

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,

Am F  
C G  
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,

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