

# Sloop John B.

## California Project

We come on the sloop John B  
Grandfather and me  
Around Nassau Town we did roam  
Drinking all night  
Got into a fight  
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home  
The first mate he got drunk  
Broke in the captains bunk  
The constable had to come and take him away  
Sheriff John Stone  
Why don't you leave me alone?  
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home  
So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home  
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home  
The poor cook he caught the shits  
And threw away all my grits  
And then he took and 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

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