

Green, Green Grass Of Home

Tom Jones

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 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 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 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 four gray walls that surround me
And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre
On and on 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

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