

I Left My Heart In San Francisco

Brenda Lee

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,

Songwriters

Cory, George, Jr C / Cross, Douglass Published by

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