# Jonathan Coulton - IKEA



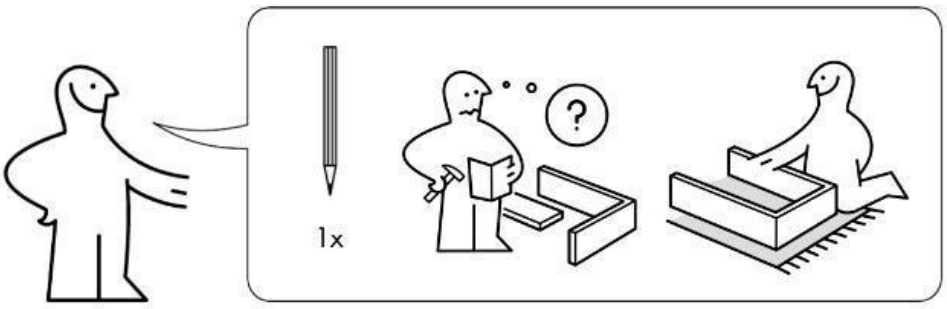
*A procession of vikings march solemnly, carrying a stretcher piled with old IKEA furniture.*

Long ago in days of yore,
It all began with a god named Thor.
There were Vikings, and boats,
And some plans for a furniture store.
It's not a bodega, it's not a mall,
And they sell things for apartments smaller than mine.
As if there were apartments smaller than mine.

Ikea: Just some oak, and some pine, and a handful of Norsemen.
Ikea: Selling furniture for college kids and divorced men.
Everyone has a home,
But if you don't have a home, you can buy one there!

So rent a car or take the bus,
Lay your cash down and put your trust,
In the land where the furniture folds to a much smaller size.
**BILLY**, the bookcase, says hello!
And so does a table whose name is **INGO**
And the chair is a ladder-back birch, but his friends call him **KARL**
**(Chorus)**

Ikea: Plywood, brushed steel
Ikea: Meatballs, tasty
Ikea: Allen wrenches
All of them for free
All of them for me




I'm sorry I said Ikea sucks,
I just bought a table for 60 bucks,
And a chair, and a lamp,
And a shelf, and some candles for you!
I was a doubter, just like you,
Till I saw the American dream come true.
In New Jersey, they got a god-damned Swedish parade!
**(Chorus)**

LIVEWORKSHEETS