

**Johnny B. Goode**  
**Chuck Berry**

Deep [A] down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods, among the ever greens.  
There [D7] stood an old cabin made of earth and wood,  
Where [A] lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.  
Who'd [E7] never ever learned to write so well,  
But, he could [A] play a guitar just like a-ringin' a bell.

**CHORUS**

[A]go-go, go Johnny go, go-go,  
go Johnny go, go [D7] go,  
go Johnny go, go-go,  
go [E7] Johnny go, go-go  
Johnny B. [A] Goode.

He used to [A] carry his guitar in a gunny sack,  
Go sit beneath the tree by the [A7] railroad track.  
Ol' [D7] engineer in the train sitting in the shade,  
[A] Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.  
The [E7] people passin' by they would stop and say,  
[A] Oh my but that little country boy could play.

**CHORUS**

His [A] mother told him someday you will be a man,  
And you will be the leader old [A7] big old band.  
[D7] Many people coming from miles around,  
To [A] hear you play the music till the sun goes down.  
[E7] Maybe someday your name'll be in lights  
[A] A-sayin' Johnny B. Goode to night.

**CHORUS**