

1. Now if Brussels was a fishing port, I'll tell you lads for nowt,  
There'd be no rotting trawlers there, of that there's no doubt;  
That's the home of Monsewer Euro-Bureau, and the rest of his kind,  
And to crap in his own nest, he would not be inclined.

**Chorus:** But we ought to show some gratitude for the blessings we've *not* got,  
Merci beaucoup, Monsewer Euro-Bureau, aye and a thanks a bloody lot!

2. Once this country had a trawling trade, that was second to none,  
But it's now sold down the river, lads, and our heritage undone;  
By our own spineless government we're barred from the sea,  
To appease Monsewer Euro-Bureau and his flash company.

**Chorus:**

3. Now the house of M Euro-Bureau lies alongside the Mint,  
And he makes pretty silver pieces there, how they glitter and they glint;  
And he doles them out in thirties, boys, from a shami-leather sack –  
That's the going rate for betrayal and a stab in the back.

**Chorus:**

3. Well he sent for our Government, and he told them that he  
Required that the British fishing fleets be removed from the sea;  
Well they eyed his shiny coinage, in its bright fine array,  
Saying: "Oui, Oui, M Euro-Bureau, anything that you say!"

**Chorus**

4. So our future's in the past now, thanks to fine Brussels coin,  
We've been stitched up so very neatly you can hardly see the join;  
Now if someone had had the guts, boys, they'd have said Monsewer No!  
Told him stick it right up his Euro-Bureau, just as far as it would go!

**Chorus**

5. Now there's some say Monsewer Euro-Bureau might have won in the end,  
But his job was made the easier by a Trawlerman's False Friends;  
Well I'd rather trust a Widow-Maker on a cold Northern sea,  
Than a crummy crowd of wheeler-dealers with their flash currency.

**Chorus**

6. So if Brussels was a fishing port, then there's one thing for sure,  
There'd be no rotting trawlers there, with their crews left on shore;  
**There'd be positive discrimination and they'd sail on the blue,** Diff words from demo rec'd'g  
Like the Spaniards and the Portugees and the Icelanders do.

**Chorus**