

They came from so far away (cellars of Norway)
Where children play in viking bands (sun won't shine all day)
No one seemed to notice
That they came that distance
They just stood outside and
Smoked and talked their business

Play that song again
And go to hell when you die
Wave goodbye at you
As you tune your guitars

And they played and you watched
And you yelled at the drummer
As he poured on the flames
And you passed out on key

Play that song again
And go to hell when you die
Wave goodbye at you
As you tune your guitars...

Gettin' that band outta my sight...

And they played and you watched
Till the end of the summer
When they boarded their planes
And you walked out
Soaked up and sweating
And I'm forever empty