

Roger Whittaker "Sloop John B"

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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 want to go home.

So hoist up the John B sails,
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home,
Let me go home, I wanna go home, (yeah, yeah)
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk, broke in the Cap'n's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away,
Sheriff Johnstone, hy don't you leave me alone, (yeah
yeah)
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B sails
See how the main sail's set

Call for the Captain ashore and 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)
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 main sail 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?

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