

# Don Gibson, Green, Green Grass Of Home

The old home town looks the same  
As I step down from a train  
There to meet me are my mama and my papa  
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.

The old home is still standing  
Though the paint is cracked and dry  
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 cherries  
It's good to touch the green green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me  
At the four grey walls that surround me  
And I realized, Yes, I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard, and that sad old padre  
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
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.