

## San Francisco

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Go if you want to go  
But I won't follow  
Just so you know  
Leave if you want to leave  
But I won't be here  
When you come home

I'm gonna to move to San Francisco  
Look up some old friends  
I'm gonna get me a navy pea coat  
And an old Mercedes Benz

This old town it keeps shrinking  
There's too many people in my junk  
I'm gonna do a lot of drinking  
Cause it don't hurt when I'm drunk

I'm gonna rent me an old Victorian  
Down in the Lower Haight  
I'm gonna get me an old accordion  
Play for the tourists on the golden gate  
I'm gonna plant a little garden  
Paint my bathroom blue  
I'm gonna try real hard  
To get over you

Here in the city life doesn't move so slow  
There's plenty of good people I know  
Up in north beach they drink spicy Italian liqueur  
Down on market there's a lot of hobos and hustlers

Down in Hayes Valley, there's a lot of good restaurants  
Deep in the tenderloin you can have anything you want  
Over in the mission it's always a sunny day  
It's a real good baseball town but my team is across the bay

When you come home