

Come Back from San Francisco

The Magnetic Fields

Come back from San Francisco, it can't be all that pretty
When all of New York City misses you
Should pretty boys in discos distract you from your novel
Remember I'm awful in love with you You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me Come back from San Francisco and kiss me, I've quit smoking
I miss doing the wild thing with you
Will you stay? I don't think so but all I do is worry
Pack bags, call cabs and hurry home to me You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me When you betray me, betray me with a kiss
Damn you, I've never stayed up as late as this

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