

# 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