

Joel Alme

"The Seven Islands"

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I went down to the seven islands,
I had promised I would meet her there
with the palm trees wrapped up in silence,
with that ocean in the air

But sometimes when I dream of her,
on that island where the sunlight hits your eyes,
in the wind there's no sorrow drifting by
And I wish that her eyes, oh her wonderful eyes,
were there, there just for me
On that island I'll be free

How I wish that she still loves me,
and I remember what she said
How her letters used to release me,
and that feeling that we shared

But sometimes when I dream of her,
on an island where the sunlight hits your eyes,
in the wind there's no sorrow drifting by
And I wish that her eyes, oh her wonderful eyes,
were there, there just for me
On that island I'll be free

But sometimes when I dream of her,
on an Island where the sunlight hits your eyes
and the wind was drifting by

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