

I Left My Heart in San Francisco

Perry Como

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 heart 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