

Of Thee I Sing (Remastered 95)

[Leon Russell](#)

Hung up in a Pennsylvania mining town
Got down to Boston in time for tea
Don't know exactly just what's going down
Better hang around until I see. She uses beauty like a knife
She cuts me even more, she changes
Right before my eyes into something ugly and sore.
Beauty like a knife
She cuts me even more, she changes
Right before my eyes into something strange and more. Don't bomb the inn, I'm on a holiday
But Oklahoma's just a jet away
And the blood is on the books in Ohio
So badly stained, what can I say?

Songwriters

RUSSELL, LEON Published by

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