

## 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  
Life in San Francisco

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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