

JOHNNY B. GOODE

12 bar blues in G

[G] Way down Louisiana close to New Orleans,
Way back in the woods among the evergreens
[C] Stood a log cabin made of earth and wood,
[G] There lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
[D] He never ever learned to read or write so well,
But he could [G] play a guitar like ringing-a bell

[G] Go! Go! Go! Johnny Go! Go! Go! ////
Go! Johnny Go! Go! [C] Go! ////
Go! Johnny Go! Go! [G] Go! ////
Go! Johnny Go! Go! [D] Go! //// [C]
Johnny B. [G] Goode

He carried his guitar in a gunny sack
Go sit beneath the trees by the railroad track
The engineers would see him sitting in the shade,
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made
People passing by would stop and say
Oh my but that little country boy can play

CHORUS
Instrumental

His mother told him someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band
People will come from miles around
To hear you play your music when the sun go down
Maybe someday your name will be up in lights
Saying "Johnny B. Goode Tonight"

CHORUS