

# The Magnetic Fields, Come Back From San Fran

Come back from San Francisco.  
It can't be all that pretty,  
when all of New York City misses you.  
Should pretty boys in discos  
distract you from your novel,  
remember I'm awful in love with you.

You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in.  
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me.

Come back from San Francisco  
and kiss me; I've quit smoking.  
I miss doing the wild thing with you.  
Will you stay? I don't think so,  
but all I do is worry, pack bags, call cabs, and hurry home to me.

You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in.  
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me.

When you betray me, betray me with a kiss.  
Damn you. I've never stayed up as late as this.