

Johnny B. Goode

Chuck Berry

II-69

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.

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus