It was a Scottish sailorman, who sure was right as rain He'd like to tell you stories in a most peculiar way With lowered voice and rolling eyes, the smell of booze And beer

'Beware my kids' he said, 'because the trolls will soon Be here'

'With crystal balls and magic bells, they're rulers of The night

And then he'd say: 'Think of me nice' and to me Surprise

The Scottish sailor, he moved into the night

And while we all were waiting, cheeria cheera The sailor was taken, 'till the day was breaking He's rockin' the trolls tonight

And while we all were waiting, cheeria cheera The sailor was taken, 'till the day was breaking He's rockin' the trolls tonight

'They seemed to come from everywhere, in search of Everyone

You're going to be the prisoner and you're not the only One'

'I've seen it with my very eyes', the sailor said  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{Before}}$ 

'Maybe a hundred thousand trolls or maybe even more'

With crystal balls and magic bells, they're rulers of The night

So draw your swords and raise it high, 'cause now the Time is right

And then he'd say: 'Think of me nice' and to me Surprise

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