

Green Green Grass Of Home

Conway Twitty

The old hometown
Looks the same
As I step down from the train
And there to meet me
Was my mama and my papa.

And down the road
I look and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips, like cherry
It's good to touch the
Green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me
Arms areached and 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.

Down the lane I walk
With my sweet Mary
Hair of gold and lips, like cherry
It's good to touch the
Green, green grass of home.

Then I awoke
And look around me
To the four grey walls that surround me
And I realize that I was only dreaming
For there's a guard
And there's a sad old padre, arm in arm
We'll walk at daybreak
Then again I'll touch the
Green, green grass of home.

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...