

Blueberries for Breakfast

The Mamas and the Papas

Blueberries for breakfast,
Love in the afternoon,
Butterflies in my trousers
Under the August moon...
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Drive you to the airport
Wait 'til it's time to go
I've checked the weather report
They say it will not snow
And all the planes can come and go
But I think the ceiling is too low,
So you can't go.

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Burning just a little too bright
Manhattan firefly,
Never make it through the night
Somehow she came out alright
Through the darkness,
See her light shining bright.

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I'm gonna have to call the cops,
If you don't leave me alone
Stop waiting at the bus stop,
Trying to walk me home
The FBI, the CIA, you know
They'll never leave you alone
And I will cut you to the bone.

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