

I Left My Heart In San Francisco

Bobby Womack

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! 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
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