

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