



We come on the sloop "John B.",
my grand father and me,
around the Nassau town we do roam,
drinking all night,
got in to a fight
well I feel so broke-up,
I wan-na go home!

So hoist up the "John B." sail,
so see how the main-sail sets,
call for the captain a-shore,
:/:let me go home,:/:,
Iwan-na go home, -
well I feel so broke-up,
I wan-na go home!

The first mate he got drunk,
and broke in the captains trunk,
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 wan-na go home

Poor cook he cought the fits,
threw `way all ma grits,
and he took and he ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home,
why don't you let me go home?
this is the worst trip,
I`ve ever been on.