Anjani, The Golden Gate

Anjani
Blue Alert
The Golden Gate
Looking back, to San Francisco
Wearing my blue Chinese dress
A yellow jacket with padded shoulders
Smoking Sobranie cigarettes

Four o'clock and the fog comes in
We all remember the sea
For several seconds our sins are forgiven
Mine against you, yours against me

Don't wait for me and don't be sorry
Forget all the letters we wrote
Leave to the foghorns our lonesome story
Let them sustain the heavy note

We order another margarita
Sipping it slow by the window
Nobody needs an Indian teacher
All they need is San Francisco

For we are driving most carefully home
Down roads that are floating and veiled
The Golden Gate,
It's still gold,
It's still great
Nobody's drunk
Nothing has failed