

George Harrison, Miss O'Dell

I'm the only one down here
Who's got nothing to say
About the war
Or the rice
That keeps going astray on its way to Bombay.
That smog that keeps polluting up our shores
Is boring me to tears.
Why don't you call me, Miss O'Dell?

I'm the only one down here
Who's got nothing to fear
From the waves
Or the rice
That keeps rolling on right up to my front porch.
The record player's broken on the floor,
And Ben, he can't restore it.
Miss O'Dell.

I can tell you
Nothing new
Has happened since I last saw you.

I'm the only one down here
Who's got nothing to say
About the hip
Or the dope
Or the cat with most hope to fill the Fillmore.
That pushing, shoving, ringing on my bell
Is not for me tonight.
Why don't you call me, Miss O'Dell?

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