In C no capo

# 74. SLOOP JOHN B

We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam,
Drinking all night, got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

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 home,
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

The first mate he got drunk and broke in the Captain’s trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone,
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

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 home,
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits
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

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 home,
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home