St. James Infirmary Blues - Joe Primrose

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        Em      B7        Em              Em      Am      B7
I went down to old Joe's barroom, on the corner by the square.
     Em      B7        Em          C7      B7          Em
The drinks were served as usual & the usual crowd was there.
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On my left stood old Joe Kennedy with eyes bloodshot red.
He turned to the crowd around him & these are the words he said:

"I went down to St. James Infirmary to see my baby there,
She was lyin' on a long, white table; so sweet, so cool, so fair.

I tried to keep from crying, my heart felt just like lead.
She was all I had to live for, I wished it was me instead.

I went up to see the doctor; 'She's very low,' he said.
Went back to see my baby. Good God! She's lying there dead.

Let her go! Let her go! God bless her wherever she may be.
She may search the wide world over & never find better than me.

Oh, when I die, please dress me in straight-lace shoes,
Long coat & Stetson hat;
Put a gold piece on my watch chain;
So, my friends'll know I died standin' pat.

Get 6 gamblers to carry my coffin, 6 chorus girls to sing me a song.
Put a 20-piece jazz band on my tailgate to raise Hell as we go along.

When will I ever stop moaning? When will I ever smile?
My baby went & left me, she'll be gone a long, long while.

Now, that's the end of my story; let's have another round of booze.
And if anyone should ask you, just tell them
I've got the St. James Infirmary blues."