

## Lightfoot Gordon "Triangle"

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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  
southwind 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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