

The Barclay James Harvest

"Fiction: The Streets Of San Francisco"

Visit "[Fiction: The Streets Of San Francisco](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

On a cold misty night
On the corner of Haight
She stood with a Colt 45
The gun in her hand
Awaiting her man
A victim to take by surprise

She's the Golden Gate Park killer
She's the scourge of 'Frisco bay
Where she got herself beat up and left for dead
By a man she felt true love for
But who left her out of hand
Now she's out to take revenge on every man
As she stands there with a pistol in her hand

The victim arrives
She looks in his eyes
He goes for the gun in her hand

Karl Malden was great (unlike the film, though)
But just a bit late (this was the real show)
And got it right between the eyes

She's the Golden Gate Park killer
She's the scourge of 'Frisco bay
Where she got herself beat up and left for dead
By a man she felt true love for
But who left her out of hand
Now she's out to take revenge on every man
As she stands there with a pistol in her hand

Visit [The Barclay James Harvest](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.