

Gregory Alan Isakov**"San Francisco"**

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The mist fills,
Quiet room.
San Francisco

What the hell was all
That talkin' round,
Where is it now, sunny California?
I wake with you, I feel your coat, sleep late afternoons
And I hitched along, but I turned wrong,
How you moved me along, with your Shepard songs,
Every time you opened up to sing

The still sun, never moves, across the sky
Funny thing, time.
She made you mine
And she'll rob you blind.

Lay down in your new town
Walk the ground.
Glass and houses fill the fields.

Now the moon sees everything
In this sanitarium
Can I get through, like the moon gets through,
Across the sea
Traacherous.
And now you've gone, after all we've known,
And after all that I've been told
California's cold

Lay down in your new town
Walk the ground
How you made me weep on Sansom St.
And how you made the weather come.

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Quiet room.
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