

## **Magnetic Fields** **"Washington, D.c."**

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W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!  
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby, D.C.!  
Washington, D.C.  
It's paradise to me  
It's not because it is the grand old seat  
Of precious freedom and democracy  
No, no, no  
It's not the greenery turning gold in fall  
The scenery circling the Mall  
It's just that's where my baby lives  
That's all.  
Washington D.C.!  
It's the greatest place to be  
It's not the cherries everywhere in bloom  
It's not the way they put folks on the moon  
No, no, no  
It's not the spectacles and pagaentry  
The thousand things you've got to see  
It's just that's where my baby waits for me  
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!  
W a-s-h i-n-g t-o-n, baby D.C.!  
Washington, D.C.!  
It fits me to a T  
It's not the people doing something real  
It's not the way the springtime makes you feel  
No, no, no  
It ain't no famous name on a golden plaque  
That keeps me that makes me ride that railroad track  
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back  
It's my baby's kiss that keeps me coming back

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