

## Green, Green Grass Of Home

Joan Baez

The old home town looks the same  
As I step down from the train  
And there meet me is my mama and my 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

The old house is still standing  
Tho' 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 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 wake and look around me  
To the cold gray wall that surround me  
And then I realize that I was only dreaming  
There's a guard and sad old padre  
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak  
Again I touch the green, green grass of home

Yes, we'll all be together in the shade of that old oak tree  
As we beneath indeed the green, green grass of home