Into The Mystic

Michael McDonald

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

Cause I want to rock your gypsy soul
Just like way back in the days of old
Then magnificently we will flow into the mystic

Come on girl
Can you hear it
Come on girl
Into the mystic

And when that fog horn blows you know I will be coming home
And when that fog horn blows I got to hear it
I don't have to fear it

I want to rock your gypsy soul
Just like way back in the days of old
And together we will flow into the mystic

I want to hear it
You don't have to fear it

I want to rock your gypsy soul
Come on girl...

Hear the sailors cry
Into the mystic

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written by MORRISON, VAN
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