

Clyde McPhatter, My Island Of Dreams

I wandered 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 the 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 infold me
There on the beautiful Island of Dreams

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