

Cleveland Home

I heard someone sing about Waterford fair
And those Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia
And that out in the Indies there's blue surf and foam
But there's nowhere so fair as my own Cleveland Home

I've lived by your cliffs and in Loftus fair town
I've hiked over Boulby the rain screamin' down
Then on to Port Mulgrave the beaches to comb
Aye there's nowhere so fair as my own Cleveland home

Forgive me if I speak out of turn now and then
But there's no finer time than I'd much rather spend
Than with my pack on my back, your lanes for to roam
Oh there's nowhere so fair as my own Cleveland Home

Its not fit in winter for your Pharaohs and Kings
But there's hills moors and chimneys of which we do sing
You can keep your Australia, your Orient and Rome
For there's nowhere so fair as my own Cleveland Home

There's not so much muck since the works were shut down
And you can see the green hills from the centre of town
Strange as it may seem wherever I roam
There's nowhere so fair as my own Cleveland Home

Words & Music Richard Grainger

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