

Let's Drink

Korpiklaani

Little red house, potato field.
Little forest, lake as far as you can see.
Woodshed, for my home brewed beer,
perfect place for drunkards like me

Never gonna give up my rugged live,
never sell my infertile soil.
Never gonna give up this simple style,
let's drink and enjoy.

Disappointment is who i live with,
great grief only mate from then,
every morning pangs of remorse
but it's so familiar like my old black horse.

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nevver sell my infertile soil.
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