

Cab Calloway - St James Infirmary

Tom: F

m Fm C
 C
 Folks, i'm goin' down to st. james infirmary
 Fm C
 C
 see
 Fm C
 Fm C
 My baby there, she's stretched out on a long, white table
 Bbm C Fm C
 She's so sweet, so cold, so fair

Fm C Fm
 C
 Let her go, let her go, god bless her
 Fm C Fm C
 C
 Wherever she may be
 Fm C Fm
 C
 She will search this wide world over
 Bbm C
 Fm C
 C
 But she'll never find another sweet man like me

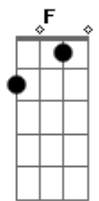
Fm C Fm
 C
 Now, when i die, bury me in my straight-leg britches
 Fm C Fm
 C
 Put on a box-back coat and a stetson hat

Fm C Fm
 C
 Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain
 Bbm C
 Fm C
 Fm C
 So you can let all the boys know i died standing pat

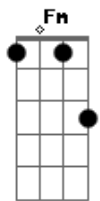
Fm C Fm
 C
 An' give me six crap shooting pall bearers
 Fm C Fm C
 Let a chorus girl sing me a song
 Fm C Fm C
 C
 put a reeed hot jazz band at the top of my head so we
 C
 can raise
 Bbm C Fm C
 Hallelujah as we go along

Fm C Fm
 C
 Folks, now that you have heard my story
 Fm C
 Fm C
 say, boy, hand me another shot of that boooooze
 Fm C
 Fm C
 C
 if anyone should ask you
 Bbm C
 Fm
 Tell 'em i've got those st. james infirmary blues

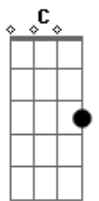
Acordes



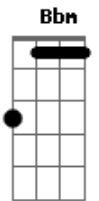
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