

Johnny B Goode

^A
Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans

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

^{E7}
Who never ever learned to read or write so well

^A
But he could play the guitar just like ringin a bell

^A
Go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go!

^D
Go, Johnny go! Go!

^A
Go, Johnny, go! Go!

^{E7} ^A
Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

^A
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Or sit beneath the tree by the railroad track

^D
Oh an 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

^A
Oh my but that little country boy can play

^A
Go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go!

^D
Go, Johnny go! Go!

^A
Go, Johnny, go! Go!

^{E7} ^A
Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode



A

His mother told him some day you will be a man

And you will be the leader of a big old band

D

Many people coming from miles around

A

And hear you play your music till the sun goes down

E7

Maybe someday your name gonna be in light

A

Sayin' Johnny be Goode tonight

A

Go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go!

D

Go, Johnny go! Go!

A

Go, Johnny, go! Go!

E7

A

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