

Sloop John B.

We come on the sloop John B.,
My grandfather and me
Around Nassautown we did roam
Drinking all night. We got in a fight
I feel so broke up, I want to go home

So hoist up the John B. Sails
See how the main-sail sets
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home
Let me go home, wanna go home
I feel so broke up, I want to go home!

The first mate he got drunk
Break up the people's trunk
Constable had to come and take him away;
Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.

Refrein

The cook he got the fits
Threw away all of our grits,
Then he went and ate up all of the corn;
Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone,
This is the worst trip I ever was on.

Refrein