

# Marty Robbins, My Isle Of Golden Dreams

Out of the mist lips I have kissed constantly  
Out of the west hands I have pressed beckon to me

Over the sea waiting for me lonely and blue  
Somebody sighs somebody cries I love you I love you

Drifting in glee drifting it seems back to the shore  
Where hand in hand over the sand we'll stroll once more

Part of my heart we'll never part I hear her say  
For in the dawn my dreams have gone astray

I hear the voice on Island calling me it seems  
The spell Hawaiian Island my isle of golden dreams  
[ steel ]  
I hear the voice on Island...