

Van Morrison

Billy Raffoul

I saw your eyes in San Fransisco
Above a face mask on a cable car
I heard your laugh at the next table
At an overrated under-waited bar
Now I'm stood on ceremony
Against a door that I once pressed your back
Your friends say that you still care for me
I'm too much of a cynic to believe that

If it were 2030, maybe there'd be hope
I'm more than a decade early for some playful joke
That if we're not spoken for by 40 we'll give this a go

Goddamn Van Morrison
I wish that song was mine
Maybe she'd dance to it
Under the dying light
With dark brown eyes

I've never been 'round San Fransisco
I mean I have, but not by cable car
Like Urban Outfitters turntables
We reminisce until we go too far

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