

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