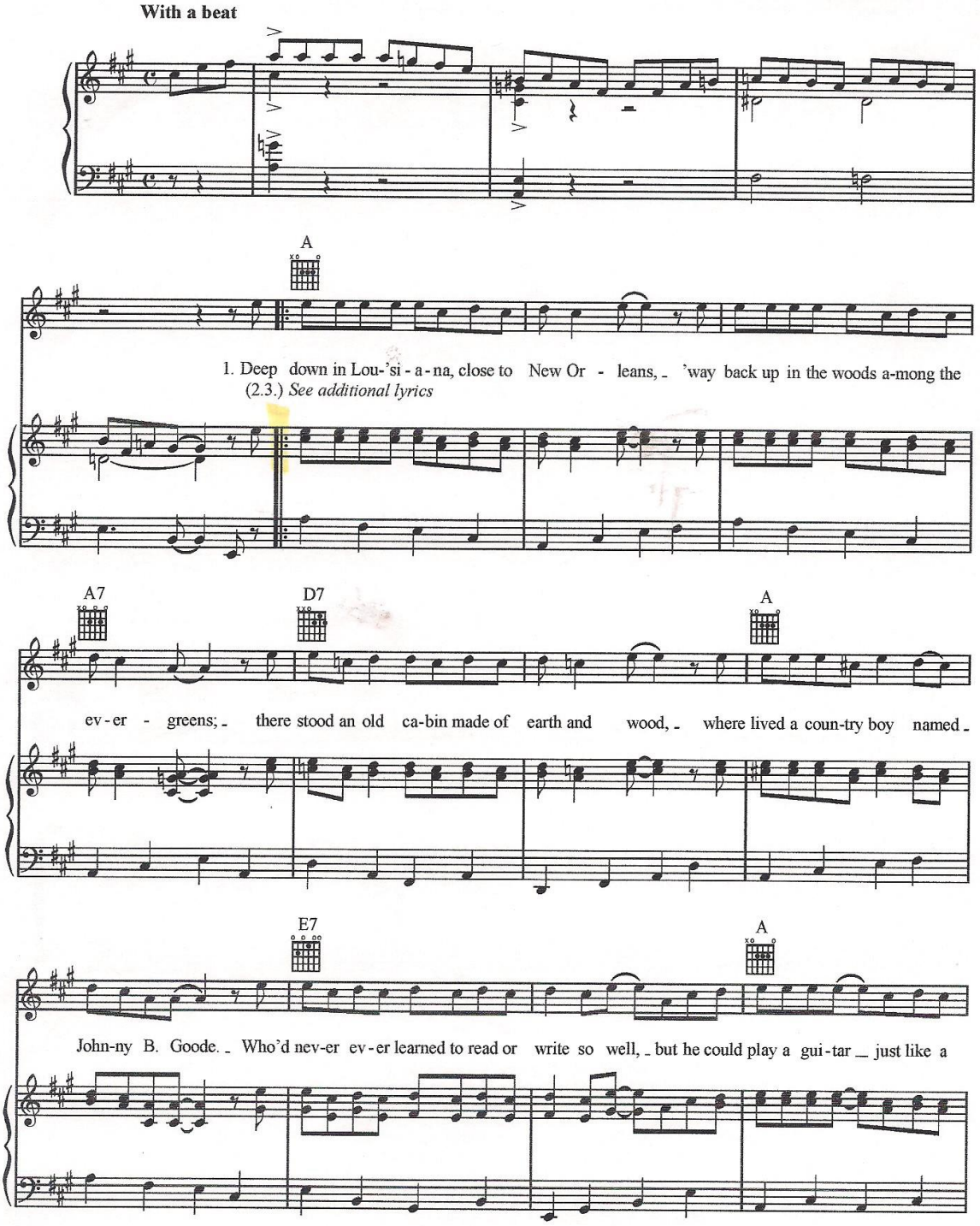
JOHNNY B. GOODE

Words and Music by
CHUCK BERRY

With a beat



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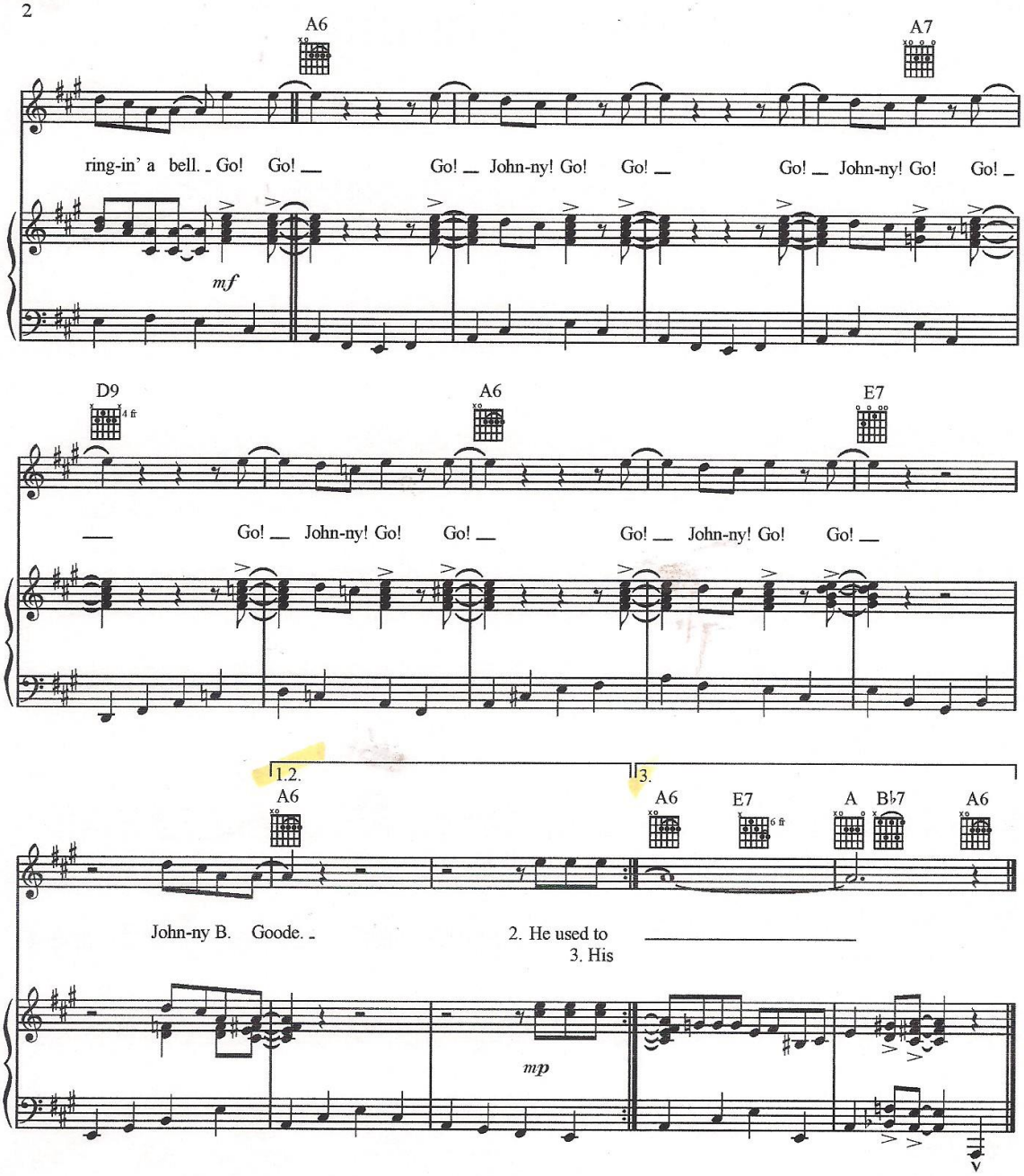

Additional Lyrics

2. He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track;
Ol' engineer in the train sittin' in the shade,
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.
The people passin' by, they would stop and say
Oh my, but that little country boy could play.

3. His mother told him, "Someday you will be a man
And you will be the leader of a big old band;
Many people comin' from miles around,
To hear you play your music till the sun goes down.
Maybe some day your name'll be in lights
A-sayin' Johnny B. Goode tonight."