

# St. James Infirmary Blues

Em 16SEP14

[Em]It was down in [B7]Old Joe's [Em]bar-room,  
on the corner [C7]by the [B7]square,  
the [Em]usual [B7]crowd was a [Em]sembled  
and [C7]big Joe Mc [B7]Kenny was [Em]there.

[Em]He was standing [B7]at my [Em]shoulder,  
his eyes were [C7]bloodshot [B7]red,  
he [Em]turned to the [B7]crowd [Em]around him  
these are the [C7]very [B7]words he [Em]said...wad he say Jack?

[Em]I went down to the [B7]St. James In [Em]firmary  
I saw my [C7]baby [B7]there,  
she was [Em]laid out on a [B7]cold white [Em]table,  
so [C7]cold, so [B7]white, so [Em]fair.

## CHORUS

[Em]Let her go, let her [B7]go, god [Em]bless her  
wherever [C7]she may [B7]be,  
she may [Em]search this [B7]wide world [Em]over,  
she'll never [C7]find a sweet [B7]man like [Em]me.

[Em]When I die, [B7]bury [Em]me,  
in a high top [C7]Stetson [B7]hat,  
put a [Em]twenty dollar [B7]goldpiece [Em]on my watch chain,  
so [C7]god know I [B7]died standing [Em]pat.

[Em]I want six crap [B7]shooters for pall [Em]bearers,  
A chorus gonna [C7]sing me a [B7]song,  
put a [Em]jazz band [B7]on my hearse [Em]wagon,  
raise [C7]hell, as [B7]I roll [Em]along.

## Chorus

[Em]Roll out your [B7]rubber tired [Em]carriage  
roll out your [C7]old time [B7]hack,  
[Em]Twelve men [B7]going to the [Em]graveyard and,  
[C7]Eleven [B7]coming [Em]back

[Em]Now that I've [B7]told my [Em]story,  
I'll take another [C7]shot of [B7]booze,  
and if [Em]anyone should [B7]happen to [Em]ask me,  
I [C7]got those, [B7]gambler's [Em]blues.

## Chorus