

Harpo - San Franciscan Nights

tom:

G
Strobe lights beam, creates dreams
Walls do move, minds do, too
On a warm San Franciscan night
Old child, young child feel all right
On a warm San Franciscan night
Angels sing, leather wings
Jeans of blue, Harley Davidsons too
On a warm San Franciscan night
Young angel, old angel feel all right
On a warm San Franciscan night
I wasn't born there
Perhaps I'll die there
There's no place left to go
San Francisco

G D Em D
A cop's face is filled with hate
G D Em D
Heavens above he's on a street called love
Am C G
When will they ever learn?
G Am C G
Young cop, old cop feel all right
Am C G
On a warm San Franciscan night
Cm
I wasn't born there
Bm Em
Perhaps I'll die there
Am D
Cause there's no place left to go

(San Francisco)

[Solo]

G Am C G
Young child, old child feel all right
Am C G
On a warm San Franciscan night
G Am C G
Young angel, old angel feel all right
Am C G
On a warm San Franciscan night

Acordes



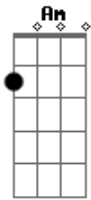
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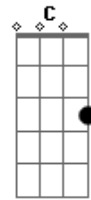
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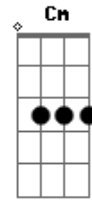
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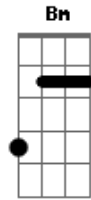
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