

## Putman Curly

### "Green Green Grass Of Home"

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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 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 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.

- Curly Putman

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