St. James Infirmary

Cab Calloway

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 fairLet 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, yeahTake 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 youThen 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, wellWell 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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