

Joan Baez, Green, Green Grass Of Home

The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train,
And there meet me is 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 house is still standing tho' 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 cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me, to the four grey wall that surround me
And then I realize that I was only dreaming.
There's a guard and sad old padre
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak.
Again I touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all meet together in the shade of that old oak tree
As we neath indeed the green, green grass of home.