

A 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!  
 E D A  
 Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

A A  
 He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,  
 A  
 To sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.  
 D  
 Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,  
 A  
 Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.  
 E  
 When people passed him by they would stop and say,  
 A  
 'oh, any but that little country boy could play'

CHORUS *Double time on Solo*  
~~W. A. S. O. A.~~

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

CHORUS

*one more - Rich? quick!*