

## Freddy Fender

### "Green Green Grass Of Home"

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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 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  
Though 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.

(Spoke)Then I awake and look around me,  
At four grey walls that surround me  
And I realize, yes, 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.  
You 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

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