

Michael McDonald, Into The Mystic

We were born before the wind
Also younger than the sun
Ere the bonnie boat was won
As we sailed into the mystic

Hark, now hear the sailors cry
Smell the sea and feel the sky
Let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic

When that fog horn blows
I will be coming home
And when that fog horn blows
I wanna hear it, I don't have to fear it

Because I, I wanna rock your gypsy soul
Just like way back in the days of old
Then magnificently we'll float into the mystic
Come on girl, can you hear it?
And now come on girl into the mystic

And when that fog horn blows
I will be coming home
And when that fog horn blows
I wanna hear it, I don't wanna fear it

Because I, I wanna rock your gypsy soul
Just like back in the days of old
Together we will float into the mystic
Now I wanna hear it, oh, you don't have to fear it

I wanna rock your gypsy soul, come on girl
Hear the sail of crying into the mystic