

The Beach Boys, South Bay Surfer

Oh, we sailed on the sloop John B.
My Grandfather and me.
Round Nassau-town we did roam.
Drinking all night
We got in a fight
I feel so break up,
I want to go home.

REFRAIN:

So, hoist up the John B. sails,
See how the mainsls set;
Send for the capn ashore, lemme go home!
Lemme go home! Lemme go home!

2.

The firstmate he got drunk,
break up the peoples trunk,
Constable come aboard and take him away,
Mr. Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

REF....

3.

The poor cook he gots fits,
Throw way all the grits,
Then he took and eat up all o my corn,
Lemme go home, I want to go home!
This is the worst trip, since I been born!

REF...