

Johnny B Goode

Deep [A]down in Louisiana close to New Orleans
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens,
There [D]stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
Where [A]lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode,
Who [E7]never ever learned to read or write so well
But he could [A]play a UKULELE just like a ringin' a bell.

(Chorus)

Go Go [A7]

Go Johnny Go Go [A7]

Go Johnny Go Go [D7]

Go Johnny Go Go [A7]

Go Johnny Go Go [E7] [D7]

Johnny B. [A]Goode [E7]

He'd [A] put his UKULELE in a gunny sack,
Go sit beneath a tree by the railroad track
Oh the [D]engineers would see him sittin in the shade,
[A]Strummin with the rhythm that the drivers made,
[E7]People passin' by they would stop and say
'Oh [A]my but that little country boy could play'

(Chorus)

His [A]mother told him 'some day you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big ol' band
[D]Many people comin' from miles around,
To hear you [A]play your UKULELE when the sun go down,
[E7]Maybe some day your name will be in lights
sayin [A]Johnny B. Goode tonight

(Chorus)X2

