

## San Fran

Moses Sumney

You're chasing a daydream  
Just not your own  
I can't clip your grey wings  
You've found a home

Sidle up the mountain  
Through this bay fog  
And I'll bridle paramount sin  
Through the smog

Boat chained on the wharf now  
Anchored angst  
Oaths cannot be sworn now  
It's too late