

## St. James Infirmary

Rickie Lee Jones

I went down to St. James Infirmary  
To see my baby there,  
She was lyin' on a long white table,  
So sweet, so cool, so fair.

Went up to see the doctor,  
"She's very low," he said;  
Went back to see my baby  
Good God! She's lying there dead.

I went down to old Joe's barroom,  
On the corner by the square  
They were serving the drinks as usual,  
And the usual crowd was there.

On my left stood old Joe McKennedy,  
And his eyes were bloodshot red;  
He turned to the crowd around him,  
These are the words he said:

Let her go, let her go, God bless her;  
Wherever she may be  
She may search the wide world over  
And never find a better man than me

Oh, when I die, please bury me  
In my ten dollar Stetson hat;  
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain  
So my friends'll know I died standin' pat.

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin  
Six chorus girls to sing me a song  
Put a twenty-piece jazz band on my tail gate  
To raise Hell as we go along

Now that's the end of my story  
Let's have another round of booze  
And if anyone should ask you just tell them  
I've got the St. James Infirmary blues