

## **Eric Burdon & The Animals** **"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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