

## 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