

## Green Green Grass Of Home

Conway Twitty

The old hometown  
Looks the same  
As I step down from the train  
And there to meet me  
Was my mama and my papa.

And down the road  
I look and there runs Mary  
Hair of gold and lips, like cherry  
It's good to touch the  
Green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me  
Arms areached and 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 walk  
With my sweet Mary  
Hair of gold and lips, like cherry  
It's good to touch the  
Green, green grass of home.

Then I awoke  
And look around me  
To the four grey walls that 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  
Then again I'll touch the  
Green, green grass of home.

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...