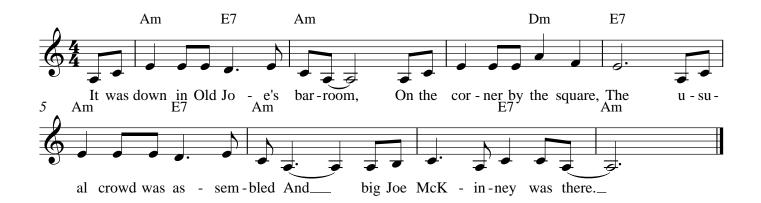
St. James Infirmary

www.franzdorfer.com



He was standing at my shoulder. His eyes were bloodshot red; He turned to the crowd around him, These are the very words he said:

"I went down to the St. James Infirmary I saw my baby there, She's laid out on a cold white table, So so cold, so white, so fair."

Chorus

"Let her go, let her go, God bless her; Wherever she may be She may search this wide world over She'll never find a sweet man like me." Oh, when I die, bury me In my high top Stetson hat; Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain God'll know I died standin' pat. I want six crap shooters for pall bearers. Chorus girl to sing me a song. Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon. Raise Hell as I roll along.

Roll out your rubber tired carriage, Roll out your old time hat. Twelve men going to the graveyard And eleven coming back.

Now that I've told my story,
I'll take another shot of booze.
And if anyone should happen to ask you,
I've got those gamblers' blues.