

The Magnetic Fields, Washington, D.C.

W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!
Washington, D.C.
It's paradise to me
It's not because it is the grand old seat
Of precious freedom and democracy
No, no, no
It's not the greenery turning gold in fall
The scenery circling the Mall
It's just that's where my baby lives
That's all.
Washington D.C.!
It's the greatest place to be
It's not the cherries everywhere in bloom
It's not the way they put folks on the moon
No, no, no
It's not the spectacles and pagaentry
The thousand things you've got to see
It's just that's where my baby waits for me
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!
Washington, D.C.!
It fits me to a T
It's not the people doing something real
It's not the way the springtime makes you feel
No, no, no
It ain't no famous name on a golden plaque
That keeps me that makes me ride that railroad track
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back