

Mike Love

"Into The Mystic"

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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

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
Then magnificently we will float into the mystic

And when that fog horn blows you know I will be coming
home
And when that fog horn whistle blows I got 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
Come on girl...

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