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 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.

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