

The old home town looks the same  
As I step down from the train  
And there to meet me is my mama and papa  
Down the road I look and there comes Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home  
Yes, they'll all be there to meet me  
Arms reaching smiling sweetly  
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 that old oak tree 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  
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And there to meet me is my mama and papa  
Down the road I look and there comes 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  
In the shade of the old oak tree  
As they lay me â