

The Magnetic Fields

"Come Back from San Francisco"

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Come back from San Francisco, it can't be all that
pretty
When all of New York City misses you
Should pretty boys in discos distract you from your
novel
Remember I'm awful in love with you

You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me

Come back from San Francisco and kiss me, I've quit
smoking
I miss doing the wild thing with you
Will you stay? I don't think so but all I do is worry
Pack bags, call cabs and hurry home to me

You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me

You need me like the wind needs the trees to blow in
Like the moon needs poetry, you need me

When you betray me, betray me with a kiss
Damn you, I've never stayed up as late as this

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