

Green Green Grass of Home

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The old home town looks the same
As I step down from the train
And there to meet me, is my mama and papa
Down the road I look, and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries
It's good to touch, the green green grass of home

Yes they'll all come to greet me, arms
reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch, the green green grass of home

The old house, is still standing
Though the paint is cracked and dry
And there's that old oak tree, that I used to play on
Down the lane I'll walk with my sweet Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries
It's good to touch, the green green grass of home

Yes they'll all come to meet me, arms
reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

Then I awake, and look around me
At four gray walls that surround me
And I realize, that I was only dreamin'
For there's a guard and there's that sad old padre
Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak
Again I'll touch, the green green grass of home

Yes, they'll all come to see me
In the shade of that old oak tree
As they lay me ~~o~~neath the green green grass of home

