

## Claude King "Green Green Grass Of Home"

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It's good to touch the green green grass of home  
The old hometown looks the same as I step down from  
the train  
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  
The old house is still standing though the paint is  
cracked and dry  
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 areaching smiling  
sweetly  
It's good to touch the green green grass of home  
Then I awake and I look around me at the four grey  
walls that surround me  
And I realize that yes I realize I was only dreamin'  
There's a guard and there's that sad old padre arm in  
arm we'll walk at daybreak  
And 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

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