

# 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