

## **Roger Miller**

# **"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 comes 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 areaching,  
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'd walk with my sweet 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 areaching,  
smiling sweetly  
Lord, it's so good to touch the green, green grass of  
home

Then I awake and look around me at four grey walls  
that surround me  
And I realized 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  
Once 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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