

# Islands in the Stream

Song and lyrics: Barry Gibb, Maurice Gibb, Robin Gibb

Arr: Bragi Þór Valsson

Bass 

Bab-y when I met you there was peace un - known. I set out to get you with a

B 

fine tooth comb, I was soft in - side, there was some-thin' go-ing on.

A 

You do some-thing to me that I can't ex - plain. Hold me clos-er and I feel no pain. Ever-y beat of my heart. We

B 

You do some-thing to me that I can't ex - plain. Hold me clos-er and I feel no pain. Ever-y beat of my heart. We

A 

— got something go-ing on. All this love we feel

T 

Tend-er love is blind, it re-quir - es ded-i-cat-ion. All this love we feel

B 

— got something go-ing on.

A 

— needs no con-ver-sat-ion. We ride it to-geth-er, a - ha. Mak-in' love with each oth-er, a -

T 

— needs no con-ver-sat-ion. We ride it to-geth-er, a ha. Mak-in' love with each oth-er, a -

S 

Is-lands in the stream, that is what we are. No-one in - be-tween, how can we be wrong? Sail a-way

A 

ha. Is-lands in the stream, that is what we are. No-one in - be-tween, how can we be wrong? Sail a-way

T 

ha. Is-lands in the stream, that is what we are. No-one in - be-tween, how can we be wrong? Sail a-way

B 

Is-lands in the stream, that is what we are. No-one in - be-tween, how can we be wrong? Sail a-way