

Green, Green Grass of Home

Curly Putnam/Tom Jones

All: The old hometown looks the same
As I step down from the train
And there to meet me is my mama and papa
Men: 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 reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

Women: 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
Men: 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

Men: Then I awake and look around me
At four grey walls that surround me
And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming
For there's a guard and there's a sad, old padre
On and on, we'll walk at daybreak
Again, I'll touch the green, green grass of home

All: 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