

Island Born

By Keola Beamer

Driving my car in the evening air, cruising down the road
I hear a voice on the radio, singing music sweet and low

Winding through the valley, to the windward side
Seems like everything I see, is somehow a part of me, and I am proud to
be, Island Born.

I don't know where I'm going, and I got no place to be
Feeling grateful in my soul, to call this land my home, and proud to be,

Island Born.

Island Born. From the Mountain, to the sea, so proud to be, Island Born,
Island Born

From the Mountain, to the sea, so proud to be, Island Born

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Sunrise on the mountain, moving o're the trees
And I will lift my eyes to see, this day you've given me, so proud to be to
be, Island Born.

Island Born.

From the Mountain, to the sea, so proud to be, Island Born,
Island Born

From the Mountain, to the sea, so proud to be, Island Born

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(Bb, Eb, Bb, F, Bb, D)