

Green Green Grass of Home

Katherine Jenkins

The old home town 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 comes Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries
It's good to touch the green, green grass of homeYes, they'll all be there to meet me
Arms reaching smiling sweetly
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 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 homeThe old home town 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 comes 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
In the shade of the old oak tree
As they lay me neath the green, green grass of home
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

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