St. James Infirmary

Cab Calloway

Well folks, I'm goin' down to St. James Infirmary See my little baby there She's stretched out on a long, white table Well she looks so good, so cold, so fair

Let her go, let her go, God bless her Wherever she may be You may search this whole wide world over But she'll never find another sweetheart like me, yeah

Take apart your bones and put 'em back together Tell your mother that you are somebody new Feel the breeze blow and tell 'em all, "Look out here it comes! " Now I can say whatever I feel like to you

Then keep me six crap-shooting pallbearers

Let a chorus girl sing me a song Put a red-hot jazz band, we raise Hallelujah as we go along, well

Well folks, now that you have heard my story Say boy, hand me another shot of that rye And if anyone else should ask you Just tell 'em I've got some of those St. James Infirmary blues