

Green, Green Grass of Home

The Jordanaires

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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