

White House Blues

The Whiskey Gentry

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 the train
From Buffalo to Washington"The Doc came a-running, he took off his specs
He 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
You shot my husband with an Iver-Johnson gun
I'm carrying you back, to WashingtonRoosevelt's in the White House, he's doing his best
McKinley's in the graveyard, he's taking his rest
He's gone, for a long time

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