

JOHNNY B GOODE

INTRO W/RIFF A-4 D-4 A-4 A-4 D-8 A-8 E-8 A-8

STOP! STOP! STOP!

A

Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,

A

Way back up in the woods among the evergreens,

D

There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood

A

Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

E

Who never ever learned to read or write so well,

A

But he could play the guitar just like a ringin' bell.

A-8

A-8

Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!

D-8

A-8

Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go!

E-8

A-8

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

A

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,

A

Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.

D

Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,

A

Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.

E

When people passed him by they would stop and say,

A

'oh, my but that little country boy could play'

A-8 A-8
Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!
D-8 A-8
Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go!
E-8 A-8
Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

RIFF - A-4 D-4 A-4 A-4 D-8 A-8 E-8 A-8

STOP! STOP! STOP!

SOLO - |A-4| D-4| A-8|D-8|A-8|E-4|D-4|A-4|E-4|

A
His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man,
A
You will be the leader of a big ol' band.
D
Many people comin' from miles around
A
Will hear you play your music when the sun go down.
E
Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,
A
Sayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'

A-8 A-8
Go! Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go!
D-8 A-8
Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go, Johnny, go!
E-8 A-8
Go! Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode
