

St. James Infirmary Blues (Traditional)

Am E7 Am
 It was down at old Joe's bar room
Am F7 C E7
 At the corner by the square
Am E7 Am
 They were serving drinks as usual
F7 E7 Am
 And the usual crowd was there

Am E7 Am
 On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
Am F7 C E7
 His eyes were bloodshot red
Am E7 Am
 And as he looked at the gang around him
F7 E7 Am
 These were the very words he said.

Am E7 Am
 I went down to St. James Infirmary
Am F7 C E7
 I saw my baby there
Am E7 Am
 Stretched out on a long, white table
F7 E7 Am
 So young, so cold, so fair

Am E7 Am
 Seventeen coal-black horses
Am F7 C E7
 Hitched to a rubber-tied hack
Am E7 Am
 Seven girls goin' to the graveyard
F7 E7 Am
 Only six of them are coming back

Am E7 Am
 Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Am F7 C E7
 Wherever she may be
Am E7 Am
 She may search this wide world over
F7 E7 Am
 And never find another man like me

Instrumental Verse x2

Am E7 Am
 When I die just bury me
Am F7 C E7
 In my high-top Stetson hat
Am E7
 Place a twenty-dollar gold piece
Am
 on my watch chain
F7 E7 Am
 To let the Lord know I died standing pat

Am E7 Am
 I want six crap-shooters for my
 pallbearers
Am F7 C E7
 A chorus girl to sing me a song
Am E7 Am
 Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon
F7 E7 Am
 To raise hell as we roll along

Am E7 Am
 Now that you've heard my story
Am F7 C E7
 I'll take another shot of booze
Am E7 Am
 And if anyone here should ask you
F7 E7 Am
 I've got the gambler's blues

Instrumental Verse, end on Am

