

## San Francisco

Lucero

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