

Country Green

Don Gibson

Country green, do you know what I mean?
She's true and pure like country green

I feel her hand upon my shoulder
Waking me from a drawn out sleep
I'm the only man to ever hold her
What we share ain't nothin' cheap

Sunday morning, we spend at God's house
Sunday evening, we spend at mine
Quiet nights down by the sawmill
We sit and talk, her hand in mine

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Country green, just a poor boy's dream
She makes me feel like country green

Summer rain falls down the chimney
Umm, makes a puddle on the floor
It's so good to have her with me
I don't know what I did before

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