

# 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