

Country Green (Re-Recorded)

Don Gibson

Country green, do you know what I mean?
She's true and pure like country greenI 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' cheapSunday 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 mineCountry 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 greenSummer 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 beforeCountry 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 greenCountry green, do you know what I mean?
She's true and pure like country green

Songwriters
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