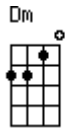
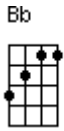
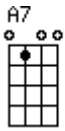
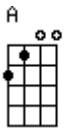


St James Infirmary Blues (full version) Joe Primrose



[Dm] It was down in [A] Old Joe's [Dm] bar-room,
On the corner [Bb] by the [A] square, [A7]
The [Dm] usual [A] crowd was ass-[Dm]-embled
And [Bb] big Joe [A] Mckenny was [Dm] there.

[Dm] He was standing [A] at my [Dm] shoulder,
His eyes were [Bb] bloodshot [A] red, [A7]
He [Dm] turned to the [A] crowd [Dm] around him
These are the [Bb] very [A] words he [Dm] said.

[Dm] I went down to the [A] St. James [Dm] Infirmary
I saw my [Bb] baby [A] there, [A7]
She was [Dm] layed out on a [A] long white [Dm] table,
So [Bb] cold, so [A] pale, so [Dm] fair.

[Dm] Let her go, let her [A] go, god [Dm] bless her
Wherever [Bb] she may [A] be, [A7]
She may [Dm] search this [A] wide world [Dm] over,
She'll [Bb] never find a [A] sweet man like [Dm] me.

[Dm] When I die bury [A] me in my [Dm] strait laced shoes,
Box back jacket and a [Bb] stetson [A] hat, [A7]
Put a [Dm] 20 dollar [A] gold piece [Dm] on my watch chain,
So [Bb] my friends know I [A] died standing [Dm] pat.

[Dm] I want 6 crap [A] shootin' pall-[Dm]-bearers,
6 chorus girls to [Bb] sing me a [A] song, [A7]
Put a [Dm] red hot [A] jazz band on my tail-[Dm]-gate,
To raise [Bb] hell, as I [A] roll [Dm] along.

[Dm] Roll out your [A] rubber tired [Dm] carriage
Roll out your [Bb] old time [A] hack, [A7]
[Dm] 12 men [A] going to the [Dm] graveyard and,
[Bb] 11 [A] coming [Dm] back

[Dm] Now that I've [A] told my [Dm] story,
I'll take another [Bb] bottle of [A] booze, [A7]
And if [Dm] anyone should [A] happen to [Dm] ask me,
I got those [Bb] St. James [A] Infirmary [Dm] blues.

