Sloop John B

INTRO: C	C F C
C F C	First mate he got drunk F C
We come on the sloop John B F C	Broke in the captain's trunk
My grandfather and me G7	Constable had to come and take him G7
Around Nassau town we did roam C C7	away C C7
Drinking all night F Dm	Sheriff John Stone F Dm
Got into a fight	Why don't you leave me alo-o-one C
Well I feel so broke up G7 C	Well I feel so broke up G7 C
I wanna go home	I wanna go home
	CHORUS
CHORUS	
C E C	C
C F C So hoist up the John B sail	C F C The poor cook he caught the fits
So hoist up the John B sail F C	The poor cook he caught the fits F C
So hoist up the John B sail F C See how the main sail sets Call for the captain ashore,	The poor cook he caught the fits F C Threw away all of my grits Then he took and he ate up all of my
So hoist up the John B sail F C See how the main sail sets Call for the captain ashore, G7 let me go home C C7	The poor cook he caught the fits F C Threw away all of my grits Then he took and he ate up all of my G7 corn C C7
So hoist up the John B sail F C See how the main sail sets Call for the captain ashore, G7 let me go home	The poor cook he caught the fits F C Threw away all of my grits Then he took and he ate up all of my G7 corn
So hoist up the John B sail F C See how the main sail sets Call for the captain ashore, G7 let me go home C C7 Let me go home	The poor cook he caught the fits F C Threw away all of my grits Then he took and he ate up all of my G7 corn C C7 Let me go home
So hoist up the John B sail F C See how the main sail sets Call for the captain ashore, G7 let me go home C C7 Let me go home F Dm I wanna go home	The poor cook he caught the fits FC Threw away all of my grits Then he took and he ate up all of my G7 corn CCT Let me go home FDm I wanna go home
So hoist up the John B sail F C See how the main sail sets Call for the captain ashore, G7 let me go home C C7 Let me go home F Dm I wanna go home C Well I feel so broke up G7 C	The poor cook he caught the fits F C Threw away all of my grits Then he took and he ate up all of my G7 corn C C7 Let me go home F Dm I wanna go home C This is the worst trip G7 C
So hoist up the John B sail F C See how the main sail sets Call for the captain ashore, G7 let me go home C C7 Let me go home F Dm I wanna go home C Well I feel so broke up	The poor cook he caught the fits FC Threw away all of my grits Then he took and he ate up all of my G7 corn CC7 Let me go home FDm I wanna go home C This is the worst trip