Sloop John B

Intro:  G  (x4)

G
We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me

D
Around Nassau town, we did roam

G     C     Am
Drinking all night, got into a fight

G     D     G
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

G
Chorus: So hoist up the John B's sail

See how the mainsail sets

D
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home

G     C     Am
I wanna go home, I wanna go home

G     D     G
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

G
The first mate he got drunk, and broke in the Captain's trunk

D
The constable had to come and take him away

G     C     Am
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone

G     D     G
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

Chorus:

G
The poor cook he caught the fits, and threw away all my grits

D
And then he took and he ate up all my corn

G     C     Am
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home?

G     D     G
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Chorus:  x3
1st time with ukes. 2nd time acappella
3rd time with ukes, repeat the last line slowly