

A7
Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans,
A7
Way back in the woods among the evergreens
D7
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
A7
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode.
E7
He never ever learned to read or write so well,
A7
But he could play the guitar like ringin' a bell.

A7
Go go, go Johnny go,
A7
Go, go Johnny go,
D7
Go, go Johnny go,
A7
Go, go Johnny go,
E7 A7 E7
Go, go Johnny B. Goode.

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
Go sit up in the trees along the railroad track.
The engineers?d see him sittin' in the shade
Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made.
People passin' by would stop and say
"Oh my, but that little country boy can play!"

His mamma told him "Someday you will be a man."
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 someday your name will be in lights.
Sayin? "Johnny B. Goode tonight"

AKORTR