

Great White

"Immigrant Song"

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(Page, Plant)

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!

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, and singing and crying:
"Valhalla I am coming."

On we sweep with, with threshing oar.
Our only goal will be the western shore.

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!

Ah~ah~ahhh-ah!

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 western shore.

So now you better stop
And rebuild all your ruins.
For peace and trust can win the day
Despite of all your losing.

Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.
Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.
Ah hah hah hah hah hah.

Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.
Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.
Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh. Ooh~ooh.

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