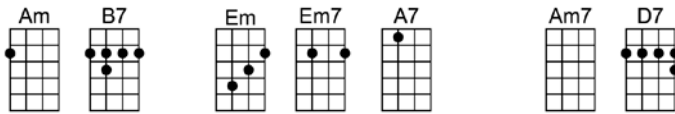


# I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO-Cory/Cross



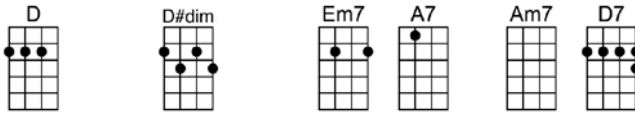
The loveli-ness of Paris seems somehow sadly gay



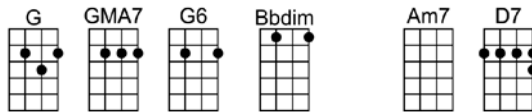
The glory that was Rome is of another day



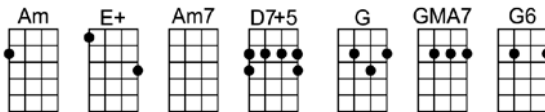
I've been terribly a-lone and for-gotten in Man-hattan



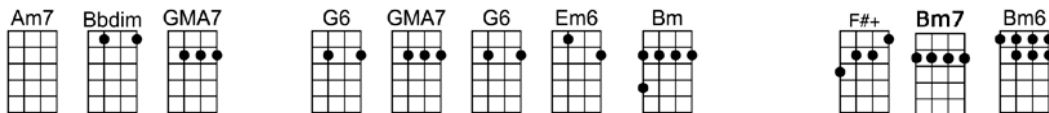
I'm going home to my city by the bay.



I left my heart in San Fran-cisco.



High on a hill, it calls to me

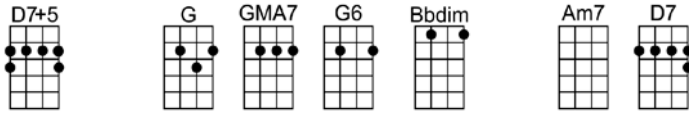


To be where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars

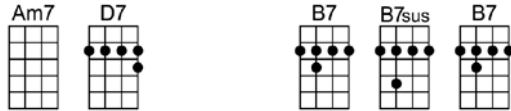


The morning fog may chill the air, I don't care.

## p.2. I Left My Heart In San Francisco



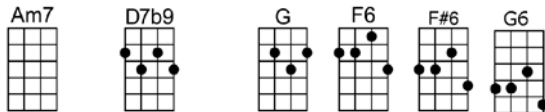
My love waits there, in San Fran-cisco,



Above the blue and windy sea



When I come home to you, San Fran-cisco,



Your golden sun will shine for me.