

St. James Infirmary

Roger McGuinn

I went down to Old Joe's Bar-room.
On the corner by the square.
Drinks were being served as usual.
And the same old crowd was there.
On my left was Joe MacKennedy.
His eyes were blood-shot red.
His elbow on the bar he turned to me
And these are the words he said.
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 her go, let her go, God bless her.
Wherever she may be.
She can search this wide world over
She'll never find another man like me.
When I die bury me in my straight legged shoes
Box back coat and a stetson hat.
Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain.
So the boys will know I died standing pat.
There were sixteen coal black horses
When the coachman's whip did crack
There are sixteen miles to the graveyard
But my baby's never ever coming back
Well now you've heard my sad story.
Boy hand me another shot of that booze.
And if any one should ask you
I've got the St. James Infirmary Blues.
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