

Green, Green Grass of Home

Johnny Paycheck

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 awake 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