

Green, Green Grass of Home

Bill Anderson

The old hometown looks the same
As I step down from the train
And there to meet me is my mama and papaDown 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 homeThe old house is still standing though
 The paint is cracked and dry
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play onDown 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 homeYes, they'll all come to meet me
 Arms reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green, grass of homeThen I awake and look around me
 At the four gray walls that surround me
And I realize that I was only dreamingThere's a guard and there's a sad old padre arm in arm
 We'll walk at daybreak and again
I'll touch the green, green, grass of homeYes, they'll all come to see me
 In the shade of that old oak tree
As they lay me neathe the green, green, grass of homeYes, they'll all come to see me
 In the shade of that old oak tree
As they lay me neathe the green, green, grass of home

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