

Sloop "John B."



Calypso lento

We come on the Sloop John B. My grand - fa - ther and
me, a - round of Nas - sau - town we - did roam.
An' drin - king all night got in - to a fight!
Well, I feel so break up I wan' to go home.
So hoist up the John B. sails, and see how the main sail's
set! Sent for the cap' - n a shore let me go home,
let me go home wan - na go home!
Well I feel so break up I wan - na go home!

2. The first mate he got too drunk
And broke up the cap'ns trunk
Constable had to come and take him away
Oh Sheriff Johnstone
Why don't you leave me alone (yeah, yeah)
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home (Let me go home!)

3. The poor cook he caught the fits
'nd threw 'way all the grits
Then he took and eat up all of my corn
Lemme go home
I wanna go home (yeah, yeah)
Well this is the worst trip I've ever been on! (Let me go home!)

Nob-the-guitar man
Nov. 16th 2005