



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
Though 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

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'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 'neath the green, green grass
of home

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