

# Saint James Infirmary Blues

[Am]

It was down in Old Joe's bar-room,  
on the corner by the square,  
the usual crowd was assembled  
and big Joe Mckenny was there.

He was standing at my shoulder,  
his eyes were bloodshot red,  
he turned to the crowd around him  
these are the very words he said...wad he say Jack?

I went down to the St. James Infirmary  
I saw my baby there,  
she was layed out on a cold white table,  
so cold, so white, so fair.

Let her go, let her go, god bless her  
wherever she may be,  
she may search this wide world over,  
she'll never find a sweet man like me.

When I die, bury me,  
in a high top Stetson hat,  
put a 20 dollar goldpiece on my watch chain,  
so god know I died standing pat.

I want 6 crapshooters for pallbearers,  
chorus gonna sing me a song,  
put a jazz band on my hearse wagon,  
raise hell, as I roll along.

Roll out your rubber tired carriage  
roll out your old time hack,  
12 men going to the graveyard and,  
11 coming back

Now that I've told my story,  
I'll take another shot of booze,  
and if anyone should happen to ask me,  
I got those, gambler's blues.