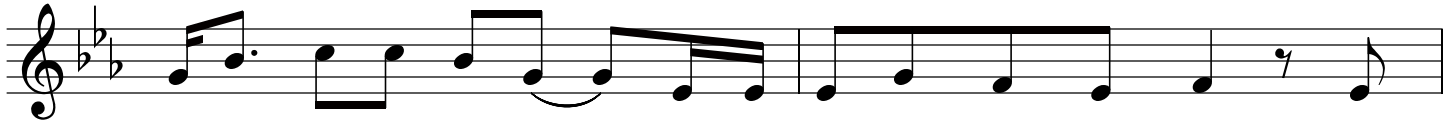


The Viking



On a cold au tum evening on a drag on ship to Eng land I



met up with a Vik ing Who was most too drunk to think. As



we took turns a hang in' oe'r the bow sprit to be sea sick He



said when we get to Eng land, Sven, you're gon na learn to drink.



You got ta know how to hold it,



'cause whether warm or cold, it Is the best damn lik



ker, Sven, that ev er came our way. Then we'll load up what's left



in the hold and hit for home, boy And we'll be rich as kings when we sell/it in Nor way.