

We ^G come on the Sloop John B.

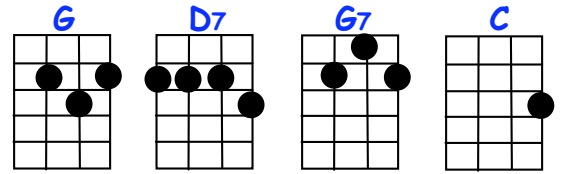
Sloop John B.

My grandfather and me.

Around Nassau town, we'd did ro^{D7}am.

Drinking all night, ^G got into a ^{G7} fight. ^C

Well, I feel so broke up, ^{D7} I wanna go ^G home.



Chorus

^G So hoist up the John B's sails, See how the mainsail sets,

Call for the captain ashore, let me go ^{D7} home.

Let me go ^G home, I wanna go ^{G7} home. ^C

Well I feel so broke up, ^{D7} I wanna go ^G home. (outro 2x)

^G The first mate he got drunk,

And broke in the cap'ns trunk.

The constable had come and take him ^{D7} away.

Sheriff John Stone, ^G why don't you leave me ^{G7} alone. ^C

Well I feel broke up, ^{D7} I wanna to go ^G home. **Chorus**

^G The poor cook he caught the fits,

He threw away all of my grits,

And then he took and ate up all of my ^{D7} corn.

Let me go ^G home, ^{G7} why don't you let me go ^C home.

This is the worst trip ^{D7} I've ever been on. ^G **Chorus**