

Jimi Tenor, Tapiola

Cut three branches off a birch tree
Roll in the grass naked virgin
Accept your fate that is an honor
Make peace with old Tapiola

Roll in the grass
Roll in the grass
Roll in the grass

Pile of stones is your last cushion
Kiss them with a grown up pride
Sun is rising casting shadows
What more can a mortal want

Roll in the grass
Roll in the grass
Roll in the grass