

Green Green Grass Of Home

Curly Putman

The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train, and there to
meet me is my Ma - ma and Pa - pa Down the
road I look, and there runs Ma - ry hair of gold and
lips like cher - ries, It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to meet me arms reach - ing smil - ling sweet - ly, it's
good to touch the green, green grass of home. The
old house is still stan - ding, 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 Ma - ry hair of gold and
lips like cher - ries, It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that
old oak tree as thay lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

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 see me
in the shade of that old oak tree
as they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

(spoken)

Then I awake and look around me, at four grey wall 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 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.