

Jones Tom

"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 greet me is my mamma and my poppa
Down the road I look, and there runs Mary,
Hair of gold, lips like cherries,
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

Yes, they'll all come to meet me, Arms a-reachin',
smilin' sweetly,
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

The old house is still standin,'Though the paint is
cracked and dry
And there's that old oak tree, That I used to play on.
Down the lane I'll 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 gray walls that surround me,
And I realize .Yes I was only dreaming,
For there's a guard and a sad old padre,
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak,
And at last I'll touch the green green grass of home

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