

# 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