

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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