

## Dean Martin

# "Green, Green Grass of Home"

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The old home town 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 a'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 and 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 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 and 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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