

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 of 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

