

# Kenny Rogers, 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  
And down the road I look and there runs Mary  
her golden lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green green grass of home.

Yes they've all come to meet me  
arms reaching smiling sweetly  
It's so 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'd walk with my sweet Mary  
her golden lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green green grass of home.

Yes they've all come ...

Then I awake and look around me  
at the gray walls that surround me  
And I realized that I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre  
arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak again  
I'll touch the green green grass of home.

Yes they'll all come to see me i  
n the shade of that old oak tree  
As they lay me neath the green green grass of home.