

# Westlife, I Left My Heart In San Francisco

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  
I'm going 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  
The morning fog may chill the air, I don't care

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