

Porter Wagoner "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 mama and papa

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 dry
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 awake and look around me
At these four gray walls that surround me
And I realize that I was only dreaming
But there's a guard and there's that sad old padre
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak

And 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

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