

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