JOHNNY B. GOODE

Words & Music by C. BERRY

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With a Beat

F F7 Bb7 F
1. Deep Down in Lou-si-an-a, close to New Or-leans,
   Way ear-ry his gui-tar in a gun-ny sack,
   Go moth-er told him, "Some day you will be a man."
   And
   back up in the woods among the ev-vergreens,
   There stood an old cab-in made of earth and wood,
   Where lived a coun-try boy named,
   You will be the lead-er of a big old band.
   Man-y peo-ple com-in' from miles a-round,
   To hear you play your music till the

JOHN-ny B. GOODE... Who'd nev-er ev-er learned to read or write so well,
   But he could play a gui-tar just like a ring-in' a bell,
   Driv-ers made. The peo-ple pass-in' by, they would stop and say
   Oh my, but that li-ttle coun-try boy could play."
   Go! Go! sun goes down. May be some day your name'll be in
   lights A-say-in' JOHN-ny B. GOODE to night.


F6 F7 Bb9 F6
2. He used to
   3. His

John-ny! Go! Go! Go! JOHN-ny B. GOODE——