

Sloop John B.

G
We came on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me
D G
Around Nausau town we do roam, drinking all night,
C G D7 G
Got into a fight well I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

Chorus:

G
So hoist up the John B sail, see how the main sail set.
D G
Call for the captain ashore let me go home, let me go home
Am7 G D7 G
oh yeah well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

G
The first mate he got drunk he broke in the captain's trunk
D
The constable had to come and take him away
G D7
Sheriff John Stone why don't you leave me alone
G D7 G
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

(chorus)

G
The poor cook he got the fits, he threw away all my grits,
D
Then he took and he ate up all my corn
C D7
Let me go home why don't they let me go home
G D7 G
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

(chorus, then finish with tag:)

G D7 G
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.
G D7 G
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.