

Harpo - San Franciscan Nights

tom:

G

G D Em D

Strobe lights beam, creates dreams

G D Em D

Walls do move, minds do, too

Am C G

On a warm San Franciscan night

G Am C G

Old child, young child feel all right

Am C G

On a warm San Franciscan night

G D Em D

Angels sing, leather wings

G D Em D

Jeans of blue, Harley Davidsons too

Am C G

On a warm San Franciscan night

G Am C G

Young angel, old angel feel all right

Am C G

On a warm San Franciscan night

Cm

I wasn't born there

Bm Em

Perhaps I'll die there

Am D

There's no place left to go

San Francisco

G D Em D

A cop's face is filled with hate

G D Em D

Heavens above he's on a street called love

Am C G

When will they ever learn?

G Am C G

Young cop, old cop feel all right

Am C G

On a warm San Franciscan night

Cm

I wasn't born there

Bm Em

Perhaps I'll die there

Am D

Cause there's no place left to go

(San Francisco)

[Solo]

G Am C G

Young child, old child feel all right

Am C G

On a warm San Franciscan night

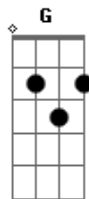
G Am C G

Young angel, old angel feel all right

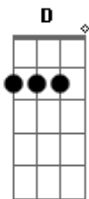
Am C G

On a warm San Franciscan night

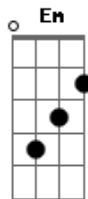
Acordes



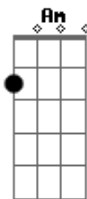
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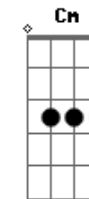
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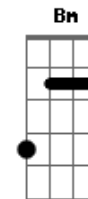
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