

Lucero, San Francisco

First time I saw it half asleep and broken hearted
They strapped half stacks to roof racks and drove to the parties
Nothing like home with the cold summer nights
They played songs for the girls and they drank till daylight
Sunk my heart at the bottom of the bay
Gonna wash up on the black rocks one day
Like unlucky sailors just swept out to sea
I think all the girls I've loved walked through your streets
But the waves and the fog always took 'em from me
The Oakland apartments with the bars underneath 'em
The girlfriends and sweethearts and the bay in between 'em
I buried my heart at the bottom of the hill
If the girlfriends don't get you the sweethearts sure will
Only nineteen, so easy to forget
Do you wake up every morning and thank god for those legs
North to Santa Rosa and south to Santa Cruz
The Humboldt House, The Boardwalk, and the homemade tattoos