

St. James Infirmary

Cassandra Wilson

I went down to St. James Infirmary.
I saw my baby there.
Stretched out on a long white table,
So sweet, so cold, so fair.

Let him go, let him go, God bless him.
Wherever he may be.
He can search this whole wide world over
But he'll never find another girl like me.

When he die bury him in his straight legged shoes
Box back coat and a Stetson hat.
Put a twenty dollar gold piece on his watch chain.
So all the boys will know he died standing pat.

Let him go, let him go,
Wherever he may be.
He can search this whole wide world over
But he'll never find another girl like me.