MYSTIC JOURNEY
words and music by James Rider

Bm G D
JUST ME AND A FRIEND ROAMIN' AROUND
A Bm
HIM A MAGICIAN AND I WAS A CLOWN
G D
PLAYIN' THE STREETS FOR A DOLLAR A DAY
A Bm
WAITIN' FOR THE RIGHT TIME AND A SIGN TO LEAD THE WAY

CROSSED OVER THE BORDER TO A MYSTICAL LAND
SORT OF UNEXPECTED DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND
ON A RAZOR'S EDGE ON A GRAIN OF SAND
ONWARD WE WANDERED TO THE GATES OF OBLIVION

ON A ROLL OF THE DICE WE HEADED OUT WEST
WHERE THE SAGE AND AND THE SPICE ATTRACTED US
SHADOWS FELL DOWN LIKE A DARK GROPING HAND
SAW THE TEETH OF THE WOLVES AND THE BLOOD OF THE LAMBS

ON A TURN OF THE CARDS I LIGHTENED MY LOAD
THROWING OFF FEAR FOR THE WEAKNESS IT HOLDS
ON TARGET AND CALM THE VISION WAS CLEAR
BEYOND THE MIRAGE I TOOK FOR GRANTED WAS HERE

ON A FLIP OF THE COINS WE RODE THE COAST
TRYIN' TO MAKE THE MOST OF EVERY SITUATION
THAT WE WITNESSED NEAR AT HAND
ON A DRIFTER'S CRUSADE ALL OVER THE LAND

COULD IT BE IN THE STARS IN THE PASSING OF CARS
AT A TABLE IN THE BAR IN A TURN OF THE CARDS
IN A CHANGE OF YOUR MIND IN THE PASSING OF TIME
IN A RIBBON OF RHYME JUST DOWN THE LINE

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