

Into The Mystic

Glen Hansard & Markéta Irglová

We were born before the wind
And we're so much younger than the sun
Ere the bonnie boat was won
As we sailed into the mystic

Hark, now hear the sailors cry
Feel the sea and touch the sky
And let your soul and your spirit fly
As we sailed into the mystic

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

I want to rock your gypsy soul
Just like way back in those days of old
Then together we will fall
As we sail into the mystic

Cause we were born before the wind
And we're so much younger than the sun
Ere the bonnie boat was won
As we sailed into the mystic

Hark, now hear the sailors cry
Feel the sea and touch the sky
And let your soul and your spirit fly
As we sailed into the mystic

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

I want to rock your gypsy soul
Just like way back in those days of old
And magnificently we will fall
As we sail into the mystic