Triangle

Iordache

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 mangers
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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