

Tom Jones, Green, green gras of house

The old home town looks the same
as I step down from the train,
and there to meet me is my Mama and Papa,
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 reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
The old house is still standing
Tho' the paint is cracked and dry
And there's that 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 good to touch the green, green grass of home
Then I awake and look around me,
at four grey walls that surround me
and I realize, yes 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 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
The old home town looks the same
as I step down from the train,
and there to meet me is my Mama and Papa,
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 reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
The old house is still standing
Tho' the paint is cracked and dry
And there's that 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 good to touch the green, green grass of home
Then I awake and look around me,
at four grey walls that surround me
and I realize, yes 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 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