

Sloop John B

We come on the Sloop John B
My grand-father and me
A-round Nas-sau town w-e - did roam
Drin-king all night Got in-to a fight
Well I feel so broke up
I wan-na go home

Refrein:

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore, let me go home
Let me go home, I want to go h-o-me
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the Captains trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me al-on-e,
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

Refrein:

The poor cook got the fits
He threw away all my grits
And then he took and ate all of my corn
Let me go home, why don't they let me go h-o-me
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Refrein: