

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