

# Green, Green Grass of Home

## *Wait for Turn-Around*

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'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  
tho' the paint is cracked and dry,  
and there's that old oak tree that 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.

## *[spoken]*

Then I awake and look around me,  
at four grey walls surround me  
and I realize - 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.

*Again* **Again** *I touch* **I 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 neath - the green, green grass of home.