

## Stewart Francke

### "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  
As we sail into the mystic

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

And I wanna rock your gypsy soul  
Just like way back in the days of old  
And together we will flow into the mystic

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

And I wanna rock your gypsy soul  
Just like way back in the days of old  
And magnificently we will flow into the mystic  
Come on, girl

Too late to stop now

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