

Dean Martin, Green, Green Grass Of Home

The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train
and there to meet me is my mama and papa;

Down the road I look and there runs Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries, it's good to touch the g

Yes, they'll all come to meet me arms a'reaching, smiling sweetly;
It's 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 and with my serrt 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 gray walls that surround me and I realize that I was o

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.