Trouble Island I

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Poem written 02/26/2012 Never drink the potion to take a notion to sail the Bermuda Triangle in the ocean.

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Trouble Island I

While at the beach right down the street

from the motel where we were

A bottle washed ashore and then what's more

it happened to come and land at my feet.

To my surprise I found rolled up inside

a letter dated nineteen hundred and ninety five

Two thousand and eleven it was today

Sixteen years had passed but what did it say.

This letter may as well have been sent from hell

and it'll do no good to send us any help

Never drink the potion to take a notion

to sail the Bermuda Triangle in the ocean.

Our boat wont float it's in pieces you see

for it smashed and crashed here on this beach

In pain in the rain by a crazy man we were found

and after many a day we wound up in this town.

When we asked him where we were on the double

he answered that we were in the middle of trouble

That's trouble with a capital t for we

are on an island called *Trouble* in the Bermuda sea.

What's the name of this town we asked with a frown

Init he said while we slowly climbed out of our beds

So here we are in the middle of *Init* without any hope

of ever getting back to the states with or without a boat.

Trouble Island I

Just two towns on *Trouble Island* I say he said

and you can reach them both in a day or two, alive or dead

Init and *Outofit* for there are no others

You'll meet fathers and mothers or sisters and brothers.

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