

# Village Green

## Blakes, The

Out in the country far from all the soot and noise of the city  
There's a village Green, it's been a long time  
Since I last set eyes on the church with the steeple  
Down by the village Green  
'Twas there I met a girl called Daisy  
And kissed her by the old oak tree  
Although I loved my Daisy, I sought fame  
And so I left the village Green  
I miss the village Green and all the simple people  
I miss the village Green  
The church, the clock, the steeple  
I miss the morning dew, fresh air and Sunday school  
And now all the houses are rare antiquities  
American tourists flock to see the village Green  
They snap their photographs and say  
"Gawd darn it, isn't it a pretty scene?"  
And Daisy's married Tom the grocer boy  
And now he owns a grocery  
I miss the village Green and all the simple people  
I miss the village Green  
The church, the clock, the steeple  
I miss the morning dew, fresh air and Sunday school  
And I will return there and I'll and Daisy  
And we'll sip tea, laugh  
And talk about the village Green  
We will laugh and talk about the village Green

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