

# Country Green (Re-Recorded In Stereo)

[Don Gibson](#)

Country green, do you know what I mean?  
She's true and pure like country green I feel her hand upon my shoulder  
Waking me from a drawn out sleep  
I'm the only man to ever hold her  
What we share ain't nothin' cheap Sunday morning, we spend at God's house  
Sunday evening, we spend at mine  
Quiet nights down by the sawmill  
We sit and talk, her hand in mine Country green, do you know what I mean?  
She's true and pure like country green  
Country green, just a poor boy's dream  
She makes me feel like country green Summer rain falls down the chimney  
Umm, makes a puddle on the floor  
It's so good to have her with me  
I don't know what I did before Country green, do you know what I mean?  
She's true and pure like country green  
Country green, just a poor boy's dream  
She makes me feel like country green Country green, do you know what I mean?  
She's true and pure like country green

Songwriters

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