

Calon LÃ¢en

Siobhan Owen

The old home town 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'll all be there to meet me
 Arms reaching smiling sweetly
It's 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 I used to play on
 Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary
 Hair of gold and lips like cherries
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
 Yes, they'll all come to meet me
 Arms reaching smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
 The old home town 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'll all come to meet me
 In the shade of the old oak tree
As they lay me ~neath the green, green grass of home
 It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

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