

White Stripes

"St. James Infirmary Blues"

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

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

Take apart your bones and put 'em back together,
Tell your mama that you're somebody new.
Feel the breeze blowin', look out, here it comes,
Now I cna say whatever I feel like to you.

Then give six crap-shootin' pallbearers,
Let a chorus girl sing me a song.
Put a little odds on old Sweet Grace,
Hallelujah, as we go along.

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

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