

Eric Burdon**"San Franciscan Nights"**

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(Burdon/Briggs/Weider/Jenkins/McCulloch)

Strobe light beam, creates dreams
Walls move, minds do too
On a warm San Franciscan night

Old child , young child
Feel all right

On a warm San Franciscan night
Angels sing, leather wings
Jeans of blue, Harley Davidson's too
On a warm San Franciscan night

Old angel, young angel
Feel all right
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

Cops face is filled with hate
Heavens above
He's on a street called "Love"
When will they ever learn?
Old cop, young cop
Feel all right
On a warm San Franciscan night

The children are cool
They don't raise fools
It's an American dream
Includes Indians too

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