

James Harvest Barclay

"The Streets Of San Francisco"

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On a cold misty night
On the corner of Haight
She stood with a Colt forty-five.
The gun in her hand
Awaiting her man
A victim to take by surprise.
She's the Golden Gate Park killer
She's the scourge of Frisco Bay
Where she got herself beat up
And left for dead
By a man she felt true love for
But who left her out of hand.
Now she's out to take revenge on every man
As she stands there with a pistol in her hand.
The victim arrives
She looks in his eyes
He goes for the gun in her hand.
Karl Malden was great. (unlike the film, though)
But just a bit late. (this was the real show)
And got it right between the eyes.
She's the Golden Gate Park killer
She's the scourge of Frisco Bay
Where she got herself beat up
And left for dead
By a man she felt true love for
But who left her out of hand.
Now she's out to take revenge on every man
As she stands there with a pistol in her hand.
Repeat Chorus.

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