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.

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