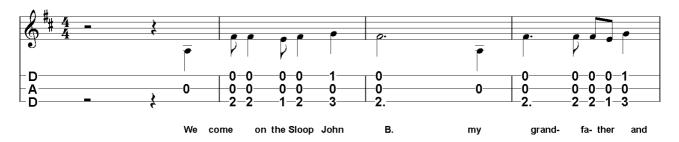
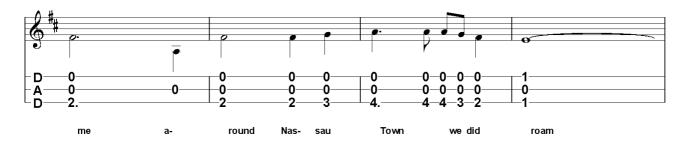
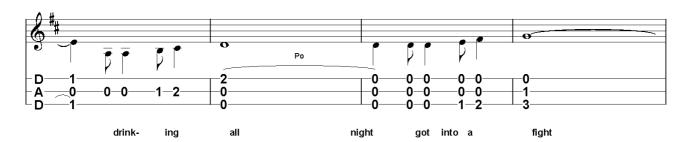
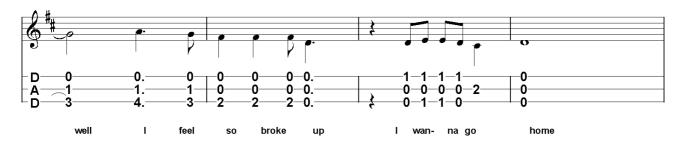
Sloop John B









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 wanna go home

So hoist up the John B.'s sail see how the main-sail's set call for the captain ashore let me go home let me go home I wanna go home yea yea well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk broke in the captain's drunk the constable had to come and take him away Sheriff John Stone why don't you leave me alone yea yea well I feel so broke up I wanna go home So hoist up the John B.'s sail see how the main-sail's set call for the captain ashore let me go home I wanna go home why don't you let me go home

I feel so broke up I wanna go home

The poor cook he caught the fish it 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

So hoist up the John B.'s sails see how the main-sail's set call for the captain ashore let me go home I wanna go home why don't you let me go home