

Caravan, Back To Herne Bay Front

Down here on Herne Bay front, the weather's not too good
There's not a lot of crumpet, and the fish and chips are greasy
My mates and I are working days and sometimes nights
Sixteen-track recording, though our tiny hands are frozen

Down here on Herne Bay front, the summer season's gone
But the 'Bingo' is still open, and there's always roller-skating
But if you feel weak, a drive down to the 'Dolphin' for a wee drink
A touch of old 'Peculiar' helps me think

Down here at Herne Bay front, on promenades 'stroll-on';
While the kids stop space invaders, fishermen in 'waders' hunt ragworms
Down here on Herne Bay front, there's eels and liquor pies
In 'The Sunset' in the morning, four cups of tea they're pouring

Here in Herne Bay
The bed and breakfast ladies are out all day
The slickest thing is oil out in 'The Bay';
Back to Herne Bay front

Above 'Rancheros' caff, back to Herne Bay front
It's not Hotel California, only electric bar-fires warm you
Down here on Herne Bay Front, the 'Rangoon' has closed down
Curry and chips right out the question, topless girls give indigestion

Here in Herne Bay
In the 'Divers Arms' you'll find them all on display
Even traffics wardens drink there - hip hip hooray!
Back to front Herne Bay