

# Watergate Blues

Tom T. Hall

McGovern said, "Boys, I think I'm gonna run  
Got a lot of work to be done in Washington"  
He talked to the poor folks, the blacks and the youth  
Humphrey said, "George, I think you gonna lose"  
He said, "I want that job myself"

There was Kennedy and Wallace and Muskie in mind  
McGovern couldn't seem to get his ducks all in line  
Somebody shot Wallace in Jackson he cried  
Muskie might have made it but he broke down and cried  
I'll tell you boys, it's a hard life

But down in Miami McGovern got it all  
A strange-lookin' bunch of folks inside convention hall  
McGovern said, "I need someone to carry the South  
They picked poor Tom Eagleton but folks found him out  
That liberal press, they gotta know it all

Well, McGovern took Shriver and he started to run  
Sarge said, "Eunice, let's have a little fun"  
They ran into trouble almost everywhere they went  
There was a big committee to elect the President  
I'll tell you now, they were a smooth group

Well, they broke into Watergate and tapped people's phones  
The FBI and CIA would not leave folks alone  
The people in the White House were burstin' with pride  
When the votes were all counted it was a big landslide  
The USA bought a new used car

Russia and Vietnam and China were cool  
The American press, they could not find any news  
So they dug into Watergate and the further they went  
It seemed as if they might just run into the President  
You know it was a big shock

Where there was Haldeman and Gray and Mitchell and Dean  
A whole lot of folks were shakin' on the White House scene  
They patched up the cracks but the dam broke loose  
Watergate was all you could read in the news  
And Dicky said, "that's news to me"

But there's Lincoln and Roosevelt and Truman and Ike  
All turnin' over in their graves every night  
And somehow my mind goes back to Betsy Ross  
Nobody knows what this country has lost  
I will repeat, it's a hard life

Well, somewhere in this country there's a hard-workin' man  
Readin' his paper as he tries to understand  
Are there no honest people left anymore?  
One might well heed hear a poundin' on his door  
If it gets that way, Lord help us all