

# The Streets of San Francisco

Barclay James Harvest

On a cold misty night  
At the corner of Haight  
She stood with a Colt Forty-Five  
The gun in her hand  
Awaiting her man  
A victim to take by surprise

She's the Golden Gate Park killer  
She's the scourge of 'Frisco bay  
Where she got herself beat up and left for dead  
By a man she felt true love for  
But who left her out of hand  
Now she's out to take revenge on every man  
As she stands there with a pistol in her hand

The victim arrives  
She looks in his eyes  
He goes for the gun in her hand  
Karl Malden was great  
But just a bit late  
And got it right between the eyes

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