

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