

Into the Mystic

WE WERE BORN

BEFORE THE WIND

ALSO, YOUNGER THAN THE

SUN 'ERE THE BONNIE BOAT

AS WE SAILED INTO THE

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

WAY BACK IN THE DAYS OF

TOGETHER WE WILL FLOAT

THE MYSTIC COME ON,

GIRL TOO LATE TO

STOP NOW

WAS WON

MYSTIC HARK

LIKE

OLD AND

INTO

VAN MORRISON

