

Johnny B. Goode

Chuck Berry

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans

Way back up on the woods among the evergreens

There stood an old cabin made of earth and wood

Where lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode

Who'd 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!

Go Johnny! Go! Go! Go!

Go Johnny! Go! Go! Go!

Go! Go! Johnny B. Goode!

**He used to carry his guitar in a gurny sack
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
Old engineers in the train would see him him sittin' in the shade
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made
The people passed him by they would stop and say
Oh my but that little country boy could play**

Go!---

**His mother told him someday 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 when the sun goes down
Maybe some day your name will be in lights
Sayin' "Johnny B Goode tonight"**

Go!---