

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.