

# I Left My Heart In San Francisco

Acker Bilk

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 fill the air Oh, I don't care, my love waits there in San Francisco

Above the blue and windy sea and windy sea  
When I come home to you, San Francisco

Your golden sun will shine for me When I come home to you, San Francisco, yeah

Your golden sun can only shine upon me, oh, oh, yeah I said when I come home well, well, to you  
Oh, I'm coming home San Francisco, yeah  
Your golden sun please, let it shine upon me

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