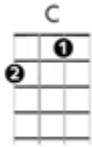
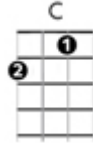


Sloop John B - Baritone Ukulele



We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me, around Nassau town we did roam



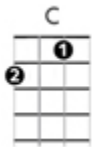
Drinking all night

Got into a fight

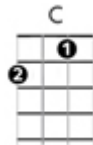
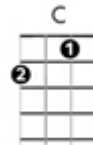
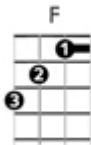
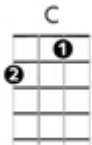
Well, I feel so broke up,

I want to go home

CHORUS:



So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the main sail sets, call for the Captain ashore, let me go home

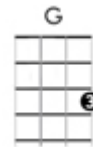
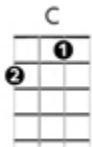


Let me go home

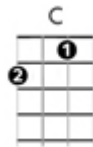
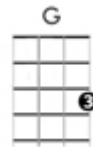
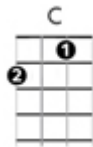
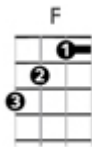
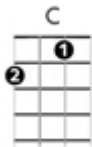
I wanna go home

Well, I feel so broke up,

I want to go home



The first mate, he got drunk and broke the Cap'n's trunk, the constable had to come and take him away



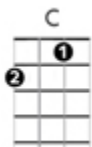
Sherriff John Stone

Why don't you leave me alone

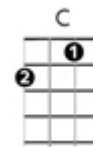
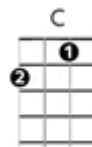
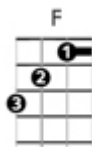
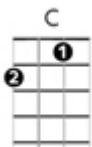
Well, I feel so broke up

I want to go home

(CHORUS)



The poor cook he caught the fits and threw away all my grits, and then he took and he ate up all of my corn



Let me go home

Why don't they let me go home

This is the worst trip

I've ever been on

(CHORUS)