Immigrant Song

Infectious Grooves

Ah, ah
We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs flowThe hammer of the gods
Will drive our ships to new lands
To fight the horde, singing and crying:
Valhalla, I am coming!On we sweep with threshing oar
Our only goal will be the western shoreAh, ah
We come from the land of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun where the hot springs blowHow soft your fields so green
Can whisper tales of gore
Of how we calmed the tides of war
We are your overlordsOn we sweep with threshing oar
Our only goal will be the western shoreSo now you'd better stop
And rebuild all your ruins
For peace and trust can win the day despite of all your losing

Songwriters
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