

## **Brothers Four, The**

### **"The John B Sails"**

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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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