

San Francisco Song

Camera Obscura

You know I cannot stand your love for alcohol
You're such a tall man but you're looking kind of small
I'll send you movie stills to rid you of your ills
Because you're ill

Now you're finding out I'm hard to please
You'd better watch your mouth you'll bring a girl close to tears
I ripped up my lyric book, gave myself the blackest look
Black looks

You would think by now I wouldn't miss this place
It makes my poor legs weak and my sweet heart start to race
To race, yeah to race