

Sloop John B.

Spence, Joseph

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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