

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY BLUES

I went [Em] down to [B7] old Joe's [Em] barroom, on the corner [Am] by the [B7] square.
The [Em] drinks were [B7] served as [Em] usual, and the [C7] usual [B7] crowd was [Em]
there.

On my [Em] left stood [B7] Big Joe [Em] Kennedy, with eyes that were [Am] bloodshot [B7]
red. He [Em] turned to the [B7] crowd [Em] around him and [C7] these were the [B7] words
he [Em] said.

"I went [Em] down to [B7] St. James in-[Em]-firmary, to see my [Am] baby [B7] there. She
was [Em] lyin' on a [B7] long white [Em] table, so [C7] sweet, so [B7] cool [Em] so fair.

I [Em] went up to [B7] see the [Em] doctor; "She's very [Am] low," he [B7] said.
Went [Em] back to [B7] see my [Em] baby. Good [C7] God! She's [B7] lying there [Em]
dead.

I [Em] tried to [B7] keep from [Em] crying, my heart felt [Am] just like [B7] lead.
She was [Em] all I [B7] had to [Em] live for, I [C7] wished it was [B7] me in-[Em]-stead.

Let her [Em] go, let her [B7] go God [Em] bless her. Wherever [Am] she may [B7] be. She
may [Em] search this [B7] wide world [Em] over and never [C7] find a [B7] sweeter man as
[Em] me.

When I [Em] die please [B7] bury me in [Em] straight-laced shoes, Long [Am] coat and
Stetson [B7] hat. Put a [Em] gold piece [B7] on my [Em] watch chain; So my [C7] friends'll
know I [B7] died standing [Em] pat.

Get six [Em] gamblers to [B7] carry my [Em] coffin, six [Am] chorus girls to sing me a [B7]
song. Put a [Em] 20-piece [B7] jazz band on [Em] my tailgate to raise [C7] hell as we [B7]
go a-[Em]-long.

[Em] When will I [B7] ever stop [Em] moaning? When will I [Am] ever [B7] smile? My
[Em] baby went [B7] and she [Em] left me, she'll be [C7] gone a [B7] long, long [Em] while.

Now [Em] that's the [B7] end of my [Em] story; let's have another [Am] round of [B7]
booze. And if [Em] anyone should [B7] ask you, just [Em] tell them - I've got the [C7] St.
James In-[B7]-firmary [Em] blues.

