

Sloop John B

(Brian Wilson 1966)

69

We [G] come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me
Round Nassau town we did [D] roam
Drinking all [G] night, got into a [C] fight
Well I [G] feel so broke up [D] and I wanna go [G] home

CHORUS

So [G] hoist up the John B sails, see how the mainsail sets
Look for the captain ashore, let me go [D] home
Let me go [G] home, I wann'a go [C] home, yeah
Well I [G] feel so broke up [D] and I wanna go [G] home

The [G] First Mate he got drunk and he opened the Captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him a[D]way
Sheriff John [G] Stone won't you leave me a[C]lone
Well I [G] feel so broke up [D] I wanna go [G] home

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

CHORUS

Well the [G] cook he took the fits, and he ate up all of my grits
And then he went and ate up all of my [D] corn
Oh let me go [G] home please let me go [C] home
This is the [G] worst trip I've ever been [D] on and I wanna go [G] home

So [G] hoist up the John B sails, see how the mainsail sets
Look for the captain ashore, let me go [D] home
Let me go [G] home I wann'a go [C] home yeah
Well I [G] feel so broke up [D] and I wanna go [G] home

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