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| Johnny B. GoodeChuck Berry (1955)Capo in 1:st fretA Deep down Louisiana close to New OrleansWay back up in the woods among the ever greens DThere stood a log cabin made of earth and wood AWhere lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode EWho never ever learned to read or write so well ABut he could play the guitar just like a ringing a bell | Go goGo Johnny go Go DGo Johnny go Go AGo Johnny go Go EGo Johnny go Go  AJohnny B. Goode  |
|  AHe used to carry his guitar in a gunny sackGo sit beneath the tree by the railroad track DOh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shadeAStrumming with the rhythm that the drivers madeEPeople passing by they would stop and say AOh ohe that little country boy could play | Go goGo Johnny go Go DGo Johnny go Go AGo Johnny go Go EGo Johnny go Go  AJohnny B. Goode  |
|  AHis mother told him "Someday you will be a man,And you will be the leader of a big old band.DMany people coming from miles around ATo hear you play your music when the sun go downEMaybe someday your name will be in lights ASaying Johnny B. Goode tonight." | Go goGo Johnny goGo go go Johnny go DGo go go Johnny go AGo go go Johnny goEGo AJohnny B. Goode  |