

JOHNNY B GOODE

Em D Em D Em D Em G~ D~ Em D X 4

1

Deep down in Jamaica, close to Mandeville
 Back up in the woods, on top' of a hill
 There stood an old hut made of earth and wood
 Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode
 He never learned to read or write so well
 But he could play his guitar like ringin' a bell yell

CHORUSSaid go, (*go Johnny!*)

Johnny be good tonight! yeah

Said go, (*go Johnny!*)

Johnny B. Goode.....

2

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack (*Terup dup.....*)Sit beneath a tree in the railroad track (*Terup dup.....*)Old engineer in the train - sittin' in the shade (*choo choo*)Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made (*Terup dup.....*)People passing by would stop and say: (*Terup dup.....*)"Oh my, oh my, what the boy can play" (*Terup dup.....*)**CHORUS + instrumental** Em D A G X 4 Em D G A

3

Mama said: "Son, you gotta be a man, (*be a man...*)You got to be the leader of a reggae band (*reggae.....*)People comin' in from miles around (*Terup dup.....*)To hear you play, until the sun goes down (*Terup dup.....*)Boy someday your name will be in the lights (*Terup dup.....*)

Sayin' JOHNNY - JOHNNY B. GOODE TONI - I - ITE"

Rpt CHORUS X 2 (*said go go Johnny*)