

Jill Sobule, San Francisco

She shuts the door behind me, waits for me to get undressed
She ask if I need water, I can barely understand her
I think she asked me what I do and I said that I'm a singer
She laughs and claps her hands
And then she begins
And she sings:

"I like to go to San Francisco
I like to go
Put flowers in my hair
I like to go to San Francisco
I like to meet
Some people there"

She looks just like a sparrow, but she's strong just like a wrestler
She kneads and pulls and climbs on top
It hurts, but I will try to take it
Ask her if she's ever been
Been to San Francisco
She tells me that she can't leave
They won't let her leave
She sings:

"I like to go to San Francisco
I like to go
Put flowers in my hair
I like to go to San Francisco
I like to meet
Some people there"

And in Golden Gate Park
She'll throw a Frisbee
She'll bring a dog
And she'll meet a boy
And they'll fall in love
And she'll feel so free
Still walk on his back

Wonder 'bout the place I'm in and how they treat the girls
I know that it's legitimate
But still it makes me wonder
She gets up to leave
And I put back on my clothes
I tip her well, she bows to me
I really hope one day she gets to go

"...To San Francisco
I like to go
Put flowers in my hair
I like to go to San Francisco
I like to meet
Some people there" (Some people there)

La la la la la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la