

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.