

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 European residents
Save up all your bread and fly TransWorld 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 creates 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 Davisons 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 Francisco Cop's face is filled with hate
Heavens above he's on a street called love
When will they ever 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

Lyrics provided by

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