Sloop John B.

Words & Music:
Traditional

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C                     F    C
We come on the Sloop John B.
C              F   C
My grandfather and me.
C                          G7
Around Nassau town we did roam.
G7           C                  F
Drinkin' all night, got into a fight.
  F       C           G7       C
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.
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CHORUS:
So, hoist up the *John B.* sails.
See how the mainsail sets.
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
Let me go home. I wanna go home.
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Well, the first mate, he got drunk.
Broke in the captain's trunk.
Canstable had to come and take him away.
Oh, Sheriff John Stone, won't you leave me alone?
Oh, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

CHORUS:

The old cook, he got the fits.
Ate up all of my grits.
Then he went and he ate up all of my corn.
Oh, let me go home. I wanna go home.
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

CHORUS: