

Green, Green, Grass of Home

Eddy Arnold

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 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 areaching smiling sweetly
It's 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 walk and there Mary hair of gold and lips like
cherries
It's good to touch the green green grass of home
Then I awake look around me at the grey walls that surround me
And I realize that I was only dreaming
There's a guard and there's that sad old padre arm in arm we'll
walk at daybreak
Again I'll touch I'll touch the green green grass of home
Yes they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tre
e
As they lay me neath the green green grass of home