

Sloop John B

Beach Boys '66
Kingston Trio '58
Dwight Yokam '12
West Indies Folk

We come on the Sloop John B - My grandfather & me.
Around Nassau Town we did roam - Drinking all night -
Got into a fight - Well I feel so broke up - I want to go home

So hoist up the John B's sail -- See how the mainsail sets.
Call for the captain ashore -- Let me go home - Let me go
home -- I wanna (*why won't they let me*) go home,
yeah -- Well, I feel so broke up - I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk -- & broke in the cap'n's bunk.
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone -- Why don't you leave me alone, yeah
Well, I feel so broke up - I wanna go home

[C]

The poor cook he caught the fits - & 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

[C] < *turn around tag* >