Calon LÃ¢n

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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