Into The Mystic

Colin James

We were born before the wind,
Also younger than the sun.
Ere the Bonnie boat was one,
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,
As we sailed into the mystic.

And when that foghorn blows,
I will be coming home.
And when that foghorn blows,
I wanna hear it,
I don't wanna fear it,

And I wanna rock your gypsy soul.
And it's just like the days of old.
And together we will flow,
As we sailed into the mystic.
Come on,
Come on

And when that foghorn blows,
I will be coming home.
And when at foghorn blows,
I wanna hear it,
I don't wanna fear it,

And I wanna rock your gypsy soul.
And it's just like way back in the days of old.
And together we will flow,
As we sailed into the mystic.
Come on,
Come on,
Come on

Well, it's too late to stop now,
It's too late to stop now.

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