

San Francisco Stopover

written by Graeme Lockhart

the sun is up, the scene is set,
the traffic's nose to tail,
Jet-lag keeps you watching ,
from the window by the stairs,
there's panic in the silence,
violence in the air,
a San Francisco stopover,
she don't know enough to care,
there's panic in the silence,
violence in the air,
a San Francisco stopover,
she don't know enough to care,

a sofa bed , a wooden floor,
the beer won't shut you down,
Franks Wild Years and Meat Is Murder,
going round and round,
someone that you left there,
you can't remember how,
a San Francisco stopover,
she means more than that by now,

oh, the moon it shuns the dawn, baby,
time must be moving on,

slap guitar and bottled sin,
monopoly on grass,
marimba jams and dos equis,
sunburn, belly laughs,
a question begs an answer,
just leave it by the phone,
if I get back from state side,
she can look me up at home,

chorus