

Mystic Mile

Robben Ford

Somewhere over my left shoulder
There's a man who waits
He's always watching when I stumble
And he blinks when I hesitate

He's got a real strange sense of humor
He don't laugh and he don't cry
He's the mystic on the mystic mile

I had a dream of colors
And a world in a disarray
Someone peekin' 'round the corner
But I couldn't see his face

But he could see into my future
About my past he would only smile
He's a mystic on a mystic mile

Like a fish leaps from the water
Like a thief in the night
Like a road suddenly ending
There he's standing by the roadside

And he won't need no introduction
And he won't want to stop a while
He's the mystic on the mystic mile

He's the mystic on the mystic mile