

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
Ill just go back to the dream I was having
Before love went astray Ill sit on my porch like William McKinley
And Ill let the world come to me
And if its too busy, I really dont mind and
Theres 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 Ill just bid all of my troubles goodbye The country round here is deserted; theres 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 thats left is the footprint you made
In the mud, frozen in white Ill sit on my porch like William McKinley
And Ill let the world come to me
And if its too busy, I really dont mind and
Theres no place Ill 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 Ill just bid all of my troubles goodbye (repeat chorus)

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