

# White House Blues

## Bill Monroe

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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