

# Johnny B. Goode - Chuck Berry

[C7] Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens,  
There [F7] stood a log cabin made of earth and wood  
Where [C7] lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
Who [G7] never ever learned to read or write so well,  
But he could [C7] play the guitar just like a ringin' a bell.

[C7] Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!  
Go, Johnny, go go go! [F7] Go!  
Go, Johnny, go go go! [C7] Go!  
Go, Johnny, go! [G7] Go! Johnny B. [C7] Goode

[C7] He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,  
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.  
Old [F7] engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,  
[C7] Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.  
When [G7] people passed him by they would stop and say,  
'oh, my but [C7] that little country boy could play'

[C7] Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!  
Go, Johnny, go go go! [F7] Go!  
Go, Johnny, go go go! [C7] Go!  
Go, Johnny, go! [G7] Go! Johnny B. [C7] Goode

[C7] His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man,  
You will be the leader of a big ol' band.  
Many [F7] people comin' from miles around  
Will [C7] hear you play your music when the sun go down.  
Maybe [G7] someday your name'll be in lights,  
Sayin' [C7] "Johnny B. Goode tonight"

[C7] Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!  
Go, Johnny, go go go! [F7] Go!  
Go, Johnny, go go go! [C7] Go!  
Go, Johnny, go! [G7] Go! Johnny B. [C7] Goode