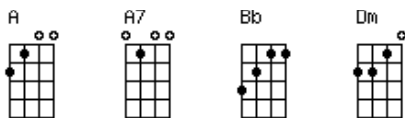


St James Infirmary Blues

Joe Primrose



[Dm] I went down to the [A] St. James [Dm] Infirmary
I saw my [Bb] baby [A] there, [A7]
She was [Dm] layed out on a [A] long white [Dm] table,
So [Bb] cold, so [A] pale, so [Dm] fair.

[Dm] Let her go, let her [A] go, god [Dm] bless her
Wherever [Bb] she may [A] be, [A7]
She may [Dm] search this [A] wide world [Dm] over,
She'll [Bb] never find a [A] sweet man like [Dm] me.

[Dm] When I die bury [A] me in my [Dm] strait laced shoes,
Box back jacket and a [Bb] stetson hat, [A7]
Put a [Dm] 20 dollar [A] gold piece [Dm] on my watch chain,
So [Bb] my friends know I [A] died standing [Dm] pat.

[Dm] I want 6 crap [A] shootin' pall-[Dm]-bearers,
6 chorus girls to [Bb] sing me a [A] song, [A7]
Put a [Dm] red hot [A] jazz band on my tail-[Dm]-gate,
To raise [Bb] hell, as I [A] roll [Dm] along.

[Dm] Now that I've [A] told my [Dm] story,
I'll take another [Bb] bottle of [A] booze, [A7]
And if [Dm] anyone should [A] happen to [Dm] ask me,
I got those [Bb] St. James [A] Infirmary [Dm] blues.

