

Marty Robbins, My Isle Of Golden Dreams

Out of the mist lips I have kissed contently
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...