Creeque Alley

The Mamas & the Papas

John and Mitchy were gettin' kinda itchy
Just to leave their folk music behind
Zal and Denny workin' for a penny
Tryin' to get a fish on the lineIn a coffee house Sebastian sat
And after every number they'd pass the hat
McGuinn and McGuire just a-gettin' higher in L.A.
You know where that's at
And no one's gettin' fat except Mama CassZal he said, "Denny, you know there aren't many
Who can sing a song the way that you do, let's go South"
Denny said, "Zally, golly, don't you think that I wish
I could play guitar like you"Zal, Denny, and Sebastian sat, at the Night Owl
And after every number they'd pass the hat
McGuinn and McGuire still a-gettin higher in L.A.
You know where that's at
And no one's gettin' fat except Mama CassWhen Cass was a sophomore, planned to go to Swarthmore
But she changed her mind one day
Standin' on the turnpike, thumb out to hitchhike
"Take me to New York right away"When Denny met Cass, he gave her love bumps
Called John and Zal and that was the Mugwumps
McGuinn and McGuire couldn't get no higher
But that's what they were aimin' at
And no one's gettin' fat except Mama CassMugwumps, high jumps, low slumps, big bumps
Don't you work as hard as you play
Make up, break up, everything is shake up
Guess it had to be that waySebastian and Zal formed the spoonful
Michelle, John, and Denny gettin' very tuneful
McGuinn and McGuire just a-catchin' fire in L.A.
You know where that's at
And everybody's gettin' fat except Mama CassBroke, busted, disgusted, agents can't be trusted
And Mitchy wants to go to the sea
Cass can't make it, she says, "We'll have to fake it"
We knew she'd come eventuallyGreasin' on American Express cards
Tents low rent, but keepin' out the heat's hard
Duffy's good vibrations and our imaginations
Can't go on indefinitely
And California dreamin' is becomin' a reality

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