

The Beach Boys - Sloop John B.

Tom: **A**

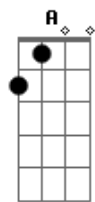
A
We come on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me.
A **E7**
Around Nassau town we did roam.
A A7 **D**
A-drinkin' all night, got into a fight,
A **E7** **A**
Well, I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

A **A**
So hoist up the John B. sails, see how the mainsail sets.
A **E7**
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home.
A A7 **D**
I want to go home, I want to go home,
A **E7** **A**
Well, I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

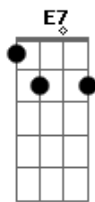
A **A**
Well, the first mate he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,
A **E7**
The constable had to come and take him away.
A-A7 **D**
Oh, Sheriff John Stone, please leave me alone,
A **E7** **A**
Well, I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

A **A**
Well, the cook, he got fits, ate up all of my grits,
A **E7**
Then he took and threw away all the corn.
A A7 **D**
Oh, Sheriff John Stone, please leave me alone,
A **E7** **A**
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

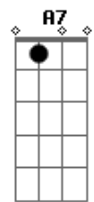
Acordes



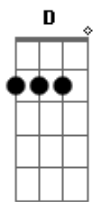
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