

# 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 YEAH, WHEN THAT FOG HORN

BLOWS I WILL BE COMING HOME YEAH, 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 THEN MAGNIFICENTLY WE WILL

FLOAT INTO THE MYSTIC WHEN THAT

FOG HORN BLOWS YOU KNOW I WILL BE

COMING HOME YEAH, WHEN THAT FOG HORN WHISTLE BLOWS I

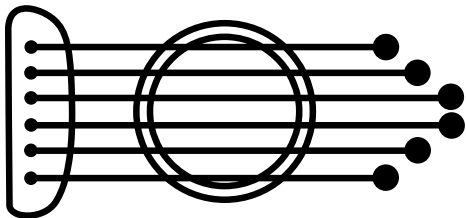
GOTTA HEAR IT I DON'T HAVE TO FEAR IT AND I WANNA ROCK YOUR

GYPSY SOUL JUST LIKE WAY BACK IN THE DAYS OF OLD AND

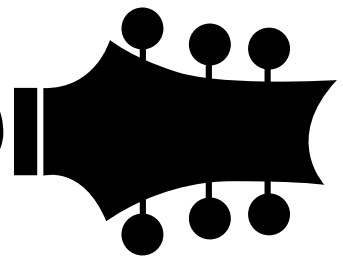
TOGETHER WE WILL FLOAT INTO

COME ON, GIRL TOO LATE

TO STOP NOW



Van Morrison



VAN  
MORRISON