Green Green Grass Of Home

Roger Miller

The old hometown 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've all come to meet me, arms areaching, smiling sweet lv It's so 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 that I used to play on and down t he lane I'd walk with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherrie S It's good to touch the green, green grass of home Yes, they've all come to meet me, arms areaching, smiling sweet ly Lord, it's so good to touch the green, green grass of home Then I awake and look around me at four grey walls that surroun d me And I realized that I was only dreaming, for there's a guard And there's a sad old padre arm in arm, we'll walk at daybreak Once again I'll touch the green, green grass of home Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tr ee As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home