

Green Green Grass of Home

Patti Page

The old hometown looks the same as I step down from the train
There to meet me is my mama and papa
Down the lane I look and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherry
It's good to touch the green green grass of home

The old house is still standing though the paint is cracked and
dry
There's the 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 so good to touch the green green grass of home

Yes, they'll all come to meet me arms outreached smiling sweetl
y
It's so good to touch the green green grass of home

Then I awake and look around me at the four gray walls that sur
round me
And I realized that I was only dreaming
For 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 tr
ee
And they lay me 'neath the green green grass of home