

## San Franciscan Nights

Harpo

Strobe lights beam, creates dreams  
Walls move, minds do, too  
On a warm San Franciscan night  
Old child, young child feel all right  
On a warm San Franciscan night  
Angels sing, leather wings  
Jens of blue, Harley Davidsons too  
On a warm San Franciscan nights  
Young angel, old angel feel all right  
On a warm San Franciscan night  
I wasn't born there  
Perhaps I'll die there  
There's no place left to go  
San Francisco  
A cop's face is filled with hate  
Heavens above he's on a street called love  
When will they ever learn?  
Young cop, old cop feel all right  
On a warm San Franciscan night  
I wasn't born there  
Perhaps I'll die there  
'Cos there's no place left to go  
San Francisco  
Young child, old child feel all right  
On a warm San Franciscan night  
Young angel, old angel feel all right  
On a warm San Franciscan night