

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
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 D
Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!
A E A
Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

A
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 D
Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!
A E A
Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

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

A D
Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!
A E A
Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode