

# 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