

I left my heart in San Francisco

Cress/Cory

The lov-ly-ness of Par-is is somehow sad-ly gay. The glo-ry that was Rome is
of a-noth-er day. I've been ter-ri-bly a-lone and for-got-ten in Man-hat-tan, I'm
go-ing home to my ci-t-y by the bay. I left my heart in San Fran-cis-co
high on a hill it calls to me. To be where lit-tle cable cars
climb half-way to the stars, the morn-ing fog may chill the
air, I don't care. My love waits there, in San Fran-cis-co a-bove the
blue and win-dy sea. When I come home to you San Fran-cis-co
your gold-en sun will shine on me.

Chords:
C-7 F7 Dm7 Gm7 Cm7 F7 BbΔ7 Am7b5 D7 Gm7
C7 F7 Ebm6 Cm7b5 Gm7b5 Gb7/E
F/C D7 Gm7 C7 F Bb Dm7 Db07 Cm7
G7b9 Cm F7 BbΔ7 B07 Cm7 F7 C#07 BbΔ7
F+7 BbΔ7 Dm7 A+7 Dm7 D7 Gm7 C7
Cm7 B07 Cm7 F7 Bb Dm7 Db07 Cm7
Cm7 F7 Eb7 A-7/D D7 D+7 G+7 Dm G7 C7 Gm7
C7 C7b5 Cm7 Cm7/Eb F7 Bb6