

Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, I Left My Heart In

(Cory George C. Jr./Cross Douglass)

The loveliness of Paris
Seems somehow sadly gay
The glory that was Rome
Is of another day
I've been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan
And I'm coming home to my city by the bay

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!
And the morning fog will chill the air

My love waits there (my love waits there) in San Francisco
Above the blue and windy sea
When I come home to you, San Francisco,
Your golden sun will shine for me!

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!
And the morning fog will chill the air

I don't care

My love waits there in San Francisco
Above the blue and windy sea
When I come

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