

# Into The Mystic

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

We were born before the wind  
Also younger than the sun  
And our bodies both as one as we sailed into the mystic  
Hark, now hear the sailors cry  
Smell the sea and see the sky  
Let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic

And when that fog horn blows I will be coming home  
And when that fog horn 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 the days of old  
And together we will float into the mystic

And when that fog horn blows I will be coming home  
And when that fog horn 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 the days of old  
And magnificently we will float into the mystic

Into the mystic  
Into the mystic  
Too late to stop now