

San Andreas

The Rubettes

I left my home in New York
For the city by the bay
All my friends said come and stay
Where the pretty people play

I heard it in a song
Cable cars that fill the air
Movie stars in every chair
Now I've seen it I could swear

That when you're down and out
You'll find out about
Those friends who won't bale you out
When you make a call
Ain't you got the stuff
You ain't good enough
Folk can treat you rough
When you've had a fall

And it's not the fault of him
It's not the fault of us
It's just the fault of San Andreas

I've had enough of Frisco
I guess it's had enough of me
It seems to change humanity
But nobody there can see
So if you think I'm so wrong
To talk so badly of those hills
Where people sadly die for thrills
Burn up all your dollar bills

And when your friends find out
You'll find out about
Those friends who won't bale you out
When you make a call
Ain't you got the stuff
You ain't good enough
Folk can treat you rough
When you've had a fall

And it's not the fault of him
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And if I had the fare
I'd catch the Greyhound Bus
And say goodbye to San Andreas