

## The Mystic Journey

Arlo Guthrie

Just me and a friend roamin' around  
Him a magician and I was a clown  
Playin' the streets for a dollar a day  
Waitin' for the right time and a sign to lead the way

Crossed over the border to a mystical land  
Sort of unexpected didn't quite understand  
On a razor's edge on a grain of sand  
Onward we wandered to the gates of oblivion

On a roll of the dice we headed out west  
Where the sage and and the spice attracted us  
Shadows fell down like a dark groping hand  
Saw the teeth of the wolves and the blood of the lambs

On a turn of the cards I lightened my load  
Throwing off fear for the weakness it holds  
On target and calm the vision was clear  
Beyond the mirage I took for granted was here

On a flip of the coins we rode the coast  
Tryin' to make the most of every situation  
That we witnessed near at hand  
On a drifter's crusade all over the land

Could it be in the stars in the passing of cars  
At a table in the bar in a turn of the cards  
In a change of your mind in the passing of time  
In a ribbon of rhyme just down the line

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