

Green, Green Grass of Home (Re-Recorded)

Porter Wagoner

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

Songwriters

PUTMAN, CURLY Published by

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