

White Stripes, The "St James Infirmary Blues"

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Folks, I'm goin' down to St. James Infirmary,
See my little lady there;
She's stretched out on a long, white table,
She's so sweet, so cold, so fair.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her,
Wherever she may be,
You may search this wide world over,
But she'll never find another sweetheart like me.

Take apart your bones and put 'em back together,
Tell your momma that you're somebody new,
Feel the breeze blow and tell them all
"Look out here it comes!"
Now I can say whatever I feel like to you

They give me six crap-shootin' pall bearers
Let a chorus girl sing me a song
Put a red-hot (?) as we raise
Hallelujah, as we go along

Yeah. Folks, now that you have heard my story,
Say, boy, hand me another shot of that rye;
If anyone should ask you,
Tell 'em I've got those St. James Infirmary blues.

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