

Last Days Of Summer In San Francisco
Matt Nathanson

Intro: **C F C F**

C
We spent July in a Berkeley basement,
F
Half read books, and bold declarations.

Am
There was so much I didn't believe in
F
And then, there was you.

C
You made me brave, you made me stupid
F
Gave me this skin, that I could move in.

Am **F**
We're gonna leave them where they stand

Leave them where they

C **G**
Love, no one cares
Am **F**
About the stories they're not in.
C **F**
We'll fade out to whispers,
Am **F**
It's the last days of summer in San Francisco.

C F

C
The kitchen's cold and the tea kettle whistles.
F
The J-Church rolls and rattles our windows.
Am **F**
There's no nostalgia here; it's just now, baby, now.

C
I was a fire that you started
F
For once, I knew everything that I wanted.
Am **F**
We're gonna leave them where they stand,

Leave them where they

C **G**
Love, no one cares

Am F
About the stories they re not in.

C F
We ll fade out to whispers,

C G

Am F
It s the last days of summer in San Francisco,

Am F
It s the last days of summer in San Francisco.

C G
Love, no one cares

Am F
About the stories they re not in.

C F
We ll fade out to whispers,

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Am F
It s the last days of summer in San Francisco,

Am F
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