

## SLOOP JOHN B

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

August 24, 2012

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 break up, (A7) I wanna go (D) home.

Chorus:

So (D) hoist up the John B sail,  
see how the mains'l 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 break up, (A7) I wanna go (D) home.

(D) First Mate, he got drunk, broke up the people'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 break 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, I wanna go (G) home,  
This is (D) the worst trip (A7) I've ever been (D) on.

Chorus:

Tag:

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