

Green Green Grass Of Home

Roger Miller

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 road I look
And there comes Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

Yes, they've all come to meet me, arms areaching, smiling sweet
ly
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 that old oak tree that I used to play on and down t
he lane
I'd walk with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherrie
s
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

Yes, they've all come to meet me, arms areaching, smiling sweet
ly
Lord, it's so good to touch the green, green grass of home

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