26 MILES (SANTA CATALINA) (BAR)

Intro:

Twenty-six miles across the sea, Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me

Santa Catalina, the island of romance, romance, romance, romance

Water all around it everywhere, tropical trees and the salty air

But for me the thing that's a-waitin' there...romance

It seems so distant, twenty-six miles away, restin' in the water serene

I'd work for anyone, even the Navy, who would float me to my island dream

Twenty-six miles, so near yet far, I'd swim with just some water-wings and my guitar

I could leave the wings but I'll need the guitar, for romance, romance, romance
Twenty-six miles across the sea, Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me

A tropical heaven, out in the ocean, covered with trees and girls

If I have to swim, I'll do it for-ever, 'til I'm gazin' on those island pearls

Forty kilometers in a leaky old boat, any old thing that'll stay a-float

When we ar-rive we'll all pro-mote ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance.

Twenty-six miles across the sea, Santa Catalina is a-waitin' for me

Santa Catalina, the island of ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance.
26 MILES (SANTA CATALINA)
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: A F#m Bm7 E7 (X2)

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7
Twenty-six miles a-cross the sea, Santa Cata-lina is a-waitin' for me

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7
Santa Cata-lina, the island of ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7
Water all a-round it every-where, tropical trees and the salty air

A F#m Bm7 E7 A D A
But for me the thing that's a-waitin' there....ro-mance

Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7 A
It seems so distant, twenty-six miles away, restin' in the water se-re-ne

Bm7 E7 A F#m B7 E7
I'd work for anyone, even the Navy, who would float me to my island dream

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7
Twenty-six miles, so near yet far, I'd swim with just some water-wings and my gui-tar

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm E7
I could leave the wings but I'll need the gui-tar for ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance

A F#m Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7
Twenty-six miles a-cross the sea, Santa Cata-lina is a-waitin' for me

A F#m Bm7 E7 A D A
Santa Cata-lina, the island of ro-mance,

Bm7 E7 A F#m Bm7 E7 A
A tropical heaven, out in the ocean, covered with trees and girls

Bm7 E7 A F#m B7 E7 F7
If I have to swim, I'll do it for-ever, 'til I'm gazin' on those island pearls

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7
Forty kilo-meters in a leaky old boat, any old thing that'll stay a-float

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7
When we ar-rive we'll all pro-mote ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance.

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7
Twenty-six miles a-cross the sea, Santa Cata-lina is a-waitin' for me

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb E6 Bb BbMA7
Santa Cata-lina, the island of ro-mance, ro-mance, ro-mance