

Philosopher Kings

"All Dressed Up For San Francisco"

Visit "[All Dressed Up For San Francisco](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She's got spider web hair
And a skin like see through jelly
With a, a porcelain stare
That moves the walls of my belly

But she used to have a Cherub's glow
That lit a lamp gas nose
Her eyes were full of hot wine
And her body was a rose

Now, she moved like a liquid
Through the boys of Mason City
Had every Gatling gun slinging soldier
Every grease monkey, every Walter Mitty

She finally settled on some corn husker
With cotton seed teeth under a diamond smile
Dressed up for San Francisco but
Held up in Mason City for a while

Now, her man used to work
To make the corn belt grow
While she would dream of a city
With the soft heart, San Francisco

Dream a quiet burrow
For a husband, child and wife
And poke another hole
Into the heart of American life

Now, San Francisco's no place
For a Mason City couple
You can get thrown into a turbine
And get lost in the shuffle

She keeps everything she owns
In a Saratoga trunk that's going out of style
Dressed up for San Francisco but
Held up in Mason City for a while

No, no, no
No, no, no

No, no, no

...

Visit [Philosopher Kings](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.