

She is a weaver  
Through her hands the bright thread travels  
Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars

She sings and sighs as the shuttle flies  
Through the yarn like a Kerry dancer  
Pink and purple velvet red for a lover's bed

Living north of San Francisco  
With a man who built his house alone  
Living peaceful in the country  
The lights of the golden gate will lead her home

She is a spinner  
In her hands the wooden wheel turns the wool around  
Then around again

A gypsy from Bolinas  
Sits and plays the mandolin  
Faces smile in the firelight of a foggy night

Living north of San Francisco  
Sometimes it's nice to be alone  
She says, it's peaceful where she is living  
The lights of the golden gate will lead her home

You can see the bridges of the city  
Hanging in the air by steel and stone  
She says, it's peaceful where she's living  
The lights of the golden gate will lead her home

She is a weaver  
Through her hand the bright thread travels  
Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars

She is my sister  
The baby born when I was older  
Her hands are light, her hair is bright as the summer sun

Living north of San Francisco  
Sometimes it's nice to be alone  
She says, it's peaceful in the country  
The lights of the golden gate will lead her home

The lights of the golden gate will lead her home