

# Green, Green Grass of Home

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 meet me  
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly  
It's good to touch the green, green, grass of home

The old house is still standing  
Tho' the paint is cracked and dry  
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on  
Down the lane I 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 the four gray walls that surround me  
And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre -  
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
Again I 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 neath the green, green grass of home

