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.

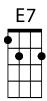
CHORUS

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







A7			
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