

Joplin Janis

"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, I've got the St. James infirmary blues!

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