Strobe lights beam, creates dreams Walls move, minds do, too On a warm San Franciscan night Old child, young child feel all right On a warm San Franciscan night Angels sing, leather wings Jens of blue, Harley Davidsons too On a warm San Franciscan nights Young angel, old angel feel all right On a warm San Franciscan night I wasn't born there Perhaps I'll die there There's no place left to go San Francisco A cop's face is filled with hate Heavens above he's on a street called love When will they ever learn? Young cop, old cop feel all right On a warm San Franciscan night I wasn't born there Perhaps I'll die there 'Cos there's no place left to go San Francisco Young child, old child feel all right On a warm San Franciscan night Young angel, old angel feel all right On a warm San Franciscan night