

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