

The Dingees, San Francisco

Be fine in line stand straight in time
When in doubt watch me then mime
What you see carbon copy now believe what I believe
Exactly what do I see? Hypocrisy and I'm slippin' free

Your movin' to San Francisco
I see you're leavin' today
There ain't a place you can leave and then go
Assume your trouble will stay

All these are things that you've shown to me
Now it's not what you want to be

When you say it's such a clear day
Though it be a clear day
You turn around and the people will say
Must be a cloudy day

See excuse dished out from the telly
Have a hard time to swallow really
Now I feel like my hearts on fire
Spread like waves from a radio wire
Shoot like sparks of electrical tower
Look like lightning and thundershower
Is it enough for the world to see
There's something and someone to believe