



La isla bonita

Flauta



Last night I dreamt of San

11



Pee dro. Just like I'd never gone, I knew the song. A young girl, with

18



eyes like the de - sert. It all seems like yes - terday, so far away.

25



Trop - i - cal the is land breeze, all of na ture, wild and free. This is where I long

30



to be, la is la bo ni - ta. And when the Samba played the sun would set so

36



high, ring through my ears and sting my eyes, your Spanish lul la by.

41



I want to

50



be where the sun warms the sky when its time for si es ta you can watch them go

56



by. Beau ti ful fa ces, no cares in the world. Where a girl loves a boy, and a

63



boy loves a girl.