

Sloop John B

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Traditional

Com[e] on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town we did r[G7]oam,
Drinking all n[C]ight, Got into a f[F]ight,
Well I f[C]eel so break up, [G7]I wanta go h[C]ome.

{c:Chorus:}

So h[C]oist up the John B sail, see how the mains'l sets,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go h[G7]ome.
Let me go h[C]ome, I wanta go h[F]ome,
Well I f[C]eel so break up, [G7]I wanta go h[C]ome.

First Mate, he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone?
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

{c:Chorus.}

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home, I wanta go home,
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.