

My Isle of Golden Dreams

Marty Robbins

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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