

# Great White, Immigrant Song

(Page, Plant)

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!.

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!.

We come from the land of the ice and snow,  
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blow.

Hammer of the Gods

Will drive our ships to new lands

To fight the horde, and sing and cry:

"Valhalla I am coming."

On we sweep with, with threshing oar.

Our only goal will be the western shore.

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!.

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!.

An' 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

Can whisper tales of gore,

Of how we calmed the tides of war.

We are your overlords.

On we sweep with threshing oar.

Our only goal will be the western shore.

So now you better stop

And rebuild all your ruins.

For peace and trust can win the day

Despite of all your losing.

Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.

Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.

Ah hah hah hah hah hah.

Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.

Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.

Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.