

## Sloop John B

### CHORUS

D  
So hoist up the John B's sails, see how the mainsail sets.  
Call for the captain ashore and let me go home.                   A   A7  
D                   G   Em   D                   A7                   D  
Let me go home, I wanna go home, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

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D  
We came on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me,  
A   A7  
Around Nassau town, we did roam.  
D                   G   Em  
Drinkin all night, got into a fight.  
D                   A7                   D  
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

### CHORUS

D  
The first mate he got drunk and broke in the captain's trunk.  
A   A7  
The constable had to come and take him away.  
D                   G   Em  
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone.  
D                   A7                   D  
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

### CHORUS

D  
The poor cook he caught the fits and threw away all of my grits,  
A   A7  
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn.  
D                   G   Em  
Let me go home, I wanna go home.  
D                   A7                   D  
This is the worst trip; I've ever been on.