

Johnny B. Good – Chuck Berry

A % % % D % A % E % A %

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

E

Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

Who never ever learned to read or write so well,

A

But he could play a guitar just like a ringing a bell.

A

Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go, Johnny go! Go! Go!

D

A

Go, Johnny go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go!

E

A

Johnny B. Goode

A

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Or sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.

D

the engineers would see him sitting in the shade,

A

E

Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made.

The people passing by, they would stop and say,

A

"Oh, my, but that little country boy could play!"

A

Go! Go ! Go, Johnny, go! Go, Johnny go! Go! Go!

D

A

Go, Johnny go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go!

E

A

Johnny B. Goode

A

His mother told him, "Someday you will be a man,

And you will be the leader of a big old band.

D

Many people coming from miles around

A

E

To hear you play your music when the sun go down.

Maybe someday your name will be in lights

A

Saying 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'."

A

Go! Go ! Go, Johnny, go! Go, Johnny go! Go! Go!

D

A

Go, Johnny go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go!

E

A

Johnny B. Goode