

SLOOP JOHN B

(D) (A7) (D) (A7)

August 5, 2015

We (D) come on the Sloop John B,
my grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town we did (A7) roam,
Drinking all (D) night, Got into a (G) fight,
Well I (D) feel so broke up, (A7) I wanna go (D) home.

Chorus:

So (D) hoist up the John B sail,
see how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore, let me go (A7) home.
Let me go (D) home, I wanna go (G) home,
Well I (D) feel so broke up, (A7) I wanna go (D) home.

(D) First Mate, he got drunk, broke in the Captain's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him (A7) away.
Sheriff John (D) Stone,
why don't you leave me (G) alone?
Well I (D) feel so broke up, (A7) I wanna go (D) home.

Chorus:

(D) The poor cook he caught the fits,
threw away all my grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my (A7) corn.
Let me go (D) home, Why won't they let me go (G) home,
This is (D) the worst trip (A7) I've ever been (D) on.

Chorus:

Tag:

Well I (D) feel so broke up, (A7) I wanna go (D) home. (D)x3