

(this is the second guitar)

	Bb		Eb		F	
e-----	-----		-----	-----		-----
B-----	-----		-----	-----		-----
G-----	-----		-----	-----		-----
D-----	-----		-8-8-10-10-8-8-10-10-		-10-10-12-12-10-10-12-12-	
A--8-8-10-10-8-8-10-10--		-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-		--8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-		
E--6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6--		-----		-----		

Chorusriff:

The bend's here is not all the way up one tone... about half a tone up is more the thing.

Verse:

Bb
Deep down in Louisana close to New Orleans

Way back up in the woods among the evergreens
Eb
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood
Bb
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
F
Who never ever learned to read or write so well
Bb
But he could play the guitar just a like ringin' a bell.

Chorus:

Go! Go! go, Johnny, go, go!
Go! Johnny, go, go!
Go! Johnny, go, go!
Go! Johnny, go, go!
Johnny B. Goode

Verse:

Bb
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
Eb
Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade
Bb
Strummin' with the rythm that the drivers made
F
The people passin' by they would stop and say:
Bb
"Oh my, but that little country boy could play."