

# Into The Mystic

Marc Cohn

We were born before the wind  
Also younger than the sun  
Ere the Bonnie boat was won  
As we sailed into the mystic  
Hark, now hear the sailors cry  
Smell the sea and feel the sky  
Let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic  
And when that fog horn blows I will be coming home  
And when the fog horn blows I want to hear it  
I don't have to fear it  
And I want to rock your gypsy soul

Just like way back in the days of old  
And magnificently we will fold into the mystic  
When that fog horn blows you know I will be coming home  
And when that fog horn whistle blows I got to hear it  
I don't have to fear it  
And I want to rock your gypsy soul  
Just like way back in the days of old  
And together we will fold into the mystic  
Come on, girl  
Too late to stop now

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