

San Francisco Blues

Lowell Fulson

Suitcase packed,
trunk's already gone.
Going to san francisco
to make it my home, yeah.
San Francisco,
please make room for me.
Well I'm going to San Francisco
if I have to crawl on my knees. Take me to Fillmore Street.
It's the place to be.
Somewhere to find good women,
any man want to see, yeah.
San Francisco,
please make room for me.
Well I'm going to go to San Francisco
if I have to crawl on my knees. (Interlude) Bye bye baby,
you can do as you please.
Cause I'm going to San Francisco,
so I can make it ease.
San Francisco,
please make room for me.
Well I'm going to San Francisco
if I have to crawl on my knees.

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