

411**"The John B. Sails"**Visit "[The John B. Sails](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
'Round Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well, I feel so brake up
I want to go home.

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Send for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home,
Well, I feel so brake up
I wanna go home.

Well, the first mate he got drunk
And broke in the people's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Won't you leave me alone,
Well, this thing I work with
Since I've been born.

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Send for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home,
Well, I feel so brake up
I wanna go home.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, the poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
Then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Where is John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone
Well, I feel so brake up
I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Send for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home,
Well, I feel so brake up
I wanna go home.

Well, I feel so brake up
I wanna go home...

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