

<sup>C</sup>  
 Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans  
<sup>C</sup>  
 Back up in the woods among the evergreens  
<sup>F</sup>  
 There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood  
<sup>C</sup>  
 Where lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode  
<sup>G7</sup>  
 Who never ever learned to read or write so well  
<sup>C</sup>  
 But he could play the guitar just like ringin a bell  
  
<sup>C</sup>  
 Go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go! Go!  
<sup>F</sup>  
 Go, Johnny go! Go! Go!  
<sup>C</sup>  
 Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go!  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Go, Johnny, go! Go! Go! Johnny B. Goode  
  
<sup>C</sup>  
 His mother told him some day you will be a man  
<sup>C</sup>  
 And you will be the leader of a big old band  
<sup>F</sup>  
 Many people coming from miles around  
<sup>C</sup>  
 And hear you play your music till the sun goes down  
<sup>G7</sup>  
 Maybe someday your name gonna be in light  
<sup>C</sup>  
 Sayin' Johnny be Goode tonight