

Into The Mystic

Sally Oldfield

We were born before the wind
So much younger than the sun
E'er 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 the fog-horn blows I will be coming home,
And when that fog-horn blows
I wanna hear it, I don't wanna fear it.

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

Then together we will flow into the mystic!
Together we will flow into the mystic!

(Backing vocals)
Knowing what our heart will say
Cold and darkness fades away
Sun shines on the crystal sea
Brings to us this mystery.