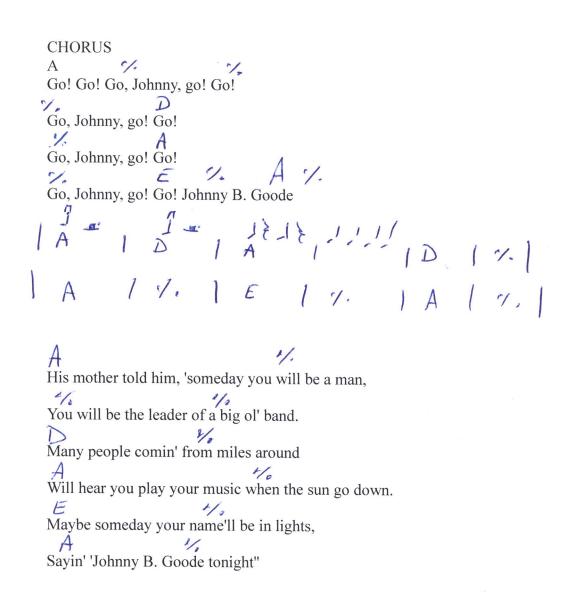
Solo GTR Johnny B. Goode -	Chuck Berry
	/D. / /2/A //-/
Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans, A Way back up in the woods among the evergreens, D There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood A Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode E Who never ever learned to read or write so well, A But he could play the guitar just like a ringin' a bell.	J DV DVDV
CHORUS: A Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!	
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack, Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track. Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade, A Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made. When people passed him by they would stop and say, A 'oh, my but that little country boy could play'	



CHORUS

A //
Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!

Go, Johnny, go! Go!

Go, Johnny, go! Go!

Go, Johnny, go! Go!

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Go, Johnny, go! Go!

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ÉCOLE DE GUITARE CLAUDE SAINDON

apprendrelaguitare.ca (819) 474-6445