St. James Infirmary

I went (Dm) down to **(A7)** old Joe's **(Dm)** barroom **(A7)**, on the **(Bb)** corner by the (F) square **(A7)**

The **(Dm)** drinks were all **(A7)** served as **(Dm)** usual, **(A7)**

and the **(Dm)** usual **(A7)** crowd was **(Dm)** there **(A7)**

On my **(Dm)** left stood **(A7)** Big Joe Mc **(Dm)** Kennedy, **(A7)** and his **(Bb)** eyes were bloodshot **(F)** red **(A7)**

He **(Dm)** looked at the **(A7)** gang a- **(Dm)** round him, **(A7)**

and **(Dm)** these were the **(A7)** very words he **(Dm)** said

I went **(Dm)** down to St. **(A7)** James In- **(Dm)** firmary, **(A7)** to **(Bb)** see my baby **(F)** there **(A7)**

She was **(Dm)** stretched out on a **(A7)** long white **(Dm)** table, **(A7)**

So **(Dm)** young, so **(A7)** cold and so **(Dm)** fair **(A7)**

Seven- **(Dm)** teen **(A7)** coal-black **(Dm)** horses **(A7)** **(Bb)** to pull her rubber-tied **(F)** hack **(A7)**

(Dm) Seven girls **(A7)** goin' to the **(Dm)** graveyard **(A7)**

Only **(Dm)** six of them are **(A7)** coming **(Dm)** back **(A7)** *

Let her **(Dm)** go, let her **(A7)** go, God **(Dm)** bless her **(A7)** **(Bb)** Wherever she may **(F)** be **(A7)**

She may **(Dm)** search the **(A7)** whole wide world **(Dm)** over **(A7)**

She'll never **(Dm)** find a better **(A7)** man than **(Dm)** me **(A7)**

When I **(Dm)** die **(A7)** please **(Dm)** bury me **(A7)** in my **(Bb)** high top Stetson **(F)** hat **(A7)**

Put a **(Dm)** twenty dollar **(A7)** gold piece on my **(Dm)** watch chain **(A7)**

Tell the **(Dm)** Lord I died **(A7)** standing **(Dm)** pat **(A7)**

I want **(Dm)** six crap- **(A7)** shooters as my **(Dm)** pall- **(A7)** bearers,

(Bb) A chorus girl to sing me a **(F)** song **(A7)**

Stick a **(Dm)** jazz band **(A7)** on my hearse **(Dm)** wagon **(A7)**

To raise **(Dm)** hell as we **(A7)** roll a- **(Dm)** long **(A7)**

*Let her **(Dm)** go, let her **(A7)** go, God **(Dm)** bless her **(A7) (Bb)** Wherever she may **(F)** be **(A7)***

*She may **(Dm)** search the **(A7)** whole wide world **(Dm)** over **(A7)***

*She'll never **(Dm)** find a better **(A7)** man than **(Dm)** me **(A7)***

Now **(Dm)** that's the **(A7)** end of my **(Dm)** story **(A7), (Bb)** Let's have another round of **(F)** booze **(A7)**

And if **(Dm)** anyone should **(A7)** ask, just **(Dm)** tell them **(A7)**

I've got the **(Dm)** St. James **(A7)** Infirmary **(Dm)** blues **(A7) (Dm) (A7) (Dm)**

*** Alternate lyrics:**

Yes, sixteen coal black horses to pull that rubber tied hack.

Well, it's seventeen miles to the graveyard

But my baby she's never comin' back.