

Dallas Frazier

"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, rms areaching,
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.

Then I awake and look around me at the four grey walls
that surround me
And I realize that I was only dreaming
There's a guard and there's a sad old padre arm in
arm we'll walk at daybreak
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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