

# 12:30 (Young Girls Are Coming to the Canyon)

The Mamas and the Papas

Am            D                            G  
I used to live in New York City

Am            Dm                            G  
Everything there was dark and dirty

Am            Dm                            G  
Outside my window was a steeple

Am                            Ab                            G  
With a clock that always said twelve-thirty

{Refrain}

C    G  
Young girls are coming to the canyon

F                            Am                            C  
And in the morning 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

At first so strange to feel so friendly  
To say good morning and really mean it  
To feel these changes happenin' in me  
But not to notice till I feel it

{Refrain}

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

{Refrain to Fade}

