

Sloop John B

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We come on the Sloop John B. my grand-fa - ther and me a-round Nas-sau
Town we did roam drin-king all night got in-to a fight
well I feel so broke up I wan-na go home So
hoist up the John B's sail see how the main-sail's set call for the cap-tain a -
shore let me go home let me go home I wan-na go
home yea yea well I feel so broke up I wan-na go home

2. The first mate he got drunk
broke in the captain's drunk
the constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone why don't you leave me alone yea yea
well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

3. The poor cook he caught the fish
it threw away all my grits
and then he took and he ate up all of my corn
let me go home why don't they let me go home
this is the worst trip I've ever been on