

# Chuck Berry - Johnny B. Goode

tom:

G

Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans

Way back up in the woods among the evergreens

There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood

Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

Who never ever learned to read or write so well

But he could play a guitar just like a-ringin' a bell

Go, go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go Johnny, go

Go, Johnny B. Goode

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

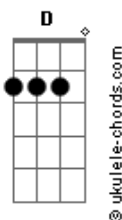
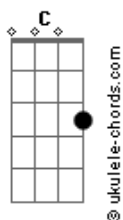
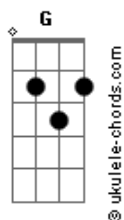
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track

Oh, the engineers would see him sittin' in the shade

Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made

People passin' by they would stop and say

## Acordes



Oh my, but that little country boy can play

Go, go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go Johnny, go

Go, Johnny B. Goode

His mother told him: Some day you will be a man

And you will be the leader of a big old band

Many people comin' from miles around

To hear you play your music 'till the Sun go down

Maybe someday your name will be in lights

Sayin` Johnny B. Goode tonight

Go, go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go, Johnny, go

Go, go Johnny, go

Go, Johnny B. Goode