

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

