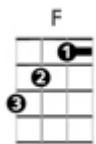
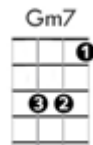
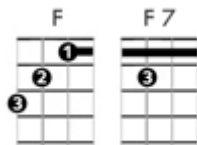
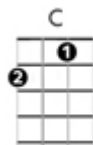


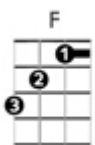
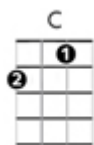
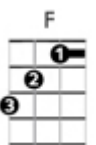
Sloop John B – Baritone Ukulele



We come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me

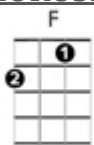


Around Nassau town, we did roam... drinking all night... got into a fight

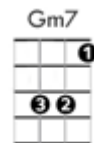
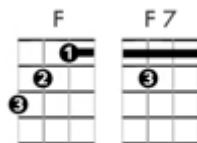
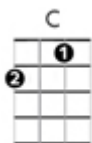


I feel so broke up, I want to go home

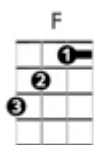
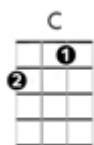
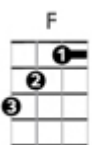
CHORUS:



So hoist up the John B's sail See how the mainsail sets



Call for the Captain ashore, let me go home... I want to go home... I want to go home



I feel so broke up, I want to go home

(Verse 2):

The first mate he got drunk and broke in the Captain'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)

(Verse 3):

The poor cook he caught the fits and threw away all my grits
 And then he took up and ate 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)