

Robben Ford, Mystic Mile

Somewhere over my left shoulder, there's a man who waits
He's always watching when I stumble and he blinks when I hesitate
He's got a real strange sense of humor
He don't laugh and he don't cry
He's the mystic on the mystic mile

I had a dream of colors and a world in a disarray
Someone peekin' round the corner but I couldn't see his face
But he could see into my future about my past he would only smile
He's a mystic on a mystic mile

Like a fish leaps from the water
Like a thief in the night
Like a road suddenly ending
There he's standing by the roadside

And he won't need no introduction
And he won't want to stop a while
He's the mystic on the mystic mile
He's the mystic on the mystic mile