

Bermuda Triangle

Fleetwood Mac

Written by Bob Welch.

I guess you've heard about the Bermuda triangle
There's something going on
Nobody seems to know just what it is
And the airforce won't let on
It might be hole down in the ocean
Yeah or a fog that won't let go
It might be some crazy people talking
Or somebody that we ought to know
Down in Bermuda, the pale blue sea
Way down in the triangle, it's easy to believe
Now here's one
You see strange shapes in moonlight
And shadows in the night
They said that wingtip seemed to brush their faces
And strangers stole their sight
Way down in the triangle
Where the sea was smooth as glass
Giving you one answer to a question
That you never thought you'd ask
Ah down in Bermuda, in the pale blue sea
Way down in Bermuda, yeah it's easy to believe
Down in the triangle, it's easy to believe
They came from Galveston
They came from New Orleans
And then from Bloomington, and Delaware
The used St. Petersburg, they came from Tampa
And then from Mexico, it doesn't matter where
They all completely share,
All of those ships and planes,
A great big mystery that cannot be explained,
Down in Bermuda, in the pale blue sea Your feeling safe in your harbour
And everything seems certain
Right next to Palm Beach and Key Biscane
Behind a velvet curtain
But then the moon goes grey with worry
And the sea turns a pale white
You better believe something strange is going on tonight
Down in Bermuda, ah, the pale blue sea

Bermuda Triangle, yeah, it's easy to believe
Down in the Triangle, it's easy to believe They came from Galveston
They came from New Orleans
And then from Bloomington, and Delaware
Bermuda, the pale blue sea

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