

## I Left My Heart In San Francisco

Jack Jones

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 love waits there in San Francisco,  
above the blue and windy sea.  
When I come home to you, San Francisco,