

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
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
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