

# Dusty Springfield, Island Of Dreams

(Tom Springfield)

(The Springfields)

I wander the streets  
And the gay crowded places  
Trying to forget you  
But somehow it seems  
That 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 a 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

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Please carry me with you  
Far far away from the mad rushing crowd  
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Again I would wander  
Where memories enfold me  
There on the beautiful island of dreams  
Far far away on the island of dreams