Blueberries for Breakfast

The Mamas & The Papas

Blueberries for breakfast, love in the afternoon
Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon
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Butterflies in my trousers under the August moonDrive you to the airport, wait till it's time to go
I've checked the weather report, they say it will not snow
And all the planes can come and go
But I think the ceiling is too low, so you can't goBlueberries for breakfast, love in the afternoon
Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon[Incomprehensible] New York fire [incomprehensible]
Burning just a little too bright
Manhattan firefly, never make it through the night
Somehow she came out alright
Through the darkness, see her light shining brightBlueberries for breakfast, love in the afternoon
Butterflies in my trousers under the August moonI'm gonna have to call the cops, if you don't leave me alone
Stop waiting at the bus stop, trying to walk me home
The F.B.I., the C.I.A., you know they'll never leave you alone
And I will cut you to the boneBlueberries for breakfast, love in the afternoon
Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon
Blueberries for breakfast, love in the afternoon
Butterflies in my trousers under the August moon

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