

Wooden Pints

Korpiklaani

There's men, underground
Who have never seen the sun
But they really know how to party
Little men from underground
Who have never seen the sun
But the really know how to party

The rise their wooden pints and they yoik and sing
And they fight and dance 'till the morning

Tables full, reindeer meat
And the camp fire shines and the brick walls are full candles
Tables full, wooden pints
They don't care about their sins
They just wanna get drunk and party

Long war is now past
Only good men have lasted
They need women, meat, beer and rom
Fight battle full of blood no thoughts about god they just slau
ghtered killed and tormented

[Chorus]