

# 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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