

# St. James Infirmary Blues

## The White Stripes

Well folks, I'm goin' down to St. James Infirmary  
See my little baby there  
She's stretched out on a long, white table  
Well she looks so good, so cold, so fair  
Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
You may search this whole wide world over  
But she'll never find another sweetheart like me, yeah  
Take apart your bones and put 'em back together  
Tell your mother that you are somebody new  
Feel the breeze blow and tell 'em all, "Look out here it comes!"  
Now I can say whatever I feel like to you  
Then keep me six crap-shooting pallbearers  
Let a chorus girl sing me a song  
Put a red-hot jazz band, we raise  
Hallelujah as we go along, well  
Well folks, now that you have heard my story  
Say boy, hand me another shot of that rye  
And if anyone else should ask you  
Just tell 'em I've got some of those St. James Infirmary blues

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