

Green Green Grass of Home

Merle Haggard

The old hometown looks the same as I step down from the train
And there to meet me is 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
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 l
ike cherries
It's so good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes they'll all come to meet me arms a reached smiling sweetly
It's so good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me at the four grey walls that sur
round me
And I realized that I was only dreaming
For there's a guard and there's that sad old padre
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak
And 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 tr
ee
As they lay me neath the green, green grass of home...