

(this is the second guitar)

Bb Eb F

e-----|-----|-----|
B-----|-----|-----|
G-----|-----|-----|
D-----|-8-8-10-10-8-8-10-10-|-10-10-12-12-10-10-12-12-|
A-8-8-10-10-8-8-10-10--|-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-|-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-|
E-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6--|-----|-----|

Chorusriff:

The bend's here is not all the way up one tone... about half a tone up is more the thing.

Verse:

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 rythm that the drivers made
F
The people passin' by they would stop and say:
Bb
"Oh my, but that little country boy could play."