**Johnny B. Goode**

**A**

**Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,**

**A**

**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.**

**CHORUS:**

**A**

**Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!**

**D**

**Go, Johnny, go! Go!**

**A**

**Go, Johnny, go! Go!**

**A E**

**Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode**

**He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,**

**Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.**

**Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,**

**Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.**

**When people passed him by they would stop and say,**

**'oh, my but that little country boy could play'**

**CHORUS**

**His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man,**

**You will be the leader of a big ol' band.**

**Many people comin' from miles around**

**Will hear you play your music when the sun go down.**

**Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,**

**Sayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight''**

**CHORUS**