The Mamas and the Papas - Twelve-thirty

Tom: Db

Refrão:

C) (com acordes na forma de Capostraste na lª casa G G7 C G Am D I used to live in New York City. Dm G7 C G Am G Everything there was dark and dirty. F Am G7 Eb G G Outside my window was a steeple, G Am Fm G7 G G7 with a clock that always said twelve-thirty.

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.

AmDGG7CGAt first, so strange, to feel so friendly.AmDmGG7CGTo say good morning and really mean it.AmFGFEbGTo feel these changes happening in me,AmFmGG7GG

Acordes

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but not to notice till I feel it.

Young girls are coming to the canyon,

I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,

and I can't keep myself from talking.

Cloudy waters cast no reflection.

Images of beauty lie there stagnant.

Vibrations bounce in no direction,

and lie there shattered into fragments.

Young girls are coming to the canyon,

I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,

and I can't keep myself from talking.

and in the mornings I can see them walking.

G

and in the mornings I can see them walking.

G

G

Fm

Fm

Dm

F

Fm

Fm

Fm

G

C

G

G FEbG

G

C

G

G

G

G7 C G

G7 C G

G7 G G7

G7

G7

Refrão:

С

F .

F

Am

Am

Am

Am

С

F.

F.

Refrão:

D