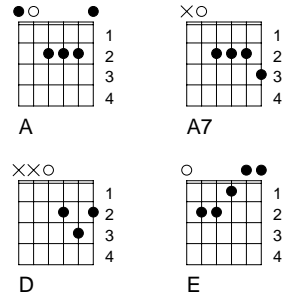


# Johnny B. Goode

## Chuck Berry

<sup>A</sup> Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,  
<sup>A7</sup> Way back up in the woods among the evergreens,  
<sup>D</sup> There stood an old cabin made of earth and wood,  
<sup>A</sup> where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.  
<sup>E</sup> Who never ever learned to read or write so well,  
<sup>A</sup> but he could play a guitar just like a-ringin' a bell.



Chorus

<sup>A</sup> Go! Go! Go Johnny Go Go  
<sup>D</sup> Go Johnny Go Go Johnny Go  
<sup>A</sup> Go! Go! <sup>E</sup> Go Johnny <sup>D</sup> Go Go-----o <sup>A</sup> Johnny B. Goode.

<sup>A</sup> He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,  
<sup>A7</sup> go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.  
<sup>D</sup> Ol' engineer in the train, sittin' in the shade,  
<sup>A</sup> strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.  
<sup>E</sup> The people passin' by, they would stop and say,  
<sup>A</sup> Oh my, but that little country boy could play.

(Chorus)

<sup>A</sup> His mother told him, "Someday you will be a man,  
<sup>A7</sup> and you will be the leader of a big old band.  
<sup>D</sup> Many people comin' from miles around,  
<sup>A</sup> to hear you play your music 'till the sun goes down.

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<sup>E</sup>  
Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,

<sup>A</sup>  
A-sayin' Johnny B. Goode tonight!"

(Chorus)

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