

George Jones "Green, Green Grass Of Home"

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The old home town
Still looks the same
As I step down from the train
There to meet me
Is my mama and my papa.

Down the road I look
And there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherry
It's good to touch the
Green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to see me
Arms a-reachin', smiling sweetly
When again I'll touch the
Green, green grass of home.

The old home place is still standin'
Though the paint is cracked and dry
There's the old oak tree
That I once used to play on.

Down the lane I walk
With my sweet Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherry
It's good to touch the
Green, green grass of home.

--- Instrumental ---

(Spoken)
Then I awoke
And I look around me
At the four grey walls that surround me
And I realize that I was only dreaming
For there's a guard
And there's a sad old padre,
Where arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak
As they lay me 'neath the
Green, green grass of home.

(Sang)

Yes, They'll all come to see me
Arms a-reachin', smilin' sweetly
When again, I'll touch the
Green, green grass of home...

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