

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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