Goin' Down (feat. Brian Johnson)

Geordie

1. GOIN` DOWN.

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 Ð¥Ð°Ñ•Ð°Ð½

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