

## **I Left My Lunch In San Francisco**

*By Don Fredrick*

*Sung to the tune of I Left My Heart In San Francisco*

The no-go zones of Paris are like those in Marseilles  
More refugees to Rome come each and every day  
The rats have gotten fat in the borough of Manhattan  
Yet I can't go to that city by the Bay

I left my lunch in San Francisco  
High on its drugs, with needles free  
To walk among the bathless crowd, with tents on streets allowed  
A feces scent, it fills the air – please beware

I won't return to San Francisco  
Or dodge its pools of homeless pee  
I won't go home to you San Francisco  
With high-priced homes amidst debris