

The Animals, San Francisco Nights

This following program is dedicated to the city and people of San Francisco, who may not know it but they are beautiful and so is their city this is a very personal song, so if the viewer cannot understand it particularly those of you who are European residents save up all your bread and fly trans love airways to San Francisco U.S.A., then maybe you'll understand the song, it will be worth it, if not for the sake of this song but for the sake of your own peace of mind.

Strobe lights beam create dreams
walls move minds to do
on a warm San Francisco night
old child young child feel alright
on a warm San Francisco night
angels sing leather wings
jeans of blue Harley Davisons too

on a warm San Francisco night
old angels young angels feel alright
on a warm San Francisco night.

I wasn't born there perhaps I'll die there
there's no place left to go, San Francisco.

Cop's face is filled with hate
heavens above he's on a street called love
when will they even learn
old cop young cop feel alright
on a warm San Francisco night
the children are cool
they don't raise fools
it's an american dream
includes indians too