

The Streets of San Francisco

Barclay James Harvest

D
On a cold misty night
E
At the corner of Haight
Em **D**
She stood with a Colt Forty-Five
D
The gun in her hand
E
Awaiting her man
Em **D**
A victim to take by surprise

D **A** **G**
She's the Golden Gate Park killer
D **A** **G**
She's the scourge of 'Frisco bay
D **G** **A**
Where she got herself beat up and left for dead
D **A** **G**
By a man she felt true love for
D **A** **G**
But who left her out of hand
D **G** **A**
Now she's out to take revenge on every man
D **G** **D**
As she stands there with a pistol in her hand

D
The victim arrives
E
She looks in his eyes
Em **D**
He goes for the gun in her hand
D
Karl Malden was great
E
But just a bit late
Em **D**
And got it right between the eyes

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As she stands there with a pistol in her hand