

# Harpo - San Franciscan Nights

tom:

G  
Strobe lights beam, creates dreams  
G D Em D  
Walls do move, minds do, too  
Am C G  
On a warm San Franciscan night  
G Am C G  
Old child, young child feel all right  
Am C G  
On a warm San Franciscan night  
G D Em D  
Angels sing, leather wings  
G D Em D  
Jeans of blue, Harley Davidsons too  
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  
Cm  
I wasn't born there  
Bm Em  
Perhaps I'll die there  
Am D  
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)

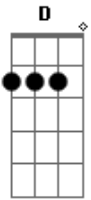
[Solo]

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

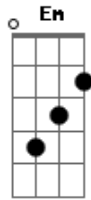
## Acordes



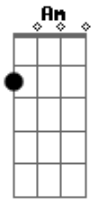
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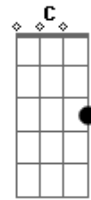
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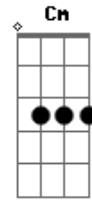
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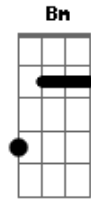
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