

Mamas & The Papas

"12:30"

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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

Young girls are coming to the canyon
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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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