

Washington, D.C.

The Magnetic Fields

W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!
Washington, D.C.

It's paradise to me
It's not because it is the grand old seat
Of precious freedom and democracy

No, no, no
It's not the greenery turning gold in fall
The scenery circling the Mall

It's just that's where my baby lives
That's all.
Washington D.C.!

It's the greatest place to be
It's not the cherries everywhere in bloom
It's not the way they put folks on the moon

No, no, no
It's not the spectacles and pageantry
The thousand things you've got to see

It's just that's where my baby waits for me
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!

Washington, D.C.!
It fits me to a T
It's not the people doing something real

It's not the way the springtime makes you feel
No, no, no
It ain't no famous name on a golden plaque

That keeps me that makes me ride that railroad track
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back