

# Conway Twitty, Green Green Grass Of Home

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

[ steel ]

Then I awake and look around me  
At these 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