Twelve-Thirty

Wilson Phillips

I used to live in New York City;
Everything there was dark and dirty.
Outside my window was a steeple
With a clock that always said twelve-thirty.Young girls are coming to the canyon,
And in the mornings I can see them walking.
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,
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 happening in me,
But not to notice till I feel it.Young girls are coming to the canyon,
And in the mornings I can see them walking.
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,
(Young girls are in the canyon)
And in the mornings I can see them walking.
(In the mornings I can see them walking)
I can no longer keep my blinds drawn,
(Can no longer keep my blinds drawn)
And I can't keep myself from talking

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