

## 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.