

Tom Jones, 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 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.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me, at four grey wall surround me
and I realize 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 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.