

# Cab Calloway, San Francisco Fan

San Francisco Fan

Loved a no-good gamblin' man;  
She drank the coffee dregs so she could fry his eggs  
In a golden fryin' pan.

Can-canned by command,  
Of the Gold Rush Cafe clan,  
She gave her man her pay; he gambled it away  
Playing Chinatown fan-tan.

Once they caught him cheatin'  
And he knew that he was beaten,  
When a miner aimed a pistol at his head,  
Fanny, when she seen 'em,  
Ran and jumped right inbetween 'em,  
And she stopped a dozen slugs of poison lead.

There was Fanny dyin'  
While a hundred men were cryin'  
And the angels up above were cryin', too;  
When seven horses started draggin'  
Fanny's coffin in a wagon  
Down a dusty California avenue.

San Francisco Fan  
Gave her life to save her man,  
A man who wasn't worth a shovelful of earth  
From the grave of San Francisco Fan.

San Francisco Fan  
Gave her life to save a man,  
A man who wasn't worth a shovelful of earth  
From the grave of San Francisco Fan.