The Nigerian Letter

Music, lyrics: Henrik Widegren

Liam was lonely. Liam was single
He was on Tinder every night
Liam referred to himself as an incel
He didn't make any women swipe right
But late one night he got an email
At first he thought it was a joke
But then he saw it was from a female
Her name was Mary. And she wrote, I quote:

Dear Mister Liam, I am the daughter
Of late sir Dunga, minister of war
I seek your assistance to transfer all his money
And if you would help me half of it is yours
So if you send five thousand dollars to this bank
You will meet the criteria
And you will get twelve million dollars in cash
Sincerely, Mary from Nigeria

Nigeria, Nigeria He got a letter from Nigeria Nigeria, Nigeria Cause Mary lived in Nigeria

Liam smiled with tears in his eyes
This was a sign, a gift from above
Twelve million dollars sure would be nice
But first and last, he was in love
So he sold his car and all that he had
But all his money was not enough
He went to his friends, who thought he was mad:
"It is a scam. She is a bluff!"

So he went to the bank and showed them the letter "Look, what I've got. Wonderful news You'll earn a thousand for every dollar This an offer you cannot refuse" However the banker wasn't impressed: "We have to decline your business proposal The risk is too high, and may I suggest You put your mail in the garbage disposal"

Nigeria, Nigeria You have got a letter from Nigeria Nigeria, Nigeria Never ever trust Nigeria So he got a job as a chef and au pair Waitress and roadie in a band And forty weeks later the money was there And he wrote her a letter by hand Dear miss Mary, I hope you're okay I got the email from you Here is the money and I have to say I love you. Mary, I do

After a week someone rang at the door He opened and Mary smiled and said: "Hi" She put down her bag of money on the floor And kissed him and she never said good bye

Nigeria, Nigeria He got a letter from Nigeria Nigeria, Nigeria He got a letter from Nigeria