

Grimsby

Elton John

As I lay dreamin' in my bed
Across the great divide
I thought I heard the trawler boats
Returnin' on the tide And in this vision of my home
The shingle beach did ring
I saw the lights along the pier
That made my senses sing Oh oh Grimsby, a thousand delights
Couldn't match the sweet sights
Oh, my Grimsby
Oh, England you're fair
But there's none to compare with my Grimsby
Through nights of mad youth
I have loved every sluice in your harbor
And in your wild sands, boyhood to man
Strangers have found themselves fathers Take me back you rustic town
I miss your magic charm
Just to smell your candy floss
Or drink in the skinner's arms No Cordon Bleu can match the beauty
Of your pies and peas
I want to ride your fairground
Take air along the key Oh Grimsby, a thousand delights
Couldn't match the sweet sights
Oh, my Grimsby
Oh, England you're fair
But there's none to compare with my Grimsby
Through nights of mad youth
I have loved every sluice in your harbor
And in your wild sands, boyhood to man
Strangers have found themselves fathers Grimsby, oh, a thousand delights
Couldn't match the sweet sights
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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