

Into The Mystic

Words & Music:
Van Morrison

[Originally in Eb]

D

We were born before the wind, also younger than the sun.

A

D

'Ere the bonnie boat was won as we sailed into the mystic.

D

Hark, now hear the sailors cry; smell the sea and feel the sky.

A

D

Let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic

F#m

G

D

And when that foghorn blows, I will be coming home.

F#m

G

A

And when the foghorn blows, I want to hear it, I don't have to fear it.

And I want to rock your gypsy soul.

Just like way back in the days of old.

And magnificently we will flow into the mystic.

When that foghorn blows, you know I will be coming home.

And when that foghorn whistle blows, I got to hear it.

I don't have to fear it.

And I want to rock your gypsy soul

Just like way back in the days of old

And together we will flow into the mystic

Come on girl...

INSTRUMENTAL OVER: D A D *[repeat, ad lib and out]*