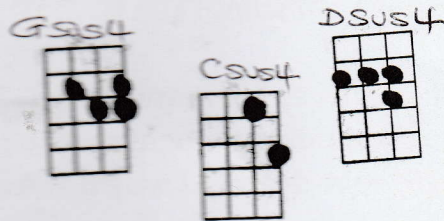
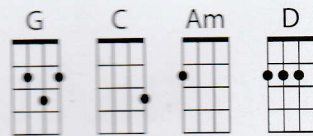


SLOOP JOHN B



(G) We come on the Sloop John B
 My grandfather and me
 Around Nassau town we did (D) roam
 Drinking all (G) night got into a (C) fight (Am)
 Well (G) feel so broke up (D) I want to go (G) home

Chorus So (G) hoist up the John B's sail
 See how the mainsail sets
 Call for the captain ashore let me go (D) home
 Let me go (G) home
 I wanna go (C) home (Am)
 Well I (G) feel so broke up (D) I wanna go (G) home

(G) The first mate he got drunk
 And broke in the captain's trunk
 The constable had to come and take him a-(D)-way
 Sheriff John (G) Stone, why don't you leave me a-(C)-lone (Am)
 Well I (G) feel so broke up (D) I wanna go (G) home

Chorus

(G) The poor cook he caught the fits
 And threw away all my grits
 And then he took and he ate up all of my (D) corn,
 Let me go (G) home, why don't they let me go (C) home (Am)
 This (G) is the worst trip (D) I've ever been (G) on

Chorus x 2