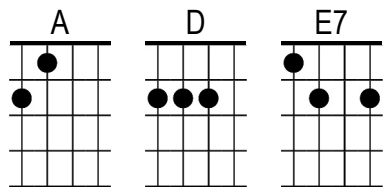


Johnny B Goode

Chuck Berry



Deep **A** down in Louisiana close to | New Orleans
Way | back up in the woods among the | evergreens
There **D** stood a log cabin made of | earth and wood
Where **A** lived a country boy named | Johnny B Goode
Who **E7** never ever learned to read or | write so well
But he could **A** play the guitar just like | ringin' a bell

Chorus

Go, **A** go, | go, Johnny go! | Go!
| Go, Johnny go! **D** Go! |
Go, Johnny, go! **A** Go!
| Go, Johnny, go! **E7** Go! | Johnny B. **A** Goode |

He used to **A** carry his guitar in a | gunny sack
Or | sit beneath the tree by the | railroad track
Oh, an **D** engineer could see him | sitting in the shade
A Strummin' to the rhythm that the | drivers made
E7 People passing by they'd | stop and say
Oh, **A** my but that little country | boy can play

Repeat Chorus



His **A** mother told him some day you will | be a man
And | you will be the leader of a | big old band
Many **D** people coming from | miles around
And **A** hear you play your music till the | sun goes down
E7 Maybe someday your name gonna | be in light
Sayin' **A** Johnny be Goode | tonight

Go, **A** go, | go, Johnny go! | Go!
| Go, Johnny go! **D** Go! |
Go, Johnny, go! **A** Go!
| Go, Johnny, go! **E7** Go! | Johnny B. **A** Goode