

Immigrant Song

Vanilla Fudge

Aaaaah
Aaaaah

We come from the land
Of the ice and snow
From the midnight sun
Where the hot springs blow

The 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 westernshore

Aaaaah
Aaaaah

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 westernshore

So now you'd better stop
And rebuild all your ruins
For peace and trust can win the day
Despite of all you're losing

Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh