Bermuda Triangle

DESA

This time I'm writing a song for you.
I don't care who hears it.
I don't care how long the feeling lasts.
Tonight I want you here and nude or clothed and laughing.
The other thoughts can cool their jets in the Bermuda Triangle with my old regrets.
Important thoughts have found a big hole and I looked into it.
Lo and behold you were inside pulling up your white t-shirt one day before my birthday.
Indeed a grand gift it would be to feel good and report every detail to me.
Even if I can't tell another soul, it's still better than suffocating.
I was getting deathly sick of not feeling what I wanted when I wanted.
So now I'll never say never.
I'll say never never again.

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