

## St. James

### The Devil Makes Three

Well, I went down to Old Joe's Barroom  
Down on the corner by the square  
They were serving drinks as usual  
Oh, the usual crowd was there  
In the corner sat Big Joe McKenzie  
His eyes were blood shot red  
And as he turned to address the crowd around him  
These were the very words that he said:

Well I went down to St James Infirmary  
To see my baby there  
She was laid out on that long white table  
So cold, so pale, so fair  
Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Where ever she may be  
Let her search that whole wide world over  
Never find a man as sweet as me  
She'll never find a man as sweet as me

When I die, won't you bury me in my high top Stetson hat  
Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch hand  
So the gang'll know I died standing pat  
I want six crapshooters for pallbearers  
Pretty gals sing me a song  
I want a jazz band on my hearse wagon  
To raise Hell as we roll 'long

Won't you roll out that rubber tarmac  
Thirteen men go down to that old graveyard  
There's only twelve of them men coming back

Now that you heard my story  
Have another shot of the booze  
Anything anybody should ask  
I got the St James Infirmary blues  
I got the St James Infirmary blues