

## **Brian Wilson**

# **"Sloop John B"**

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

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home  
I wanna go home  
Why don't let me go home, yeah yeah  
Well I feel so broke up  
I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk  
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk  
The constable had to come and take him away  
Sheriff John Stone  
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah  
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, let me go home  
Why don't you let me go home  
(Hoist up the John B's sail)  
Hoist up the John B  
I feel so broke up I wanna go home  
Let me go home

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

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, let me go home  
Why don't you let me go home  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

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