

# Blame the Viking

## Ceann

Stroke, Stroke, Stroke, Stroke, Stroke, Stroke, Stroke  
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Who left the water running? Why are there no ice cubes?  
Who's been squeezing toothpaste from the middle of the tube?  
Who opened up the mail, left it in disarray?  
Who left the car in neutral, before it rolled away?

Well you blame me, & I blame the Viking,  
But I'm pretty sure that answer must not be to your liking.  
But it's not a game, I'm not avoiding blame:  
The Viking said he did it, that he's sorry, that he's ashamed.

Who used a metal fork in your new Teflon pot?  
Who drank right from the bottle of the milk that you just bought?  
Who tracked their muddy boots across the brand new rug,  
Left a stain on the coffee table, from a giant coffee mug?

Well you blame me, & I blame the Viking,  
But I'm pretty sure that answer must not be to your liking.  
But it's not a game, I'm not avoiding blame:  
The Viking said he did it, that he's sorry, that he's ashamed.

'Cause I know Vikings, but you don't believe me.  
Maybe if you met him it'd be a lot more easy in the end.  
Sure he's a bit clumsy, but he's not imaginary.  
He's relatively nice for a blood-thirsty mercenary.  
He's not pretend: That Viking is my friend.

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Who didn't clean the dishes? Who left the oven on?  
Who uses pens on crosswords, then gets the answers wrong?  
Who left the sink all covered with clippings from their beard?  
Who got you pregnant last year, and then just disappeared?

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But I'm pretty sure that answer must not be to your liking.  
But it's not a game, I'm not avoiding blame:

The Viking said he did it, that he's sorry, that he's ashamed.

'Cause I know Vikings, but you don't believe me.  
Maybe if you met him it'd be a lot more easy in the end.  
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And they don't drink beer from skulls. And they never wear horn hats.

And if I didn't know a Viking personally then you tell me:  
How the hell did I know that? How the hell did I know that?  
How the hell did I know that? How the hell did I know that?

'Cause I know Vikings, but you don't believe me.  
Maybe if you met him it'd be a lot more easy in the end.  
Sure he's a bit clumsy, but he's not imaginary.  
He's relatively nice for a blood-thirsty mercenary.  
He's not pretend: 'Cause that Viking is my friend.

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Lyrics submitted by Hans Weidig.

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