

## Twelve-Thirty

Wilson Phillips

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