

The Sunk'n Norwegian

Alestorm

There lies a tavern out wisconsin way,
where you can get drunk any time o' the day.
The landlords a bastard, the barmaids a whore
but give them no shit or you're straight out the door.
The Sunk'n Norwegian's the name o' this hole
a nasty old tavern if ever I've known. One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
one more drink, before we have to die
One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
raise up ya' tankards of ale to the sky
One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
one more drink, before we have to die
One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
raise up ya' tankards of ale to the sky. Scoundrels and Brigades and ne'er do wells
ya creatures dragged up from the black pits of Hell
You'll find their relief in a tankard of ale
so the Sunk'n Norwegian is where we will sail
For barrels of whiskey or pints from the bar
but if you don't know then you don't go. One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
one more drink, before we have to die
One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
raise up ya' tankards of ale to the sky
One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
one more drink, before we have to die
One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
raise up ya' tankards of ale to the sky. Drink up my friends as much as you can
for tomorrow we sail, to a far away land
we'll pary all night, and get drunk off our head
cos' we oppress when we are dead. One more drink, at the Sunk'n Norwegian,
one more drink, before we have to die
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raise up ya' tankards of ale to the sky
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