

## Green Green Grass Of Home

Hank Snow

The old hometown looks the same  
As I step down from the train  
And there to meet me is my mama and 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 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.

And then suddenly I awake and look around me  
At these cold grey walls that surround me  
And it's then that I realize that I was only dreaming  
For there stands a guard and there's the sad old padre  
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
And once 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...