

## 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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