

# 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