I Wish I Was An Island In An Ocean Of Girls

Lyric by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Tempo di Marcia (Moderato)

I don't know where they go,
Now, how the girls are doing,

They seem to bore me never,
I think about them shown to me!

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little blonde, a big brunette, A stately dame, A gay sou-brette: I
where I love the best to be Is on the shore beside the sea. In

wish not one of them could live without me!

I've
summer! There I find the most distractions! The

often thought I'd love to be An island in an open sea, With
pretty little bathing girls, With wavy hair and teeth of pearls, And

myriads of girls about me! Gee!
coral lips and such marine attractions! Gee! I

a tempo
REFRAIN

wished I was an island in an ocean of girls,

rounded by them far as I could see!

And

like the little waves at play, That kiss the shore then run away, So

I should like to have them play with me. Just
one and then another comes a slip-ping a-long! All

creamy white, within your arms she curls; As

with one sud-den, fond em-brace, She splash-es kiss-es on your face! Oh,

for an is-land, what a place! An o-cean full of girls

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