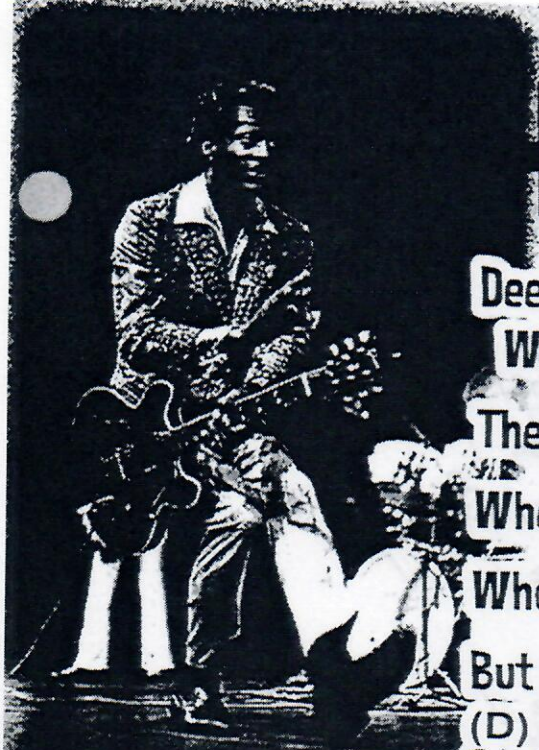


JOHNNY B. GOODE



CHUCK BERRY

^D Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,
^G 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
^D Who never ever learned to read or write so well,
^D But he could play the guitar just like a ringin' a bell
^(D) Go Go Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go ^G Go
^D Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go ^A Go... Johnny B. ^D Goode
^(D) He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
^G Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
^D Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,
^D Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made
^A When people passed him by they would stop and say,
^D Oh my but that little country boy could play'
^(D) Go Go Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go ^G Go
^D Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go ^A Go... Johnny B. ^D Goode
^(D) His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man,
^G 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
^D Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,
^D Sayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'!