

My Isle of Golden Dreams

Glenn Miller

Out of the mist lips I have kissed
 Call tenderly
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 dreams, drifting it seems
 Back to the shore
Where hand in hand over the sand
 We'll stroll once more
Heart of my heart, we'll never part
 I hear her say
But with the dawn my dreams
 Have gone astray
I hear the voice of my land
 A-callin' me, it seems
Those fair Hawaiian islands
 My isle of golden dreams
I hear the voice of my land
 A-callin' me, it seems
Those fair Hawaiian islands
 My isle of golden dreams

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