

Twelve - Thirty
The Mamas & The Papas

Twelve Thirty

Bbm **D#7** **G#** **G#sus**
I used to live in New York City.
Bbm **D#7** **G#** **G#sus**
Everything there was dark and dirty.
Bbm **D#m** **G#**
Outside my window was a steeple,
Bbm **A** **G#** **G#sus** **G#**
with a clock that always said twelve-thirty.

Chorus:

C# **G#**
Young girls are coming to the canyon,
F# **Bbm** **G#** **G#sus** **G#**
And in the mornings I can see them walking.
C# **G#**
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,
F# **F#m** **C#**
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.

Chorus

Cloudy waters cast no reflection.
Images of beauty lie there stagnant.
Vibrations bounce in no direction,
and lie there shattered into fragments.

Chorus

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