

# Goin' Down (feat. Brian Johnson)

## Geordie

### 1. GOIN' DOWN.

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I'm goin' down to St. James infirmary  
To see my baby there  
She was dressed in gold white satin  
So gold, so cool, so bad  
Well, now let me tell you people  
And take heed to what I say  
Well, it's the poor white gets the problems  
And the wealthy that gets their way

(\*) I'm goin' down, goin' down  
Goin' down to St. James infirmary  
Goin' down, goin' down  
Goin' down to St. James infirmary

Well, my woman she had no money  
Wooh, no money to fill the fuel  
She had to go into the forest  
To gather those sticks of wood  
Well, the blue ice numbs the fingers  
That creeps right through the bones  
Well, my baby's in St. James infirmary  
Her body's so stiff like stones

(\*) Repeat X 4

Lyrics Submitted by ĐŸĐ°Ñ•Đ°Đ½

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