

# Green, Green Grass Of Home

Bobby Bare

The old hometown looks the same as I step down from the train  
And there to meet me is my mama and my papa  
And down the road I look and there runs 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 so 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 the old oak tree that 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 Then I awake and look around me  
At the gray walls that surround me  
And I realized I was only dreaming For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre  
Arm in arm, we'll walk at daybreak  
Again I'll touch the green, green, grass of home Yes, they'll all come to see me  
In the shade of that old oak tree  
As they lay me 'neath the green, green, grass of home

Songwriters

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