

Twelve-thirty (Young girls are coming to the canyon) - 1/1

Interprété par The Mamas and The Papas.

I used to live in New York City Everything there was dark and dirty Outside my window was a steeple With a clock that always said twelve-thirty

Young girls are coming to the canyon And in the mornings I can see them walkin' I can no longer keep my blinds drawn And I can't keep myself from talkin'

At first so strange to feel so friendly
To say "Good mornin" and really mean it
To feel these changes happenin in me
But not to notice till I feel it

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Cloudy waters cast no reflection Images of beauty lie there stagnant Vibrations bounce in no direction But lie there shattered into fragments

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