

San Franciscan Nights (Re-Recorded)

The Animals

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 Davidson's 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

Songwriters

JENKINS, BARRY / MCCULLOCH, DANNY / BURDON, ERIC VICTOR / WEIDER, JOHNNY / BRIGGS,
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