

# Mamas And The Papas - Twelve - Thirty

Am D G G7 C G  
I used to live in New York City.  
Am Dm G G7 C G  
Everything there was dark and dirty.  
Am F G G7 Eb G  
Outside my window was a steeple,  
Am Fm G G7 G G7  
with a clock that always said twelve-thirty.

CHORUS:

C G  
Young girls are coming to the canyon,  
F Fm G G7  
and in the mornings I can see them walking.  
C G  
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,  
F Fm C  
and I can't keep myself from talking.

Am D G G7 C G  
At first, so strange, to feel so friendly.  
Am Dm G G7 C G  
To say good morning and really mean it.  
Am F G F Eb G  
To feel these changes happening in me,  
Am Fm G G7 G G7  
but not to notice till I feel it.

CHORUS:

C G  
Young girls are coming to the canyon,  
F Fm G G7  
and in the mornings I can see them walking.  
C G  
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,  
F Fm C  
and I can't keep myself from talking.

Am D G G7 C G  
Cloudy waters cast no reflection.  
Am Dm G G7 C G  
Images of beauty lie there stagnant.  
Am F G F Eb G  
Vibrations bounce in no direction,  
Am Fm G G7 G G7  
and lie there shattered into fragments.

CHORUS:

C G  
Young girls are coming to the canyon,  
F Fm G G7  
and in the mornings I can see them walking.  
C G  
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,  
F Fm C  
and I can't keep myself from talking. (FAde.)