

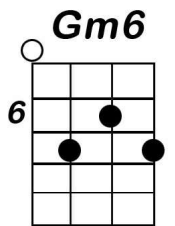
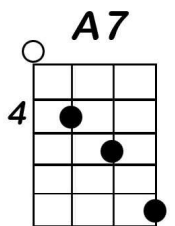
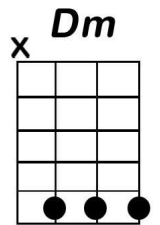
St James Infirmary Blues

version alternative



Dm	A7	Dm	Dm	Gm6	A7
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It was down in old Joe's bar room on the corner by the square
on my left stood big Joe McKennedy his eyes were bloodshot red
I went down to the St. James infirmary to see my baby there
Let her go let her go God bless her wherever she may be
When I die oh Lord please bury me in my high top Stetson hat
Get six gamblers to be my pall bearers six chorus girls to sing me a song
Get six teen coal black horses to pull that rubber-tired hack
Now that you've heard my story let's have another round of booze



Dm	A7	Dm	Bb7	A7	Dm
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The drinks were served as usual and the usual crowd was there
He turned to the crowd around him and these are the words he sais
She was stretched out on a long white table so young so cold so fair
She may search this whle world over she'll never find another man as sweet as me
Put gold coins over my eye lids so the boys will know i died standing pat
Put a Jazz band behind my hearse wagon to raise hell as we roll along
There's thirteen men going to the graveyard only twelve men are coming back
And if anyone should ask you I've got those St. James infirmary blues

