



JOHNNY B. GOODE [\(intro\)](#) [\(midi\)](#)

A ~ D-A-E-D-A - E

A

1. Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,

back up in the woods among the evergreens,

D

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.

A

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

D

A

E

D

A

Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go! Johnny B. Goode.

A

2. He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,

Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.

D

Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,

A

Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.

E

When people passed him by they would stop and say,

A

'oh, my but that little country boy could play'

A

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

D

A

E D

A

Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go! Johnny B. Goode.

A~D~A~ D-A-E-D-A-E A-D-A-E-D-A-E

A

3. His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man,

You will be the leader of a rock `n`roll band.

D

Many people comin' from miles around

A

Will hear you play your music when the sun goes down.

E

Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,

A

Sayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'

A

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

D

A

E D

A

Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go! Johnny B. Goode.

(capo 2nd)

(Chuck Berry)