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My Brother Lived In San Francisco

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My brother lived in San Francisco
He said he fin'lly found his place
And when I go to San Francisco
Ev'rywhere I look I see his face

Bud and I faced childhood under stark Montana skies
And Bud he seemed to always have cities in his eyes.
He longed for possibility he lived to move away
And he fin'lly found his dream in the city by the bay

Joe and I were best of friends in our small-time college town
And Joe had personality what a campus clown
His jokes hid deeper rivers that bubbled far below
And he rode the current West where the rapid waters flow

Lots of us had brothers there who would love to show the sights
And share the balmy freedom of San Francisco nights
They liked it so much more than anywhere they'd been
And we thought they would be there when we made it back again

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