

## Leon Redbone

### "Of Thee I Sing"

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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?

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