

<sup>D</sup>We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me  
Around nassau town we did roam, drinking all night, got into a fight <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

CHORUS : <sup>D</sup> So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets  
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home, <sup>A</sup>  
let me go home, I wanna go home <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup>The first mate he got drunk and broke in the cap'n's trunk  
The constable had to come and take him away <sup>A</sup>  
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

CHORUS

<sup>D</sup>Then the cook he caught the fits, threw out all of my grits  
Then he took and ate up all of my corn <sup>A</sup>  
Let me go home, why don't you let me go home <sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Well this is the worst trip since I have been born <sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>

CHORUS