

I Wish I Were Back In Liverpool

I wish I was back in Liverpool, Liverpool town where I was born
Where there ain't no trees, no scent of grease, no field's of waving corn
But there's lots of girls with peroxide curls and the black and tan flows
free
There's six in a bed by the old pier head and it's Liverpool town for me

'Tis seven long years since I wandered away to sail the wild world o'er
Me very first trip on an old steam ship that was bound for Baltimore
I was seven days sick and I just couldn't stick that bobbin' up and down
So I told them "Jack, you'd better turn back for dear old Liverpool town"

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We dug the Mersey tunnel, boys, way back in thirty-three
Dug an hole in the ground until we found an hold called Wallasey
Then the foreman cried "Come on, outside! The roof is fallin' down"
While I'm tellin' you, Jack, we all swum back to dear old Liverpool town

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There's every race and colour of face, there's every kind of name
But the pigeons on the pier head they treat you all the same
And if you walk up upon Parliament Street you'll get faces black and brown
And I've also seen the orange-green in dear old Liverpool town

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