

Green, Green Grass Of Home

Bobby Bare

The old hometown looks the same
As I step down from the train
And there to meet me is my mama and my papa
And 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 a-reaching, smiling sweetly
It's so 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 the 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 grey walls that surround me
And I realized 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...