

SLOOP JOHN B

We come on the Sloop John B,
My grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town, we did roam.
Drinkin' all night, got into a fight.
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B sail,
And see how the main sail sets.
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
Let me go home. I wanna go home, a-yeah yeah.
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The first mate, he got drunk.
He 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? Yeah yeah.
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

So, hoist up the John B sail,
To see how the main sail sets.
We call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
I wanna go home. Why don't you let me go home?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The poor cook, he caught the fits,
And 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.

So, hoist up the John B sail,
See how the main sail sets.
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
I wanna go home. Why don't they let me go home, a-yeah yeah?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.