

Life In San Francisco

Girls

Rain drips drops on my head
And I can't remember your name again
You don't have too much of a face
Your always walking on the tips of your toes
Instead of your feet or your heels at all
You always look like you're ready to fall
Back into bed or into my arms
You're holding on for dear life

La la la la
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Wind blows the hair on my head
And I can't remember which bus to take
But I want to get back to the place
Where you can see the sun set on the sea and break
With some waves on the side of it all
I always feel like I'm ready to fall
Back into bed or into your arms
I'm holding on for dear life

La la la la
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