

Bob Lind, San Francisco Woman

City sidewalks guide her feet
Up the hill to Stanyan Street
Ran out of money yesterday
She doesn't have a place to stay
Suitcase carries everything she owns
She can't afford to take a Greyhound home
But don't expect to see her cry
She's a San Francisco woman
She knows how to get by

When she's down to seeds and stems
And pawned off everything she can
She's got no problems, she's got friends
Glad to pull her up again
And when she's over on the other end
She'll get the chance to do the same for them
So don't feel sorry for the girl
She's a San Francisco woman
She can live in her world

Good times keep within her reach
Midnight walks along the beach
And when she's home and friends come up
They drink wine out of paper cups
She loves the people and the life she lives
She won't apologize for what she is
So don't expect her to
She's a San Francisco woman
She knows how to make do

She's a down home woman she's not a queen
And when her grass is not so green
She can live on rice and beans
And wash her clothes without machines
And when she's down without a dime
She'll recover every time
She'll never shiver in the rain
She's a San Francisco woman
She knows how to maintain