

Band Of Annuals, San Francisco, Take Me Back

The smell of cold hits my nose
and the leaves are starting to change
drivin' down this old road
and not much has changed
except the seasons

and i miss san francisco
the smell of the ocean
and the way the fog hits your headlights
and the sun sets to it's salty demise

walkin' backwards
walkin' backwards
walkin' backwards
walkin' backwards yeah