

American Music Club, All The Lost Souls Welcome

years ago my soul went missing
it was looking for a life no-one would mourn
until it faded into the smile of some fool
still looking for shelter from this storm
all the lost souls welcome you to San Francisco
at 22 I came here to retire
and tell myself that I was free
but now all day I always stoke the fire
that I saw fade on the shining sea
i came looking for the party
ah come on Marty, you're the king of 22nd Street
just give me some hope, or give me at least enough rope
i want to fly, shake the dirt off my feet
all the lost souls welcome you to San Francisco
a city built by fire trucks!
dirty old bastards drunk on love
and mean old queens who never forgive
the compromises they made to live
now you can always find me at the celebration
waiting for glory to strike me down
i'm trying to keep the good times rolling
because they're almost gone
all the lost souls welcome you to San Francisco
it's a beauty your hearts all recognize
and never get their fill
everyone is hunting a love supreme
watching it roll softly down the hill
all the lost souls welcome you to San Francisco