Johnny B Goode - Chuck Berry

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 Bb
Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans

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

[Chorus]
Go! Go! go, Johnny, go, go!
Go! Johnny, go, go!
Go! Johnny, go, go!
Go! Johnny, go, go!
Johnny B. Goode

[Verse]
 Bb
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track
       Eb
Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade
       Bb
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made
      F
The people passin' by they would stop and say:
           Bb
"Oh my, but that little country boy could play."
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