

VERSE 3

I[5]

The first mate, he got drunk,

and broke in the captain's trunk,

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.

VERSE 4

I[3]

Poor cook, he got the fits,

and he threw it on 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.

OUTRO

I[1]

Oh, let me go home, why don't they let me go home? Yeah, yeah.

This is the worst trip _ I've ever been on.