

Come Back From San Francisco
The Magnetic Fields

D

Come back from San Francisco.

G A

It can't be all that pretty,

G A D

when all of New York City misses you.

D G A

Should pretty boys in discos distract you from your novel,

G A D

remember I'm awful in love with you.

G A G A G

You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in.

A G A

Like the moon needs poetry, you need me.

D G A

Come back from San Francisco and kiss me; I've quit smoking.

G A D

I miss doing the wild thing with you.

D

Will you stay? I don't think so,

G A G A D

but all I do is worry, pack bags, call cabs, and hurry home to me.

G A G A G

You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in.

A G A

Like the moon needs poetry, you need me.

D A G D

When you betray me, betray me with a kiss.

A G D

Damn you. I've never stayed up as late as this.