

Village Green

The Kinks

Out in the country,
Far from all the soot and noise of the city,
There's a village green.
It's been a long time
Since I last set eyes on the church with the steeple
Down by the village green.
'Twas there I met a girl called Daisy
And kissed her by the old oak tree.
Although I loved my Daisy, I saw fame,
And so I left the village green.

I miss the village green,
And all the simple people.
I miss the village green,
The church, the clock, the steeple.
I miss the morning dew, fresh air and Sunday school.

And now all the houses
Are rare antiquities.
American tourists flock to see the village green.
They snap their photographs and say "Gawd darn it,
Isn't it a pretty scene?"
And Daisy's married Tom the grocer boy,
And now he owns a grocery.

I miss the village green,
And all the simple people.
I miss the village green,
The church, the clock, the steeple.
I miss the morning dew, fresh air and Sunday school.

And I will return there,
And I'll and Daisy,
And we'll sip tea, laugh,
And talk about the village green.
We will laugh and talk about the village green.