

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