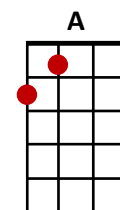
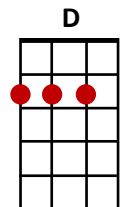


JOHNNY B GOODE

(Chuck Berry, 1958)

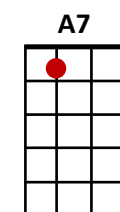
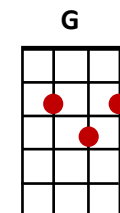
Intro: D A D A

D
Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,
D
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens.
G
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood,
D
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.
A
Who never ever learned to read or write so well,
D
But he could play the guitar just like a-ringin' a bell.



Chorus:

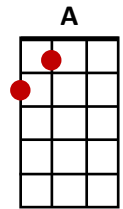
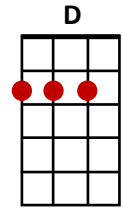
D
Go, go,
D
Go Johnny go, go, go,
G
Go Johnny go, go, go,
D
Go Johnny go, go, go
A
Go Johnny go, go, go
A7 **D** **A**
Johnny B. Goode.



D
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
D
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
G
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 that little country boy could play.

Chorus:

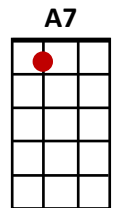
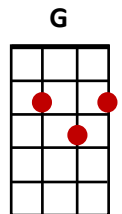
D
 Go, go,
D
 Go Johnny go, go, go,
G
 Go Johnny go, go, go,
D
 Go Johnny go, go, go
A
 Go Johnny go, go, go
A7 D A
 Johnny B. Goode.



INSTRUMENTAL (KAZOOS): play melody and chords of a verse

CHORUS:

D
 His mother told him someday you will be a man,
D
 And you will be the leader of a big ole band.
G
 Many people comin' from miles around,
D
 Will hear you play your music when the sun goes down,
A
 Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,
D
 Sayin' Johnny B. Goode tonight, go go.



Chorus:

D
 Go, go,
D
 Go Johnny go, go, go,
G
 Go Johnny go, go, go,
D
 Go Johnny go, go, go
A
 Go Johnny go, go, go
A7 D A A7 D A D↓ A↓ D↓
 Johnny B. Goode. Johnny B. Goode