

# Green Green Grass of Home

Tom Jones

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(2013)

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## 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'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.  
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

[spoken:]

Then I awake and look around me, at the four grey walls that surround me  
and I realize, yes, 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 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.

End

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23062013