

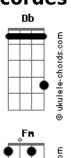
Tom: Db

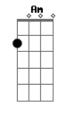
## The Mamas and the Papas - Look Through My Window

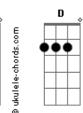
```
(com acordes na forma de
                                          ()
Capostraste na 1^{\underline{a}} casa
I used to live in new york city.
      Dm
Everything there was dark and dirty.
     F
               G
Outside my window was a steeple,
               Fm
With a clock that always said twelve-thirty.
Refrão:
Young girls are coming to the canyon,
       Fm
And in the mornings i can see them walking.
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,
     Fm
And i can't keep myself from talking.
At first, so strange, to feel so friendly.
Am Dm
                            G
To say good morning and really mean it.
                            G F Eb G
To feel these changes happening in me,
                      G
```

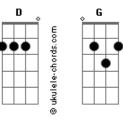
```
But not to notice till i feel it.
Refrão:
Young girls are coming to the canyon,
        Fm
And in the mornings i can see them walking.
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,
         Fm
And i can't keep myself from talking.
Cloudy waters cast no reflection.
        Dm
                     G
Images of beauty lie there stagnant.
                   G F Eb G
Vibrations bounce in no direction,
And lie there shattered into fragments.
Refrão:
Young girls are coming to the canyon,
        Fm
And in the mornings i can see them walking.
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,
```

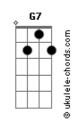
## **Acordes**

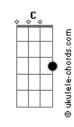












Fm

And i can't keep myself from talking.

