

# 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

When that fog horn blows  
I will be coming home  
When that 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  
Then magnificently we will float  
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, oh  
And together we will float  
Into the mystic, come on, girl  
It's too late to stop it now