

# Merle Haggard, 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  
Down the lane 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 though the paint is cracked and dry  
There's the 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 so good to touch the green green grass of home  
Yes they'll all come to meet me arms areached smiling sweetly  
It's so good to touch the green green grass of home

[ guitar ]

Then I awake and look around me at the four grey walls that surround me  
And I realized that I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard and there's that sad old padre arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
And 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  
As they lay me neath the green green grass of home