La Isla Bonita

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arr: Don Quattrocchi

Accordion

Last night I dreamt of San Pedro

just like I'd never gone I knew the son a

young girl with eyes like the desert

all seems like yesterday not far away

Tropical the island breeze all of nature wild and free

this is where I long to be la is la bonita

and when the samba played The sun would set so high ring

through my ears and sting my eyes your Spanish lullaby