

Roger McGuinn **"Russian Hill"**

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Last night in the middle of a dream
I started thinkin' 'bout Russian Hill
And Ferlinghetti with his Coney Island mind
And you and me with some time to fill

We ate in Chinatown, we rode the cable car
We did what tourists always do
But in the dream you were a movie star
And I was someone too

Was that the two of us in love
Why did it end so soon
I don't believe in fallin' out of love
I never met the man in the moon
If it's so hard to find the key
It's not the singer, it's the tune

Sun high in the California sky
We walked the beach around Monterey
True Confessions in a Sausalito bar
The windows shinin' across the bay

The age of innocence and searchin'
In the dark for what we'd never seen
And we could taste the sweetness
Of our lives in bitter mescaline

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