

Twelve-Thirty

Scott McKenzie

I used to live in new york city
Every thing there was dark and dirty
Outside my window was a steeple
With a clock that always said 12: 30

Young girls are coming to the canyon
And in the morning I can see them walking
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn
And I cant keep myself from talking.

At first so strange to feel so friendly
To say good morning and really mean it
To feel these changes happening 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
And lie there shattered into fragments.

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