

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 harbour  
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