

JOHNNY B GOODE

Words and Music by Chuck Berry, Arranged by Ric Douglas

Verse:

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

Chorus:

{Bb} Go! Go! go, Johnny, go, go!
Go! Johnny, go, {Eb} go!
Go! Johnny, go, {Bb} go!
Go! Johnny, go, {F} go! {Eb}
Johnny B {Bb} Goode {F}

Verse:

{Bb} He used to carry his Ukulele in a gunny sack
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
Old {Eb} engineers in the train would see him sittin' in the shade
{Bb} Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made
The {F} people passin' by they would stop and say:
"Oh {Bb} my, but that little country could play."

Chorus: