

Bob Marley & The Wailers, Natural Mystic

There's a natural mystic
Blowing through the air
If you listen carefully now you will hear
This could be the first trumpet
Might as well be the last
Many more will have to suffer
Many more will have to die
Don't ask me why
Things are not the way they used to be
I won't tell no lie
One and all got to face reality now

Though I try to find the answer
To all the questions they ask
Though I know it's impossible
To go living through the past
Don't tell no lie
There's a natural mystic
Blowing through the air
Can't keep them down
If you listen carefully now you will hear
Such a natural mystic
Blowing through the air

This could be the first trumpet
Might as well be the last
Many more will have to suffer
Many more will have to die
Don't ask me why
There's a natural mystic
Blowing through the air
I won't tell no lie
If you listen carefully now, you will hear
There's a Natural Mystic blowing through the air

Such a Natural Mystic, blowing through the air
There's a Natural Mystic, blowing through the air
Such a Natural Mystic, blowing through the air
Such a Natural Mystic, blowing through the air
Such a Natural Mystic, blowing through the air