

Island of dreams

1. I wander the streets and the gay, crowded places,
trying to forget you, but somehow it seems.

My thoughts ever stray to our last sweet embraces,
over the sea on the Island of Dreams.

High in the sky is a bird on the wing, please carry me with you.
Far, far away from the mad, rushing crowd, please carry me with you.

2. Again I would wander where memories enfold me,
there on the beautiful Island of Dreams.

High in the sky is a bird on the wing, please carry me with you.
Far, far away from the mad, rushing crowd, please carry me with you.

Again I would wander where memories enfold me,
there on the beautiful Island of Dreams.
Far, far away on the Island of Dreams.

Bm

