Into the Mystic (Take 11)

Van Morrison

We were borne before the wind
Also younger than the sun
Ere the bonnie boat was won
As we sailed into the mysticHark, now hear the sailors cry
Smell the sea and feel the sky
Let your soul and spirit fly into the mysticAnd when that foghorn blows
I will be coming home
And when the foghorn blows
I want to hear itI 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 flow into the mysticWhen that fog horn blows
You know I will be coming home
And when that fog horn whistle blows
I got to hear itI 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 flow into the mystic
Come on, girlToo late to stop now

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