

## Al Martino "Sausalito"

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Just about to pack it in  
Lord knows the condition I've been in  
When I got your letter in the mail

I don't know why  
You picked this time  
To write to me  
But I'm sure glad you did

Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh  
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito

Every morning in New York  
I'd wake up and hear  
Those poor birds talk  
It's enough to bring a body down

I wasn't ready to settle down  
Plant my roots  
But, Lord, I'm ready now

Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh  
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito  
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito

Just got time to pack my bags  
And say goodbye to disappointment town  
Just got time for one last look around  
Campbell Heights is where I'm bound  
Gonna plant my feet and  
Tack them to the ground

Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh  
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito  
Sing me a song so soft and sweet, oh  
Guitar, play me back to Sausalito

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