Joe Jackson, 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 frying pan

Can-can-ed 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'd seen him Ran and jumped right in between 'em

And she stopped a dozen slugs of poison lead

There was Fanny dyin'

While a hundred men stood cryin'

And the angels up above were cryin' too

When seven horses started draggin'

Fanny's coffin in a wagon

Through a dusty Californian 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

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