

# Gambler'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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