

## Porter Kalan

### "Green Green Grass Of Home"

Visit "[Green Green Grass Of Home](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The old hometown looks the same as I step down from  
the train  
And there to meet me is my mamma and poppa  
And 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've all come to meet me, arms a reached  
smiling sweetly  
It's so good to touch the green green grass of home.

The old house, is still standing, though the paint is  
cracked and dried  
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on  
And 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.

Then I wake and look around me  
At these four gray walls that 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  
When again I'll touch the green green grass of home.

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...

Visit [Porter Kalan](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.