

# Green, Green Grass of Home

## The Jordanares

The old home town looks the same  
As I step down from the train  
And there to meet me is my mama and my 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  
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  
Yes, they'll all come to see me  
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home  
Then I awake and look around me  
To the cold gray walls that surround me  
And then I realize I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard, and the sad old padre  
Arm in arm, I walk at daybreak  
Again, I touch the green, green grass of home  
Yes, they'll all come to see me  
In the shade of the old oak tree  
As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home

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