

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_____.

High on a _____, it calls to me

To be where little cable cars _____ halfway to the stars.

The morning _____ may chill the air, I _____ care.

My love _____ there in San Francisco,

Above the blue and windy _____.

When I _____ home to you, San Francisco,

Your golden _____ will shine for me.

climb

fog

come

hill

don't

sun

waits

San Francisco

sea