

## The Green, Green Grass of Home [www.mike-martin.net](http://www.mike-martin.net)

The old home town looks the same, as I step down from the train  
There to meet me is my mama and 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

Yes they'll all come 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 that I used to play on  
Down the lane I walk and with my sweet Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

Then I awake and look around me  
At the four gray walls that surround me  
And I realize that I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre  
Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak  
Again I'll touch the green grass of home

Yes they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree  
As they lay me beneath the green, green grass of home