

Sausalito

Al Martino

Just about to pack it in
Lord knows the condition I've been in
When I got your letter in the mail

I don't know why
You picked this time
To write to me
But I'm sure glad you did

Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito

Every morning in New York
I'd wake up and hear
Those poor birds talk
It's enough to bring a body down

I wasn't ready to settle down
Plant my roots
But, Lord, I'm ready now

Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito

Just got time to pack my bags
And say goodbye to disappointment town
Just got time for one last look around
Campbell Heights is where I'm bound
Gonna plant my feet and
Tack them to the ground

Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito
Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito