# Old McAdeere

**Ylvis**

A sailor from Norway called Old McAdeere
Was found on a shipwreck in Dublin (stop it, he's looking at me
)
And every night he screamed in despair (stop him)
But nobody understood him (shhh)

He said, "Ai, ai, ilt I knitti"
"Åklao og knisaboti"
And, "Ai, ai, taoi e saor"
But no one could understand

Wise Norwegians were brought in to help
To decode this unfortunate sailor
They said, "Har du vondt?"
They said, "Kor det svir hen?"
They tried, "E der någe I veien?"

He said, "Ai, ai, ilt I knitti"
"Åklao og knisaboti"
And, "Ai, ai, taoi e saor"
But no one could understand
(It's the Norwegian song!)
But one day he came, on a small wooden raft (shhh)
A man from the deep fjords of Luster (shut your face!)
He gazed at the sailor and said, "E ru pjuske?"
He answered, "E du frao Luster?" (Luster)

He said, "Ai, ai, ilt I knitti"
"Åklao og knisaboti"
"Ai, ai, taoi e saor"
"Men dei skjønna jo hon ingenting"

"Oi, oi, du har råke ei slintra"
"Skaoli di e hailt lause"
"Mi vøle skurvao og spøte deg opp"

And that was Old McAdeere
(McAdeere!)
(Fuck you. Fuck you Barry!)
(You fucking cuntsucker!)
(You're a fucker!)
(That was Old McAdeere!)


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