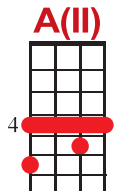
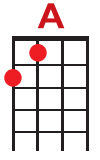
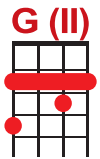
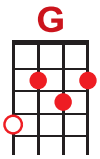
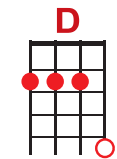


JOHNNY B. GOODE



CHUCK BERRY



^D Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,
^G 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
^D Who never ever learned to read or write so well,

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

(D) Go Go ^G Go, Johnny, Go Go Go ^G Go Johnny, Go Go Go

Go, Johnny, Go Go ^D Go Johnny, Go Go ^A Go... Johnny B. ^D Goode

(D) He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,

Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track

^G Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,

^D Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made

^A When people passed him by they would stop and say,

^D Oh my but that little country boy could play'

(D) Go Go ^G Go, Johnny, Go Go Go ^G Go Johnny, Go Go Go

Go, Johnny, Go Go ^D Go Johnny, Go Go ^A Go... Johnny B. ^D Goode

(D) His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man,

You will be the leader of a big ol' band

^G Many people comin' from miles around

^D Will hear you play your music when the sun go down

^A Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,

^D Sayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'!