

San Franciscan Nights

The Animals

This following program is dedicated to the City and people of San Francisco, who may not know it, but they are beautiful, and so is their city. This is a very personal song, so if the viewer cannot understand it, particularly those of you who are our European residents, save up all your bread and fly Trans World Airways to San Francisco, USA. Then, maybe you'll understand the song. It will be worth it. If not for the sake of this song, but for the sake of your own piece of mind.

Strobe light's 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
Jeans of blue, Harley Davidson's too
On a warm San Franciscan night

Old angel, young angel
Feel all right
On a warm San Fran-ciscan night

I wasn't born there
Perhaps I'll die there
There's no place...left to go
San Francisco (BREAK)

Cops face, is filled, with hate
Heavens above
He's on a street, called "Love"
When will they ever learn?

Old cop, young cop
Feel all right
On a warm San Fran-ciscan night

The children are cool
They don't raise fools
It's an American dream
Includes Indians too