

Robert Calvert, The Making Of Midgard

Surf surf riding ... cruising the crests
Surf surf riding ... zooming with zest.
Surf surf raiding ... unbelievably brown
Plundering cities. And pillaging towns.
Surf surf riding ... keen on the keel
Surf surf riding's got a far-out feel
hydro heroes ... Valhalla bound
you gotta admit that we git around
steed of the waves ... steed steed ... steed of the waves
steed of the waves ... steed steed ... steed of the waves
we're gonna ride you to our watery graves.
Surf surf riding ... when the sails are furled
surf surf riding ... shooting the curl
surf surf raiding ... terrifically tanned
the world's our oyster ... the pearl's in our hands
Surf surf riding ... when the billows are right
Surf surf riding ... oo it's so outta sight
antedated ante de lu vi an
I guess you could call us Barbarians
Barbarians Bar Bar Barbarians
Barbarians Bar Bar Barbarians
Barbarians Bar Bar Barbarians
the world's our oyster ... the pearl's in our hands
Surf riding ... grab your helmet and shield
Surf raiding ... hear them church bells peal
surf riding ... hear what I say
serves you right if you get in our way
Surf surf raiding ... we're the scourge of the shores
Surf surf raiding ... better lock up your doors
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