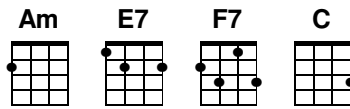


St. James Infirmary

Key of Am

*Intro*

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |

Verse 1

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 It was down at old Joe's bar room... at the corner by the square.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 They were serving drinks as usual... and the usual crowd was there.

Verse 2

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 On my left stood big Joe Mac - Kennedy... his eyes were blood shot red.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 as he looked at the gang around him... these were the words he said.

Verse 3

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 I went down to St. James In - firmary... I saw my ba - by there.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 Stretched out on a long, white table... so young, so cold, so fair.

Verse 4

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 Seven - teen... coal-black horses, hitched to a rubber - tied hack.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 Seven girls goin' to the graveyard, only six of them are coming back.

Verse 5

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 Let her go, let her go, God bless her. Where - ever she may be.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 She may search this wide world over, and never find another man like me.

Verse 6

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 When I die just bu...ry me... in, my high-top Stet - son hat.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 Place a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain. Let the Lord know I died standing pat.

Verse 7

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 I want six crap-shooters for my pallbearers, a chorus girl to sing me a song.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 Place a jazz band on my hearse wagon... to raise hell as we roll a - long.

Verse 8

| **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **Am//** **F7/** **C/** | **E7** |
 Now that you've heard my story, I'll take another shot of booze.
 | **Am//** **E7//** | **Am** | **F7//** **E7//** | **Am** |
 And if anyone here should ask you... I've got the gambler's blues.