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Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Green Green Grass Of Home

Par Porter Wagoner

Album : Viva

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 reaching, smiling sweetly

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

The old house is still standing tho' the paint is cracked and dry

And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on

Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary

Hair of gold and lips like cherries

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

Arm in arm, we'll walk at daybreak

Again I 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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