

Mum would shout and scream when dad would come home drunk
When she asked him where he'd been, he'd say "Up the Clissold Arms"

Chatting up some huzzy, but he didn't mean no harm
Sunday morning drives, just to get away
Ramsgate or Southend, it would always be a laugh
Paddling by the sea, trousers rolled up to the knees
Walking by the sea, full of dreams, eating ice cream
Grandma's burnt her cheeks getting brown, turn her over
Fortis Green, memories of days when I was young
It can only be a memory. A time that now has gone
There's Uncle Frank tellin' stories from the war
Frightening all the kids, yet we'd heard it all before
While the bombs were droppin' round, there were parties underground

Aunt Lil's at the gin, while Mum's singing songs
From the 40's when variety, Max Miller was going strong
All the characters are gone, oh, what a blooming shame
I wish that it could be like it was in the old days
Sat on Auntie's knee, toasting bread in the fire-place
Fortis Green, memories of days when I was young
It can only be a memory. A time that now has gone
Memories of Fortis Green, when I was just a lad
Collecting bottle tops, threepenny bits. Fishing with my Dad
Sister's in the doorway, snogging with her bloke
Scared to put the cat out 'case I put him off his stroke
But she wouldn't be denied, I got a shilling as a bribe
I used to do my courting on an old kitchen chair
The girls were all so sporting, but I only really cared for my little Katie-Sue

There was nothing she wouldn't do
Sunday after tea we would listen to the wireless
Hancock's half-hour, Luxembourg. We'd sit for hours
Fortis Green, memories of days when I was young
It can only be a memory. A time that now has gone
Fortis Green, memories of days when I was young
Collecting bottle tops, threepenny bits. Fishing with my Dad
That's it