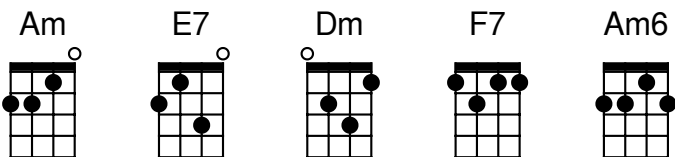


St James Infirmary

Arlo Guthrie lyric - simpler chords version



It was [Am]down in [E7]old Joe's [Am]barroom [E7]
At the corner [Dm]by the [E7]square
The [Am]drinks were [E7]served as [Am]usual
And the [F7]usual [E7]crowd was [Am]there

Now on my [Am]left stood [E7]big Joe [Am]McKinney [E7]
His [Am]eyes were [Dm]bloodshot [E7]red
And as he [Am]looked at the [E7]gang around [Am]him
These [F7]were the very [E7]words he [Am]said

I went [Am]down to the St. [E7]James [Am]Infirmary [E7]
I [Am]saw my [Dm]baby [E7]there
Stretched [Am]out on a [E7]long white [Am]table
So [F7]young, so [E7]cold, so [Am]fair [E7]

With [Am]seventeen [E7]coal black [Am]horses [E7]
[Am]Hitched to a [Dm]rubber-tired [E7]hack
Seven [Am]girls [E7]going to the [Am]graveyard
Only [F7]six of them [E7]are coming [Am]back

Let her [Am]go, let her [E7]go, God bless [Am]her [E7]
[Am]Wherever [Dm]she may [E7]be
She may [Am]search this [E7]wide world [Am]over
And never [F7]find another [E7]man like [Am]me [E7]

solo

When I [Am]die [E7]please [Am]bury me [E7]
In my high top [Dm]Stetson [E7]hat
Place a [Am]twenty dollar [E7]gold piece on my [Am]watch chain
To let the [F7]Lord know I [E7]died standing [Am]pat [E7]

I want six [Am]crap shooters [E7]for my [Am]pallbearers
A chorus girl to [Dm]sing me a [E7]song
Place a [Am]jazz band [E7]on my hearse [Am]wagon
Just to [F7]raise hell [E7]as we roll [Am]along [E7]

But [Am]now that you've [E7]heard my [Am]story
I'll take another [Dm]shot of [E7]booze
And if [Am]anyone [E7]here should [Am]ask you
I've [F7]got the [E7]gambler's [Am]blues

And if [Am]anyone [E7]here should [Am]ask you
I've [F7]got the [E7]gambler's [Am]blues [Am6]