

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 pageantry

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