

# Triangle

## Laura Stevenson and the Cans

Oh, the gist of it all is the first day of fall  
Is the day when my ship will set sail  
The best of all friends will say good-bye again  
There's still time for one last glass of ale  
We'll sail away proudly, our backs to the wall  
On a south wind and lots of good cheer  
And when we've looked over the white cliffs of Dover  
We'll be in Bahama next year  
From Bermuda on down the Triangle around us  
Will teach us a lesson or two  
There's many a mate who unevenly stated  
The course he had charted was true  
"Don't worry 'bout me," he said "Go down below  
Give a certified sailor a turn  
Just sip on your rum or I'll give you my thumb and say  
Son you got something t' learn"  
It's a mighty hard way to come down and a mighty fine way to be found  
So hand me my grip from an old sailing ship  
Put the kiss of the dawn on my lips with some luck tonight  
I might have her at my fingertips  
Oh, the best of all things is the first day of spring  
When when the water runs heavy and fast  
The mermaids have all gone to Davy Jones' Ball  
And it seems their first trip was their last  
They had so much fun, they don't wish to return  
To the beach where they lay all day long  
They'd rather stay under and boy it's no wonder  
When all the rock lobsters roll on

It's a mighty fine way to be found  
Triangle Triangle, oh see my ship dangle  
We're bound for Bahama my friend  
Like lovers like danger, like babies like manglers  
But that's where my storybook ends  
Like soldiers of fortune, believers in God  
And all kings without crosses to bear  
All sweepers and cleaners with no misdemeanors  
Should try the triangle out there  
It's a mighty hard way to come down

And a mighty fine way to be found  
So hand me my grip from an old sailing ship  
Put the kiss of dawn on my lips with some luck tonight  
I might have her at my fingertips  
When she took her last tumble, the sea bottom rumbled  
There was no confusion or blame  
The captain said, "Men we must answer again  
to the sea so ye may not complain"  
And as they lay sleeping down there in the deep  
With their faces turned up to the stars  
A tuna fish turned to a mermaid in bed and said  
"There goes another sandbar"  
It's a mighty hard way to come down  
And a mighty fine way to be found  
So hand me my grip from an old sailing ship  
Put the kiss of the dawn on my lips  
With some luck tonight I might have her at my fingertips

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