Morrison Van "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 mvstic 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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