

Words and Music: Bill Roper  
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## Lost on Mystic Road

**Am7**

Wrong turn on the roundabout.

**Em7**

Fog to cover up the sign.

**Dm**

Roadside bar coming up ahead

**E7**

Looks like a place to spend some time.

**Am7**

The evening's gonna be drawn out.

**Em7**

Nowhere that you need to be.

**Dm**

You're not sure what the barkeep said,

**E7**

But it seems that here the first one's free.

(Chorus)

**Am7**

**E7**

Down, down, down, down, down on Mystic Road.

**Dm**

Your whole damn story's gonna come to a head.

**E7**

You might get lucky or you might get dead

**Dm6**

**E7**

**Am7**

**(E7 Am7 E7)**

When you're lost on Mystic Road.

Sipping from a glass of amaretto,

Pouring from a bottle of wine,

You'll pay for in the morning,

But for now you're feeling fine.

The jukebox's limited libretto

Is laying down the beat.

You're missing every warning,

But the evening's not complete.

She settles on the stool beside you

And gives an unsubtle smile.

"You're the first new fellow

We've seen in quite a while.

And you came with nothing to provide you

A defense against the simplest charm.

You're drinking, getting mellow,

And now you're totally disarmed."

(Bridge)

**Dm6**

"Everybody wants you,

**E7**

**Am7**

But I think that you'll be mine.

**Dm6**

I'm not quite sure what haunts you,

**E7**

But together we'll be fine."

She throws coins on the bar top.

"I'm picking up his tab."

A flash of light, you're moving.

No time to sit and gab.

Moonlight on your car top

As she slides in next to you.

She says "Drive" and looks approving.

"You know, I think you'll do."

(Chorus twice)