

Brian Wilson, San Francisco

Time to giddy-up doo wah diddy-up

San Francisco San Francisco
Her lover's arms were open wide
Where the gates of golden
Waits with charms unfoldin'
Hold that cable car up there with pride
I gotta ride (ride ride)

Giddy up down to
San Francisco San Francisco
Where love is true as time and tide
She was seventeen though
When I left from Reno
Like some Valentino
With my bride there by my side

I can't go from Cisco down to Frisco
How I'm missin' those days of yore (El Dorado)
Miss those frisky women raw rye whiskey with each kissin' we would
explore
El Dorado
For this desperado
Was gold in the dust
Like many a man in God do I trust
Gave up on El Dorado
So lost in my lust
Where love is not for sale
Out on the end of the
Trail

Time to giddy up doo wah diddy up
San Francisco San Francisco
Hope just like a candlestick in flame
Sportin' life did change her
Shore life rearranger
Brought her misfortune and shame

Roll on down the California flyway the highway I have known
I have known
Old mystery sunsets down on water
The soul of man unfold

Time to giddy up doo wah diddy up
San Francisco San Francisco
Hope there you'll find love is not for sale
Out at the end of
The trail

Gonna ride
Ride ride ride gonna ride
Gonna
Ride