

Cyndi Lauper, Immigrant Song

Ah,ah ah,ah

We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow.
The hammer of the gods will drive our ships to new lands,
To fight the horde, singing and crying:
Valhalla, I am coming.

On we sweep with treshing oars,
Our only goal will be the western shore.

Ah,ah ah,ah

We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow.
How soft your fields so green,
We calmed the tides of war,
Can whisper tales of gore:
We are your overlords.

On we sweep with treshing oars,
Our only goal will be the western shore.