Green Green Grass of Home

Elvis Presley

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 be there to meet me, All creatures 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 an 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

Then I awake and look around me Cold gray walls surround me And I realize that I was only dreamin' There's a guard and there's a 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 be there to meet me In the shadow of that old oak tree As they lay me beneath the green, green grass of home