

Twelve Thirty (Young Girls Are Coming To The Canyon)

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 walking
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn
And I can't 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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And in the mornings I can see them walking
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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

Young girls are coming to the canyon
(Young girls are in the canyon)
And in the mornings I can see them walking
(In the mornings I can see them walking)
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn
(Can no longer keep my blinds drawn)
And I can't keep myself from talking