

# Eddy Arnold, Green, Green, Grass Of Home

The old hometown 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 green green grass of home

Yes they'll all come to meet me arms areaching 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 there Mary hair of gold and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green green grass of home

Then I awake look around me at the grey walls that surround me  
And I realize that I was only dreaming  
There's a guard and there's that sad old padre arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
Again I'll touch 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