

Green, Green Grass of Home

The Flying Burrito Brothers

The old home town looks the same since I step down from
the train

And there to meet me was my mama and papa

Down the lane I look and there runs Mary, hair of gold
and lips like cherries

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 the 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.

And they'll all come to see 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 cold gray walls
that surround me

And I realize that I was only dreamin'

'Cause there stands the guard and a sad old padre and arm
and arm they'll walk at daybreak

And again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to see me by the shade of the old
oak tree

And they lay me meet the green, green grass of home