(Bahamas Traditional Folk Song)

INTRO: INSTRUMENTAL C //// G7 //// C //// ////

C F/ C F/ C We come on the sloop John B, my 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

CHORUS

C So hoist up the John B's sail; see how the main sail sets

Call for the captain ashore, let me go home,

Let me go home, I wanna go home, (yeah yeah)

Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

C F/ C
The first mate he got drunk, and broke in the captain's trunk

The constable had to come and take him away

Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone, (yeah yeah)

Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

REPEAT CHORUS

C F/ C F/ C The poor cook he caught the fits, and threw away all my grits

And then he took and he ate up all of my corn

Let me go home, why don't they let me go home, (yeah yeah)

This is the worst trip I've ever been on

REPEAT CHORUS 2X

REPEAT LAST LINE 1X