Village Green

The Blakes

Out in the country far from all the soot and noise of the city
There's a village Green, it's been a long time
Since I last set eyes on the church with the steeple
Down by the village Green
'Twas there I met a girl called Daisy
And kissed her by the old oak tree
Although I loved my Daisy, I sought fame
And so I left the village Green
I miss the village Green and all the simple people
I miss the village Green
The church, the clock, the steeple
I miss the morning dew, fresh air and Sunday school
And now all the houses are rare antiquities
American tourists flock to see the village Green
They snap their photographs and say
"Gawd darn it, isn't it a pretty scene?"
And Daisy's married Tom the grocer boy
And now he owns a grocery
I miss the village Green and all the simple people
I miss the village Green
The church, the clock, the steeple
I miss the morning dew, fresh air and Sunday school
And I will return there and I'll and Daisy
And we'll sip tea, laugh
And talk about the village Green
We will laugh and talk about the village Green

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