

I Left My Heart In San Francisco

Lee Wiley

I left my heart in San Francisco,
High on a hill. It calls to me
To be where little cable cars
Climb halfway to the stars.
The morning fog may chill the air,
I don't care.
My love waits there in San Francisco,
Above the blue and windy sea,
When I come home to you, San Francisco,
Your golden sun will shine for me.

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