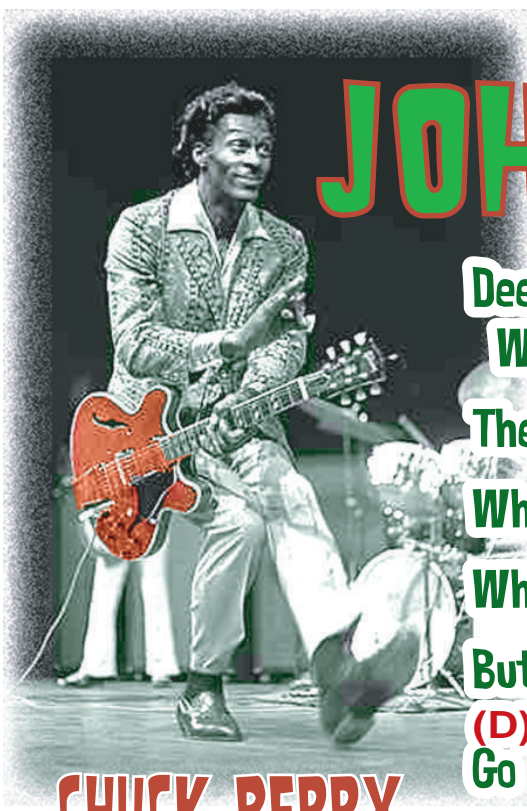
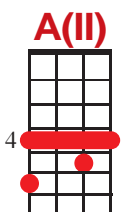
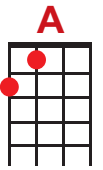
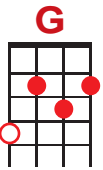
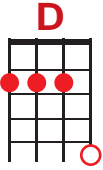


JOHNNY B. GOODE



CHUCK BERRY



Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz



September 22-24 2006

D
Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,
G
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens,

D
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood

A
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode

D
Who never ever learned to read or write so well,

(D)
But he could play the guitar just like a ringin' a bell

G
Go Go Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go Go

D **A** **D**
Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go Go... Johnny B. Goode

(D)
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,

G
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track

D
Old engineers would see him sittin' in the shade,

A
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made

D
When people passed him by they would stop and say,

(D)
Oh my but that little country boy could play'

G
Go Go Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go Go

D **A** **D**
Go, Johnny, Go Go Go Go Johnny, Go Go Go... Johnny B. Goode

(D)
His mother told him, 'someday you will be a man,

G
You will be the leader of a big ol' band

D
Many people comin' from miles around

A
Will hear you play your music when the sun go down

D
Maybe someday your name'll be in lights,

D
Sayin' 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'!