

Barclay James Harvest, The, Fiction: The Streets

Barclay James Harvest, The

XII

Fiction: The Streets Of San Francisco

On a cold misty night

On the corner of haight

She stood with a colt 45

The gun in her hand

Awaiting her man

A victim to take by surprise

She's the golden gate park killer

She's the scourge of 'frisco bay

Where she got herself beat up and left for dead

By a man she felt true love for

But who left her out of hand

Now she's out to take revenge on every man

As she stands there with a pistol in her hand

The victim arrives

She looks in his eyes

He goes for the gun in her hand

Karl malden was great (unlike the film, though)

But just a bit late (this was the real show)

And got it right between the eyes

She's the golden gate park killer

She's the scourge of 'frisco bay

Where she got herself beat up and left for dead

By a man she felt true love for

But who left her out of hand

Now she's out to take revenge on every man

As she stands there with a pistol in her hand