

# Mansions

## The Mamas & the Papas

Sitting in our mansion,  
Guarded by expansion,  
Questioning our motives and our means  
Wondering why this isn't like the dream. Walls of wealth surround us  
People cannot hound us.  
A gentle Spanish lady cooks our meals,  
But we never ask her how she feels. Limousines and laughter,  
Parties everafter.  
If you play the game, you pay the price  
Purchasing a piece of paradise.  
Changes...changing. Fog and rain...  
([?] and trains...)  
London town's the same...  
(On the road again...)  
Borrowing [?] from friends...  
(Dirges and pain...)  
Circles have...  
(Circles have...)  
No end. Paris and Rome  
Making their scene,  
but missing our own.  
Beatles and Stones  
Then on the phone  
And come back home.  
Changes...changing. Nothing left to bind us  
People cannot find us.  
You live your life a  
And live it as you please.  
(Please, please, please)  
Live your life exactly as you please.  
(Please, please, please)  
Live your life and live it as you please  
(Please, please, please).  
Live your life exactly as you please  
(Please, please, please)  
Please, live your life just as you please.

Songwriters

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