

# Bill Monroe, White House Blues

McKinley hollered , McKinley squalled  
Doc said McKinley I can't find the cause  
You're bound to die, you're bound to die

Doc told the horse, he'd throw down his rein  
He said to the horse you gotta outrun this train  
From Buffalo to Washington

The doc came a-running, he took off his specs  
Said Mr Mckinley better cash in your checks  
You've bound to die, you're bound to die

Look here, you rascal, you see what you've done  
Shot down my husband and I've got your gun  
I'm carrying you back, to Washington

Well, Roosevelt's in the White House, doing his best  
McKinley's in the graveyard taking his rest  
He's gone, for a long time