

HENRY FJORD

There was a Norwegian millionaire
By the name of Henry Fjord
Who sold his car
For a pyrite bar
To a con man from abroad.

He took the bar to the manager
Of the Oslo Savings Bank,
Who said: Looks cool,
But this is fool's
Gold; you've been suckered Hank!

But not to be distressed
He took the train across the border
To Swedenland and,
Looking bland,
He sold it to a broker.

The broker gave him cash,
He changed it into krone,
Then took the train
Back home again
Across the mountain border.

The moral of this storay
Is there may be fools in Norway
But in Sweden (as I've sin it),
There's one bjorn every minute.