

Leon Russell

"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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