

Dusty Springfield, Island Of Dreams

(Tom Springfield)

(The Springfields)

I wander the streets
And the gay crowded places
Trying to forget you
But somehow it seems
That my thoughts ever stray
To our last sweet embraces
Over the sea on the island of dreams

High in the sky is a bird on a 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 enfold me
There on the beautiful island of dreams

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