

## Washington, D.C.

### The Magnetic Fields

W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!  
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!  
Washington, D.C.

It's paradise to me  
It's not because it is the grand old seat  
Of precious freedom and democracy

No, no, no  
It's not the greenery turning gold in fall  
The scenery circling the Mall

It's just that's where my baby lives  
That's all.  
Washington D.C.!

It's the greatest place to be  
It's not the cherries everywhere in bloom  
It's not the way they put folks on the moon

No, no, no  
It's not the spectacles and pageantry  
The thousand things you've got to see

It's just that's where my baby waits for me  
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!  
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!

Washington, D.C.!  
It fits me to a T  
It's not the people doing something real

It's not the way the springtime makes you feel  
No, no, no  
It ain't no famous name on a golden plaque

That keeps me that makes me ride that railroad track  
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back  
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back