

Elton John, Grimsby

As I lay dreaming in my bed
Across the great divide
I thought I heard the trawler boats
Returning 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
Of 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 from 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 Skinners Arms
No Cordon Bleu can match the beauty
Of your pies and peas
I want to ride your fairground
Take air along the quay