

## Janis Joplin "St. James Infirmary"

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I went down to old Joe's bar room  
On the corner by the square.  
Well, the drinks were bein' served as usual,  
And this motley crowd was there.

Well, on my left stood Joe McKennedy  
And his eyes were bloodshot red.  
When he told me that sad story,  
These were the words he said:

I went down to the St. James infirmary,  
I saw my baby there,  
She was stretched out on a long white table,  
So cold, and fine, and fair.  
Go ahead!

Let her go, let her go, God bless her,  
Wherever she may be,

She can search this world over  
Never find another man like me.

Yes, sixteen coal black horses  
To pull that rubber tied hack.  
Well, it's seventeen miles to the graveyard  
But my baby's never comin' back.

Well, now you've heard my story,  
Well, have another round of booze  
And if anyone should ever, ever ask you "Åç??"  
I've got the St. James infirmary blues!

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