Into The Mystic

James Otto

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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