

## Silver Jews

### "San Francisco B.C"

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Old San Francisco, San Francisco B.C.  
I lived with my true love and she lived with me.  
"Romance is the douche of the bourgeoisie"  
Was the very first thing she imparted to me  
We had sarcastic hair, we used lewd pseudonyms  
We got a lot of stares on the street back then.

Since her dad, a local barber, had been beaten to death  
She had become a vocal martyr in the vegan press  
The cops had failed, they couldn't catch a bus  
They were looking for a male with a bad hair cut  
Enter tumbleweed, exit love and our affaire d'amour  
Was set on self-destruct.

She said "you don't make enough to provide for me."  
I said "what about the stuff that we quote believe?"  
She said "I left that on the sands of history  
I've found a new man to take care of me  
He dresses for success and emergency  
And he moves a lot of concrete on the QVC."

Little, asian, deadly, like a cobra in the shade  
Sat in the midst of the smoke that he made  
His name was Mr. Games and he owned the place  
It was a lonely bar and grill in the Lower Haight  
He had a jeweler's hands and a blurry face  
He knew I needed a chance so he gave me a break.

"If I hire you now, can you start today?  
I got a high-rise job down by the bay.  
Just a couple of rocks and some firearms  
There's not many locks and just one alarm  
My step-son Gene will pick you up and drive  
Try to be his friend, he's got a friendly side."

Doll-house lightning and the next thing I knew  
We were back at our point of rendezvous.  
I was in the possession of burglary tools  
Children's fur coats and diamonds and jewels  
Gene's talking about insignificant shit

Just like crooks in the movies when they do that bit.

He said the power of metal will never be harnessed.  
I thought the wages of metal should be heavily  
garnished.

We were waiting for his dad to meet us there  
Gene took off his hat and I noticed his hair  
It was neatly trimmed but a patch was bare  
I knew it wasn't the wave, it was human error.

Before I knew what I said, I said "killer cut."  
I watched him silently putting out a cigarette butt.  
Then he came at me with some fist cuisine  
I had to duck aside and that was bad for Gene  
Cause when he went by me he tripped and fell  
Through the glass coffee table at the Wong hotel.

Right there and then Mr. Games walked in  
With my ex-true love on his gamy limb.  
So her dad's killer's dad was her new beau  
And Games had a wife, whatta you know?  
She got real real quiet till we chucked the kid  
Then she went her way and I went his.

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