

# Tadeusz Lech, Green, Green Grass of Home | No

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 sweetly  
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 the lane I'd walk with my sweet 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 sweetly  
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 surround 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 tree  
As they lay me neath the green green grass of home