

## Mamas And The Papas, The "Blueberries For Breakfast"

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(John Phillips)

Blueberries for breakfast, love in the afternoon,  
Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon...  
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Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon...

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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Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon...

[?] New York fire [?]  
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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Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon...

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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