

# Like William Mckinley

## Al Stewart

I got a letter; it came in the mail today  
I saw by the stamp it was written an ocean away  
No need to open it, I know what it must say  
I'll just go back to the dream I was having  
Before love went astray  
I'll sit on my porch like William McKinley  
And I'll let the world come to me  
And if it's too busy, I really don't mind and  
There's no place I want to be  
Now and again, I will open a window and  
Stare at the overcast sky  
And put you away in a drawer in my mind  
And I'll just bid all of my troubles goodbye

The country 'round here is deserted; there's no one at all  
People come here in the summer and leave in the fall  
You followed after them, disappeared into the night  
Now all that's left is the footprint you made  
In the mud, frozen in white  
I'll sit on my porch like William McKinley  
And I'll let the world come to me  
And if it's too busy, I really don't mind and  
There's no place I'll want to be  
Now and again, I will open and window and  
Stare at the overcast sky  
And put you away in a drawer in my mind  
And I'll just bid all of my troubles goodbye  
(repeat chorus)

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