

Kenny Price, 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 my papa
And 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 and smiling sweetly
It's so good to touch the green green grass of home
The old house is still standing oh the paint is cracked and dry
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on
And 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 I look around me at them four grey walls that surround me
And I realize now that I was only dreaming
Cause there's a guard and there's a sad old padre
And arm in arm we're gonna walk at daybreak
And once 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
When they lay me beneath the green green grass of home