

# 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  
 But she'll never find another sweet man like me

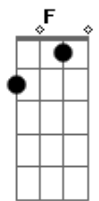
Fm C Fm  
 C  
 Now, when i die, bury me in my straight-leg britches  
 Fm C Fm  
 C  
 Put on a box-back coat and a stetson hat

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

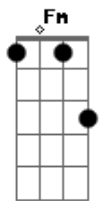
Fm C Fm  
 C  
 An' give me six crap shooting pall bearers  
 Fm C Fm C  
 Let a chorus girl sing me a song  
 Fm C Fm C  
 C  
 put a reeed hot jazz band at the top of my head so we  
 C  
 can raise  
 Bbm C Fm C  
 Hallelujah as we go along

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  
 if anyone should ask you  
 Bbm C  
 Fm  
 Tell 'em i've got those st. james infirmary blues

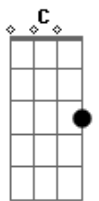
## Acordes



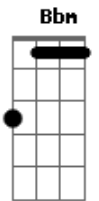
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