

Al Martino, Sausalito

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Just about to pack it in,
Lord knows the condition I've been in,
when I got your letter in the mail.
I don't know why you picked this time to write to me,
but I'm sure glad you did.

Sing me a song so soft and sweet oohh.
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito.

Every morning in New York
I wake up and hear those poor birds talk.
It's enough to bring a body down.
I wasn't ready to settle down and plant my roots,
but Lord I'm ready now.

Send me a song so soft and sweet oohh.
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito.

Just got time to pack my bags,
and say goodbye to disappointment town.
Just got time for one last look around.
Cambel Heights(?) is where I'm bound.
Going to plant my feet and tack 'em to the ground.

Sing me a song so soft and sweet oohh.
Guitar play me back to Sausalito.
Sing me a song so soft and sweet oohh.
Guitar play me back to Sausalito.

{song is currently available on the Al Martino CD "The Al Martino Collection" by Razor &