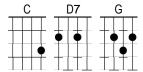
Sloop John B

The Beach Boys



We **G** come on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me A round Nassau town we did **D7** roam Drinking all **G** night, got into a **C** fight Well, I **G** feel so broke up, **D7** I wanna to go **G** home

Chorus

So **G** hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets

Call for the Captain a shore and let me go **D7** home, let me go **G** home

I wanna go **C** home, yeah, yeah

Well, I **G** feel so broke up, **D7** I wanna go **G** home

The **G** first mate he got | drunk, and | broke in the Captain's | trunk
The | Constable had to | come and take him a **D7** way |
Sheriff John **G** Stone, | why don't you leave me a **C**lone, yeah, | yeah
Well, I **G** feel so broke up, **D7** I wanna go **G** home

Repeat Chorus

The G poor cook he caught the | fits, and | threw away all my | grits | Then he took and he | ate up all of my D7 corn | Let me go G home, | why don't they let me go C home? | This G is the worst trip D7 I've ever been G on |

So **G** hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets

Call for the Captain a shore and let me go **D7** home, let me go **G** home

I wanna go **C** home, yeah, yeah

Well, I **G** feel so broke up, **D7** I wanna go **G** home

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