St. James Infirmary

Ramblin' Jack Elliott

It was down in Old Joe's barroom,
On the corner by the square,
The usual crowd was assembled
And big Joe McKinney was there.He was standing at my shoulder.
His eyes were bloodshot red;
He turned to the crowd around him,
These are the very words he said:"I went down to the St. James Infirmary
I saw my baby there,
She's laid out on a cold white table,
So so cold, so white, so fair.""Let her go, let her go, God bless her;
Wherever she may be
She may search this wide world over
She'll never find a sweet man like me."
Oh, when I die, bury me
In my high top Stetson hat;
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
God'll know I died standin' pat.I want six crap shooters for pall bearers.
Chorus girl to sing me a song.
Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon.
Raise Hell as I roll along.Roll out your rubber tired carriage,
Roll out your old time hat.
Twelve men going to the graveyard
And eleven coming back.Now that I've told my story,
I'll take another shot of booze.
And if anyone should happen to ask you,
I've got those gamblers' blues.

Songwriters
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