

San Francisco Fan

Cab Calloway

San Francisco Fan
Loved a no-good gamblin' man;
She drank the coffee dregs so she could fry his eggs
In a golden fryin' pan.

Can-canned by command,
Of the Gold Rush Cafe clan,
She gave her man her pay; he gambled it away
Playing Chinatown fan-tan.

Once they caught him cheatin'
And he knew that he was beaten,
When a miner aimed a pistol at his head,
Fanny, when she seen 'em,
Ran and jumped right inbetween 'em,
And she stopped a dozen slugs of poison lead.

There was Fanny dyin'
While a hundred men were cryin'
And the angels up above were cryin', too;
When seven horses started draggin'
Fanny's coffin in a wagon
Down a dusty California avenue.

San Francisco Fan
Gave her life to save her man,
A man who wasn't worth a shovelful of earth
From the grave of San Francisco Fan.

San Francisco Fan
Gave her life to save a man,
A man who wasn't worth a shovelful of earth
From the grave of San Francisco Fan.