Johnny B. Goode – Chuck Berry

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////
Go! Go!
A////
Go, Johnny, go! Go!
D////
Go, Johnny, go! Go!
A////
Go, Johnny, go! Go!
E////
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
Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade
A
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
E
People passing by they would stop and say
A
Oh my that little country boy could play

(chorus)

A
His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band.
D
Many people coming from miles around
A
To hear you play your music when the sun go down
E
Maybe someday your name will be in lights
A
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonight."

(chorus)