

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 worries 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

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