

## **Elton John**

### **"Grimsby"**

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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

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Couldn't match the sweet sights  
Oh, my Grimsby  
Oh, England you're fair  
But there's none to compare with my Grimsby

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I have loved every sluice in your harbor  
And in your wild sands, boyhood to man  
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