

## Green, Green Grass of Home

Flying Burrito Brothers

The old home town looks the same since I step down from  
the train  
And there to meet me was my mama and papa  
Down the lane I look and there runs Mary, hair of gold  
and lips like cherries  
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 the old oak tree that I used to play on  
Down the lane I'll walk with my sweet Mary, hair of gold  
and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

And they'll all come to see me, arms reaching, smiling  
sweetly  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me at the cold gray walls  
that surround me  
And I realize that I was only dreamin'  
'Cause there stands the guard and a sad old padre and arm  
and arm they'll walk at daybreak  
And again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to see me by the shade of the old  
oak tree  
And they lay me meet the green, green grass of home