

Sloop John B(2)-crd
by Kingston Trio
Traditional

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 [A]home.
Let me go [D]home, I wanna go [G]home,
Well I [D]feel so break up, [A7]I wanna go [D]home.

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

Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits, he threw away all my grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home, I wanna go home,
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Chorus