

## **Scott McKenzie**

### **"Twelve Thirty"**

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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.

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.

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  
And in the morning I can see them walking  
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn  
And I cant keep myself from talking.

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