

## Anjani

### "The golden gate"

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Looking back, to San Francisco  
Wearing my blue Chinese dress  
A yellow jacket with padded shoulders  
Smoking Sobranie cigarettes

Four o'clock and the fog comes in  
We all remember the sea  
For several seconds our sins are forgiven  
Mine against you, yours against me

Don't wait for me and don't be sorry  
Forget all the letters we wrote  
Leave to the foghorns our lonesome story  
Let them sustain the heavy note

We order another margarita  
Sipping it slow by the window  
Nobody needs an Indian teacher  
All they need is San Francisco

For we are driving most carefully home  
Down roads that are floating and veiled  
The Golden Gate,  
It's still gold,  
It's still great  
Nobody's drunk  
Nothing has failed

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