

# Johnny B. Goode

Chuck Berry

Way down Louisiana close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens  
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood  
Where lived a country boy name of Johnny B. Goode  
Who never ever learned to read or write so well  
But he could play the guitar just like ringing a bellGo go, go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go, Johnny B. GoodeHe use to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
And sit beneath the trees by the railroad track  
Oh, the engineers used to see him sitting in the shade  
Strumming to the rhythm that the drivers made  
People passing by would stop and say  
Oh my, that little country boy sure could playGo go, go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go, go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go, Johnny B. GoodeHis mother told him someday he would be a man  
And he would be the leader of a big old band  
Many people coming from miles around  
To hear him play his music when the sun go down  
Maybe someday your name would be in lights  
Saying Johnny B. Goode tonightGo go, go go Johnny go  
Go go Johnny go, go go Johnny go  
Go go Johnny go, Johnny B. Goode

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