

Gamblerâ€™s Blues

Dave Van Ronk

It was down by old Joe's bar room
On the corner of the squareThey were serving drinks as usual
And the usual crowd was there
On my left stood big Joe MacKennedy
And his eyes were bloodshot red
When he turned to the crowd around himThese are the very words he saidI went down to that St. James
Infirmary
I saw my baby thereStretched out on a long, white table
So sweet, so cold, so fairLet her go, let her go god bless herWherever she may beShe may search this wide
world over
And never find sweetened man like meAnd when I die please bury me
In my high-top Stetson hatPut a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
My gang will know I died standing pat
I want six crap-shooters for my pallbearers
While a girl sing me a'song
And put a jazz band on my hearse wagon
To raise hell as I stroll along
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She may search this wide world over
And never find sweetened man like me
Well now that i've told my story
I'll take another shot of booze
And if anyone should happen to ask you
Well i've got those gambler's blues
Let her go. Let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She may search this wide world over
And never find sweetened man like me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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