

San Francisco

Stu Larsen

I got some money and found myself a car
I headed north toward the boulevard
on my own. And Paul Simon and his friends
singing something about Mrs. Robinson
on the radio. And I'm going north.

I'm going north.

But I won't know where I'm going till I get there.

You know I wish you felt the same.

Maybe I'll find love in San Francisco

I can hear her calling out my name. Ooooh, ooooh.

Ooooh, ooooh. My jeans are too tight and my hair is too long.

You look at me like I'm a vagabond.

Well maybe I am.

The sun's going down, the lights come on.

I'll keep driving till the day is done

on the 101. I'm going north.

I'm going north.

But I won't know where I'm going till I get there.

You know I wish you felt the same.

And maybe I'll find love in San Francisco

I can hear her calling out my name. {Interlude} And I won't know where I'm going till I get there

You know I wish you felt the same.

And maybe I'll find love in San Francisco

I can hear her calling out my name. And I won't know where I'm going till I get there.

You know I wish you felt the same.

Maybe I'll find love in San Francisco

I can hear her calling out my name.

I can hear her calling out my name.

I can hear her calling out my name. Ooooh, ooooh.

Ooooh, ooooh.

Ooooh, ooohooohooo.

Lyrics provided by

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