

# Robben Ford, Mystic Mile

Somewhere over my left shoulder, there's a man who waits  
He's always watching when I stumble and he blinks when I hesitate  
He's got a real strange sense of humor  
He don't laugh and he don't cry  
He's the mystic on the mystic mile

I had a dream of colors and a world in a disarray  
Someone peekin' round the corner but I couldn't see his face  
But he could see into my future about my past he would only smile  
He's a mystic on a mystic mile

Like a fish leaps from the water  
Like a thief in the night  
Like a road suddenly ending  
There he's standing by the roadside

And he won't need no introduction  
And he won't want to stop a while  
He's the mystic on the mystic mile  
He's the mystic on the mystic mile