

Come Back from San Francisco

The Magnetic Fields

Come back from San Francisco
It can't be all that pretty
When all of New York City misses you
Should pretty boys in discos
Distract you from your novel
Remember I'm awful in love with you

You need me
Like the wind needs the trees
To blow in
Like the moon needs poetry
You need me

Come back from San Francisco
And kiss me, I've quit smoking
I miss doing the wild thing with you
Will you stay, I don't think so
But all I do is worry
Pack bags, call cabs, and hurry home to me

You need me
Like the wind needs the trees
To blow in
Like the moon needs poetry
You need me

You need me
Like the wind needs the trees
To blow in
Like the moon needs poetry
You need me

When you betray me, betray me with a kiss
Damn you, I've never stayed up as late as this