

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