**Green Green Grass of Home** (Jane and Brian)

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, though the paint is cracked and dry

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

Down the lane I walk and 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 there's a sad old padre

Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak

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