

San Franciscan nights

This following program is dedicated to the city
and people of San Franciscan, 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 European residents, save up all your
bread and fly translove airways to
San Francisco U.S.A.
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 peace of mind

Strobe lights beam create dreams
walls move minds do too
on a warm San Franciscan night
old child young child feel alright
on a warm San Franciscan night
angels sing leather wings
jeans of blue Harley Davidsons too
on a warm San Franciscan night
old angels young angels feel alright
on a warm San Franciscan night

I wasn't born there perhaps I'll die there
there's no place left to go, San Franciscan

Cop's face is filled with hate
heavens above he's on a street called love
when will they even learn
old cop young cop feel alright
on a warm San Franciscan night
the children are cool
they don't raise fools
it's an American dream
includes indians too