

The Animals

"San Francisco Nights"

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This following program is dedicated
To the city and people of San Francisco
Who may not know it but they are beautiful
And so is their city this is a very personal song

So if the viewer cannot understand it
Particularly those of you who are European residents
Save up all your bread and fly trans love airways
To San Francisco U.S.A

Then maybe you'll understand the song
It will be worth it if not for the sake of this song
But for the sake of your own peace of mind

Strobe lights beam, creates dreams
Walls move, minds to do
On a warm San Francisco night
Old child young child feel alright
On a warm San Francisco night

Angels sing, leather wings
Jeans of blue, Harley Davidson too
On a warm San Francisco night
Old angels young angels feel alright
On a warm San Francisco night

I wasn't born there, perhaps I'll die there
There's no place left to go, San Francisco

Cop's face is filled with hate
Heavens above he's on a street called love
When will they ever learn
Old cop young cop feel alright
On a warm San Francisco night

The children are cool
They don't raise fools
It's an American dream
Includes Indians too

