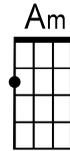


# St. James Infirmary Blues

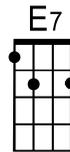
Traditional, as performed by Arlo Guthrie

## Intro: Instrumental Verse

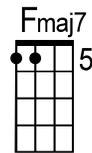
It was [Am] down at [E7] old Joe's [Am] bar room  
At the [Am] corner [Fmaj7] by the [E7] square  
They were [Am] serving [E7] drinks as usual  
And the [Fmaj7] usual [E7] crowd was [Am] there



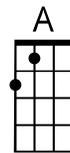
On my [Am] left stood [E7] big Joe Mac [Am] Kennedy  
His [Am] eyes were [Fmaj7] bloodshot [E7] red  
And as he [Am] looked at the [E7] gang around [Am] him  
These were [Fmaj7] the very [E7] words he [Am] said.



I went [Am] down to [E7] St. James In [Am] firmary  
[Am] I saw my [Fmaj7] baby [E7] there  
Stretched [Am] out on a [E7] long, white [Am] table  
So [Fmaj7] young, [E7] so cold, so [Am] fair



[Am] Seventeen [E7] coal-black [Am] horses  
[Am] Hitched to a [Fmaj7] rubber-tired [E7] hack  
[Am] Seven girls [E7] goin' to the [Am] graveyard  
Only [Fmaj7] six of them are [E7] coming [Am] back



[Am] Let her go. Let her [E7] go, God bless [Am] her  
[Am] Wherever [Fmaj7] she may [E7] be  
She may [Am] search this [E7] wide world [Am] over  
And never [Fmaj7] find another [E7] man like [Am] me

## Instrumental Verse x2

[Am] When I [E7] die just [Am] bury me  
[Am] In my high-top [Fmaj7] Stetson [E7] hat  
Place a [Am] twenty-dollar [E7] gold piece on my [Am] watch chain  
To let the [Fmaj7] Lord know I [E7] died standing [Am] pat

I want [Am] six crap-shooters [E7] for my [Am] pallbearers  
A [Am] chorus girl to sing me a [E7] song  
Place a [Am] jazz band on [E7] my hearse [Am] wagon  
To raise hell as we [E7] roll along [Am]

[Am] Now that you've [E7] heard my [Am] story  
[Am] I'll take another [Fmaj7] shot of [E7] booze  
[Am] And if anyone [E7] here should [Am] ask you  
[Fmaj7] I've got the [E7] gambler's [Am] blues

## Instrumental Verse, end on A