

Green Green Grass of Home

Tom Jones

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 runs 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
Arm reachin' 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'll walk
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 four gray walls
that surround me
And I realize
yes, I was only dreamin'
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, 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.

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