

St. James Infirmary Blues [Em]

artist: Ramblin Jack Elliott , writer: Joe Primrose

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WUz-WqUw4Ic>

[Em] I went down to [B7] Old Joe's [Em] Bar-room.
[Em] On the corner [Am] by the [B7] square.
They were [Em] serving [B7] drinks as [Em] usual.
And the [C7] usual [B7] crowd was [Em] there.

[Em] On my left stood [B7] Joe Mac[Em]Kennedy.
[Em] His eyes were [Am] blood-shot [B7] red.
He [Em] turned to the [B7] crowd a[Em]round him
And [C7] these are the [B7] words that he [Em] said.

[Em] I went down to [B7] St. James [Em] Infirmary.
[Em] I saw my [Am] baby [B7] there.
[Em] Lying on a [B7] long white [Em] table,
So [C7] sweet, [B7] so cold, [Em] so fair.

[Em] I went up to [B7] see the [Em] doctor.
[Em] 'She's very [Am] low,' he [B7] said.
[Em] I went back to [B7] see my [Em] baby
And great [C7] god she was [B7] lying there [Em] dead.

[Em] Let her go, let her [B7] go, God [Em] bless her.
[Em] Wherever [Am] she may [B7] be.
She may [Em] search this [B7] wide world [Em] over
But she'll never [C7] find another [B7] man like [Em] me.

[Em] When I [B7] die please [Em] bury me
[Em] In a high top [Am] stetson [B7] hat.
Put a [Em] gold piece [B7] on my [Em] watch chain.
So they'll [C7] know I died [B7] standing [Em] pat.

[Em] Get six gamblers to [B7] carry my [Em] coffin.
[Em] Six chorus girls to [Am] sing my [B7] song.
Put a [Em] jazz band [B7] on my [Em] tailgate
To raise [C7] hell as we [B7] roll a[Em]long.

[Em] This is the [B7] end of my [Em] story.
[Em] So let's have another [Am] round of [B7] booze.
And if [Em] any one should [B7] ask you just [Em] tell them
I've got the [C7] St. James [B7] Infirmary [Em] Blues.

