

Paul Whiteman & His Orchestra**"Beach Boy"**

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Beach boy,
The spell of a southern island,
Is burning, burning, burning,
Like a fire;
Deep in your eyes
I see the stars;
Deep in your eyes,
Your smile is gleaming, gleaming, gleaming,
Like the stars of paradise.

Swimmer in the glimmer,
Glimmer of the moonbeams,
Through the waters falling;
I can see the shimmer,
Shimmer of your arms,
And hear the natives calling.

Beach boy,
The memory of your kisses,
Is burning, burning, burning,
Like the beach sand
Beside the sea;
Your arms around me,
While waters pound me,
My heart is beating, beating, beating,
With the waves in ecstasy,
Beach boy!

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