

# Sloop John B

(Brian Wilson 1966)

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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

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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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