

Green, Green Grass of Home

Charley Pride

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
The old home town looks the same
As I step down from the train
And there to meet me is my mamma and pappa
And 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 a-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
And down the lane I walk with my why 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 meet me
Arms a-reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home Then I awake, and look around
At the grey walls that surround
And I realize that I was o-only dreaming
For there's a guard and a there's a sad old padre
Arm in arm 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

Songwriters

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