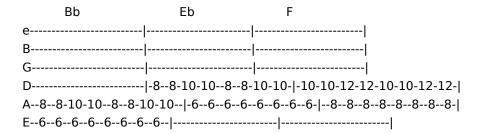
(this is the second guitar)



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 Louisana close to New Orleans

Way back up in the woods among the evergreens

There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood

Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

Who never ever learned to read or write so well

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

Strummin' with the rythm that the drivers made

The people passin' by they would stop and say:

"Oh my, but that little country boy could play."