SLOOP JOHN B
The Beach Boys, 1966 version of folk song “The John B. Sails” (circa 1917)

Verse 1:

C
We come on the sloop John B,
My grandfather and me,

G7
Around Nassau town, we did roam,

C
Drinking all night,

F
Got into a fight,

C  G7  C  C
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

CHORUS:

C
So hoist up the John B’s sails, see how the mainsail sets,

G7  G7
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home

C  F
I wanna go home, I wanna go home, yeah, yeah,

C  G7  C  C
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

Verse 2:

C
The first mate he got drunk,
And broke in the Captain’s trunk,

G7
The constable to come, and take him a-way,

C
Oh, Sheriff John Stone,

F
Why don’t you leave me a-lone, yeah, yeah,

C  G7  C  C
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home
CHORUS:
C
So hoist up the John B’s sails, see how the mainsail sets,
G7    G7
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home
C    F
I wanna go home, I wanna go home, yeah, yeah,
C    G7    C    C
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

Verse 3:
C
The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,
G7
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn,
C
Let me go home,
F
Why don’t they let me go home?
C    G7    C    C
This is the worst trip, I’ve ever been on!

CHORUS:
C
So hoist up the John B’s sails, see how the mainsail sets,
G7    G7
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home
C    F
I wanna go home, I wanna go home, yeah, yeah,
C    G7    C    C
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home
end