

I Left My Heart In San Francisco

Westlife

The loveliness of Paris seems somehow sadly gay
The glory that was Rome is on another day
I've been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan
I'm going home to my city by the bay

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 sh
ine for me.