

# Green, Green Grass of Home

## Porter Wagoner

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The old hometown looks the same  
As I step down from the train  
And there to meet me is my mama and papa  
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've all come to meet me, arms a-reached smiling  
sweetly  
It's so 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 sweet Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home  
Then I awake and look around me  
At these four gray walls that surround me  
And I realize that I was only dreaming  
But there's a guard and there's that sad old padre  
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
And 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

Lyrics provided by

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