

The Beach Boys - Sloop John B.

Tom: A

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

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

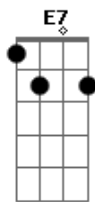
Well, the first mate he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,
 The constable had to come and take him away.
 Oh, Sheriff John Stone, please leave me alone,
 Well, I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

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

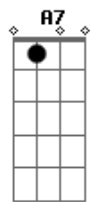
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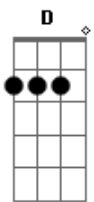
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