

# Into the Mystic

The Icicle Works

We were born before the wind  
Also younger than the sun  
And the bonnie boat was won  
That we sailed into the mystic

Hark, now hear the sailors cry  
Smell the sea and feel the sky  
Oh, let your soul and spirit fly, into the mystic

When that fog horn blows  
You know I will be comin' home  
When that fog horn blows  
I want to hear it  
I don't have to fear it

I want to rock your gypsy soul  
Mama, just like way back in the days of old  
And together we will float, into the mystic

Oh-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya

Whoa-oh-oooh  
Whoa, whoa-oooh

When that fog horn blows  
You know I will be comin' home  
When that fog horn blows  
I wanna hear it  
Well, I don't have to fear it

I want to rock your gypsy soul  
So like we're back in the days of old  
And unanimously we will float  
Into, into, into, into the mystic

Baby, baby, baby, baby

Oh, let your body go  
Oh, let your mind go on

Ho!

Spoken:  
I just wanna rock  
Still wanna rock your soul, baby  
I just wanna rock

Just wanna rock!  
Your jellyroll soul

Said I wanna rock!  
Jellyroll soul  
Let your body go

Yeah, I wanna rock your soul, baby  
I just wanna rock your soul, baby

Mama !

Ho !

Oh yeah